WEEK ENDING NOV. 24, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Distemper

WODEHOUSE ~ HALL ~ WALLACE ~ CHAMBERS ~ GREEN

It's Called Geo. S. Parker's

"Touch-and-Go" Method

. . . or *Pressureless Writing*

. . . and until you've tried it with a modern Parker Duofold pen you can't know what it saves you in effort and in time

Touch the point to paper and a Duofold *immediately* starts writing with a *steady, even, non-stop* flow as fast as you can move your hand.

But that's only part of it—*No Pressure* is required! The *feather-light weight of the pen itself*—28% lighter than rubber—does it all.

No effort. No fatigue. Your fingers merely *guide* this pen.

It means writing hours longer without tiring. It improves the *looks* of your handwriting.

His 47th Improvement

This is Geo. S. Parker's 47th Improvement in a fountain pen.

And it has won for Parker Duofold a leading place in great business corporations where time-and-effort-saving studies are cutting corners, eliminating waste, and speeding up production for the good of all.

Thus the Parker Duofold is an economy of modern times—a mark of efficiency in anybody's pocket.

**Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects*

Scores of Parker Pens have been in constant use for 30 years and more. So you may buy a Parker Duofold with full confidence in its long life.

With barrel of Parker Permanite—*non-breakable*—its better features are doubly protected, even against ordinary accidents.

29 Pen Patents

36 years' experience, 47 improvements, 29 pen patents—all have contributed to the development of this master pen.

It is inconceivable that a lesser pen could do as well.

5 Flashing Colors

To make the most efficient pens the most *attractive too*, we offer them in five fashionable colors from which to choose your favorite.

These pens in colors offer most desirable Christmas gifts—a different color for each member of the family.

At Good Pen Counters

See the New Duofolds at a convenient pen counter in your neighborhood.

Be sure to look for the important imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD," on the barrel of each pen. It alone identifies the genuine.

* * *

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS.
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Now—Parker Duofold DE LUXE
Pens and Pencils in Silvery Black and Pearl

These new Parker Duofolds are a masterly achievement in design—the finest, the most luxurious pens and pencils ever made.

This handsome pair in attractive Gift Box—$11, $12.50 and $15. Sold separately if desired—Senior Size Pen, $10; Junior Size Pen, $8.50; Juniorette or Lady Size, $7.50. Pencils to match Pens, $3.50, $4 and $5.

For Easier Writing in Any Pen or Pencil

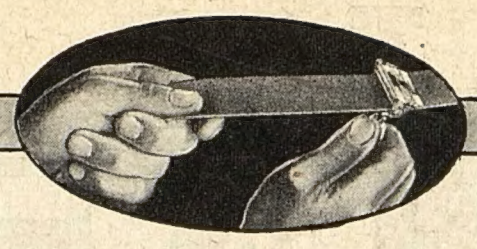
Use Parker Duofold Ink and Parker Duofold Leads in a pen or pencil of any make to get the best results.

Parker Duofold Pencils in colors to match Duofold Pens, $3, $3.50 and $4. See Parker Duofold Pen-Knives also in colors to match pens and pencils, making handsome "Sets of Three."

Parker Duofold

OVER-SIZE $7

Juniorette or Lady $5 Duofold Jr. $5

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE  PERFECT SHAVE

why Shave with NEEDLES?

You must unless you strop!

Only the Valet AutoStrop Razor *sharpens itself*

Also a New and Finer Shaving Cream

Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor

35c—TRY A TUBE

AFTER one shave even the finest razor edge has countless needle-like prongs until it has been stropped.

So delicate is this cutting edge that even paper wrappings tend to turn and dull it. Nothing but stropping can align and smooth out these tooth-like points.

That is why barbers always strop before each shave. And that is why the new Valet AutoStrop Razor assures you a perfect shaving edge.

The new Valet AutoStrop Razor is not "just another razor." It embodies a radically different principle . . . the result of 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars.

Self-adjusting, it instantly conforms to the face and cuts smoothly and easily through the stiffest stubble. With the new and keener Valetite-processed blade, it is truly a wonder razor.

Press a button to insert or remove the blade instantly. When the holder is locked the blade is held in a firm, non-flexing grip that prevents all vibration and pull. New type guard gives you the advantage of the full cutting edge.

Countless men have told us that the new Valet AutoStrop Razor is even better than the original.

Try this Million Dollar Razor. Give it a fair test. You will quickly learn to like it. Be fair to yourself—kind to your face.

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

New million dollar VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

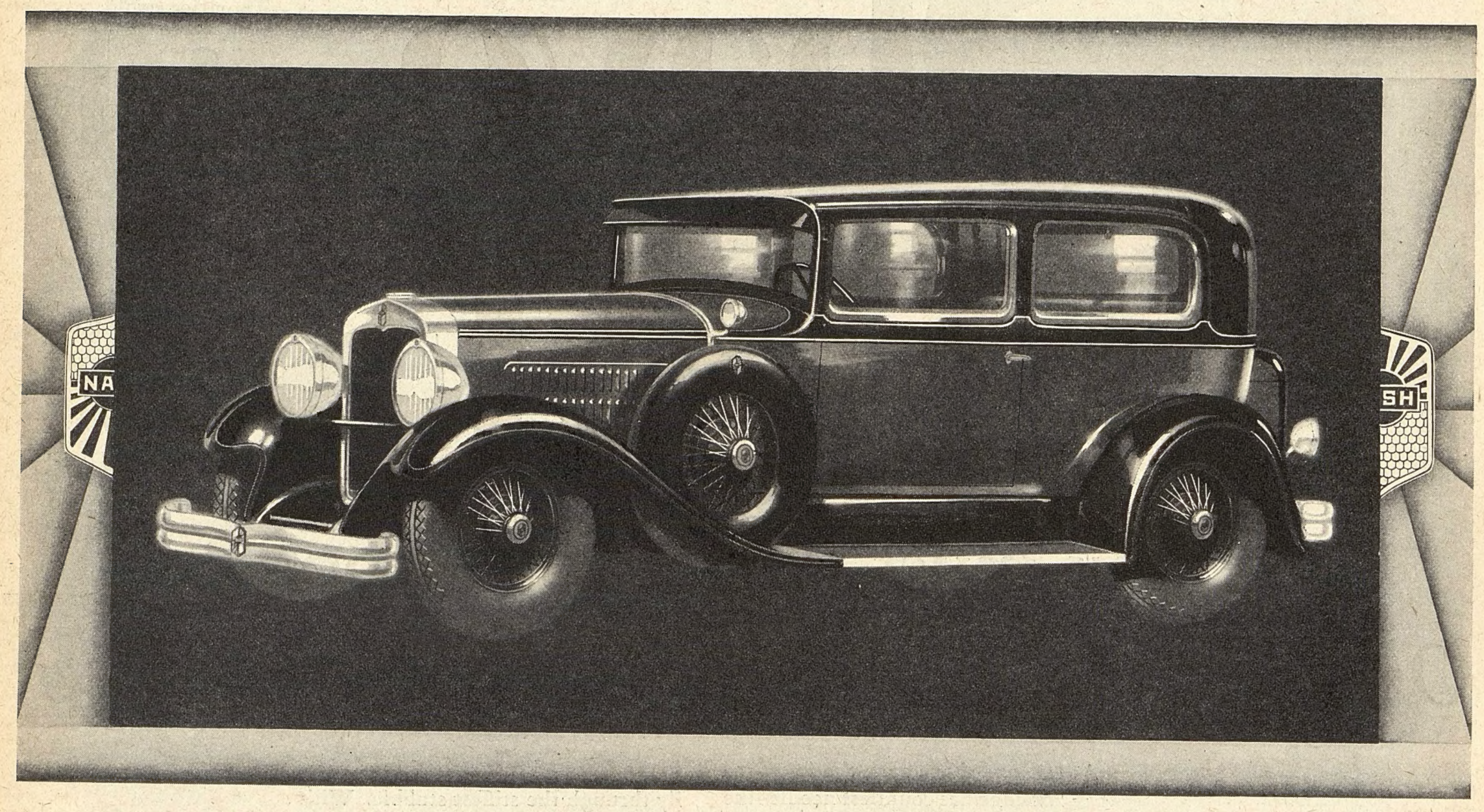
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York City — In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto

LONDON · · · PARIS · · · RIO DE JANEIRO

IN THE NASH "400"

THE WORLD HAS A NEW AND FINER MOTOR CAR



"400" Special Six Sedan

TAKING owners away from other cars—convincing them that here is a new and finer type of motoring—winning admiration everywhere for its beauty and its slender, graceful style—the new Nash "400" *is the car of the hour, the success of the year*, in America today.

All sales records for all time have been broken—75,000 cars in the first three months—nearly 14,000 more than the total of the best previous July, the best previous August and the best previous September in all Nash history.

Such things can only happen, such enthusiasm can only arise, when one car stands head and shoulders above the rest.

And that is exactly what the "400" does. Its new Twin Ignition performance makes older types of motors seem tame and spiritless. Its steering is the easiest the motor car industry ever has produced. The coachcraft and beauty of the new "400" Salon Bodies never have been available before at the price. Every model has four Houdaille or Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and bumpers front and rear as standard equipment.

This car of moderate price now gives you the refinement, luxury, style and superlative performance hitherto furnished only by the world's most expensive motor cars.

In the Nash "400" the world has recognized a new and finer motor car—exactly the kind of a car you've always wanted to own. *Have you driven it?*

9 Sedans
from $885 to $1990,
f.o.b. factory

✦

8 Coupes, Cabriolets, Victorias
from $885 to $1775,
f.o.b. factory

NASH LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Nov. 24, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 5 No. 47

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CRIME AND A REMEDY

Crime in Chicago is reaching heights hitherto unheard of. Pick up the most conservative paper in New York, and you read headlines like these: Probe Bares Harlem Gang Rule; N. Y. Gunman Safe in Foreign Legion; Six Lawyers to Defend Slayers.

The situation is really getting away from us. The underworld is almost becoming the upperworld.

A year or two ago, when Chicago bandits first used machine guns, it caused a shudder all over the country. Now it is more or less taken for granted that when gangsters have a killing in hand they will set out with machine guns—military arms always, in the past, and never employed as weapons in civil life.

We don't know whether they will come to cannon or not, but they have made free use of poison gas and airplanes.

The election is over and the need for campaign arguments is past. So we may be absolved from that particular ulterior purpose when we say that prohibition, with its trail of hi-jacking, bootlegging, etc., is the underlying cause of this remarkable epidemic of crime.

The reason is simple. Prohibition attempted to cut off a certain commodity from people who for centuries had been able to obtain it honestly and openly.

Its sale was made illegal, but that didn't stop it. The business was taken away from dealers who were subject to a certain amount of governmental supervision, and put in the hands of criminals.

Profits proved so vast that these criminals soon found they could not pursue their calling unhindered. So the trade became a war like that of the feudal barons. Gangs arose with organization the like of which has never been seen. Secret overlords appeared, with powers greater than those of the president of the mightiest corporation—powers of life and death.

There was no law to which anyone concerned could appeal, no license through which constituted authorities could exercise control. Law here was obtained by the use of automatics, sawed-off shotguns, and machine guns. These and, of course, corruption.

However the naturally dry territories and smaller communities of the United States may enjoy prohibition, they may take it to their bosoms as a fact that they have let loose on the great cities of this country the greatest reign of lawlessness they have ever known—and that, unfortunately, this reign of lawlessness is growing greater.

We revert to a solution of the problem which we have urged before, and which we believe to be a sound one.

Let those communities which are naturally dry, or which want to be dry, stay dry. Let those which are naturally wet, or which want to be wet, be wet.

The wet communities do as they please now, as every intelligent person admits, but they do it without law.

There is a certain sovereign specific in the principle of home rule which we think would tend to correct a good many of the ills that beset us. It has had that effect in Ireland and other places. Why not try it in the United States?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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Liners of the Air—what the dirigible means to commerce, by
Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett

Billy-All-Alone, a story of adventure in the South Seas, by
Beatrice Grimshaw

November 24, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 47

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(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

A "used car" is *unused* transportation

A GOOD automobile is built to stand years of use. It will provide many thousands of miles of satisfactory transportation.

But only occasionally are all its years and all its mileage used up by one owner. It is the custom to turn a car in after an average use of only two to three years—long before its life has been exhausted.

This custom brings into the market every year so-called "used" cars which represent unusual opportunities to buy unused transportation at low cost.

Every year more and more people appreciate this fact. Today millions of families are driving cars of which they are the second or third or even fourth owners; and this year the volume of new car sales and trade-in transactions has created wider choices and greater values in unused transportation than ever before.

GENERAL

"A car for every

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher* · GENERAL MOTORS

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening. 9:30

3 out of 5 buy "used" cars

THREE out of five of the cars you see on the road have been purchased as "used" cars. You cannot tell—nor do you ask yourself—whether the driver of any particular car is its first owner, or its second or its third, provided the car looks well and is running satisfactorily. The term "used car" is relative.

The cars which General Motors dealers have accepted in trade vary in name, body style and price. Some have seen sturdy service; in others the potential mileage has scarcely been touched. And all offer a wide field of opportunities—

To the family wanting transportation at lowest possible cost.
To the family wishing to own a car of a higher price class.
To the family needing a second or third car to meet the requirements of all its members.

We invite you to examine the unused transportation in the stores of General Motors dealers. For your convenience General Motors extends the GMAC Purchase Plan.

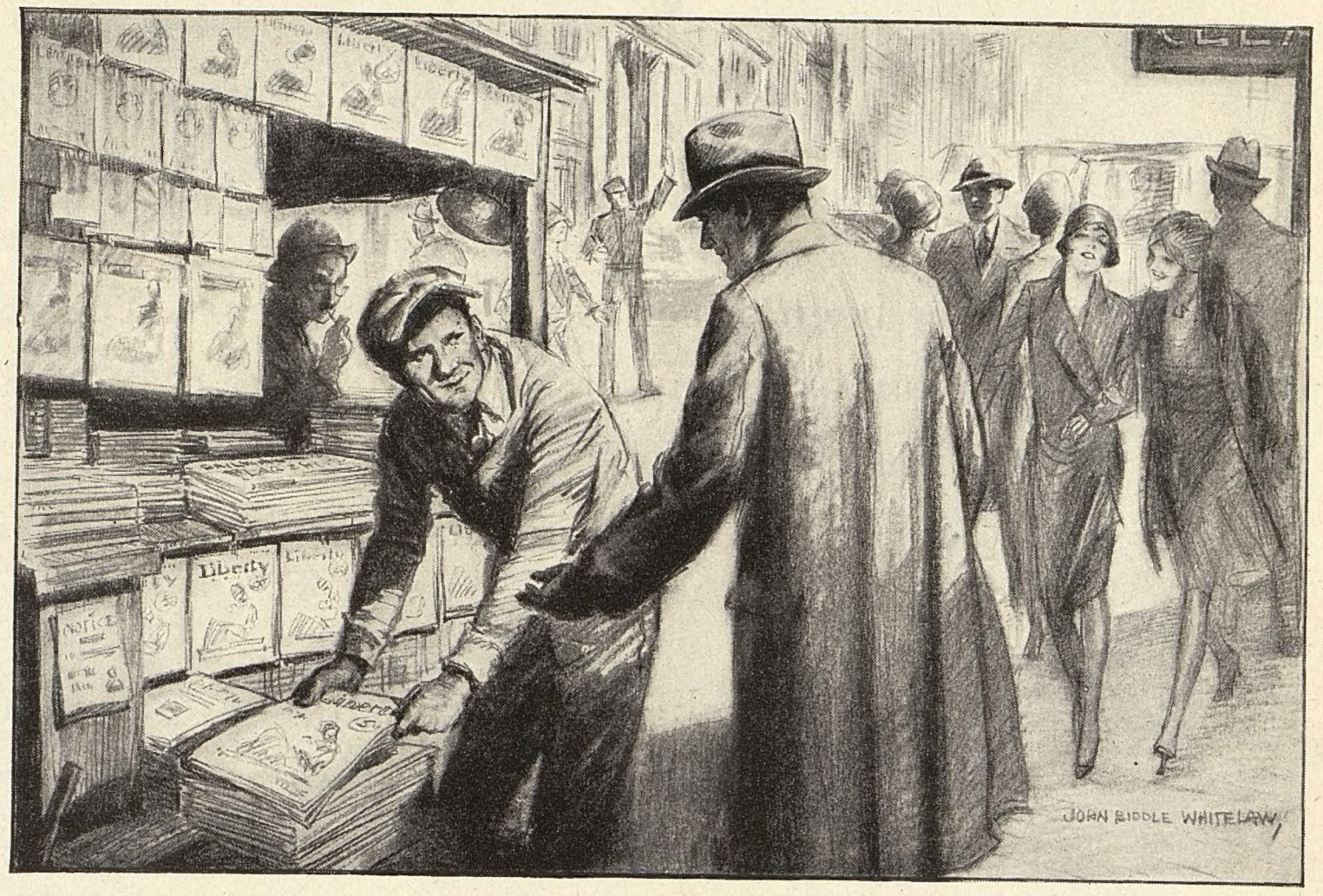
MOTORS

purse and purpose"

TRUCKS ∿ YELLOW CABS and COACHES ∿ *FRIGIDAIRE—The Automatic Refrigerator* ∿ *DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants* ∿ *GMAC Plan of Credit Purchase*

Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

WEATHERPROOF CIRCULATION



LAST spring LIBERTY'S net paid circulation passed 1,500,000. That was the peak period for magazine circulation. LIBERTY was warned that summer would make a mess of its guarantee.

Summer came. There was no decrease in LIBERTY'S print order. Still 1,550,000 copies flowing from the presses! Every week throughout the summer more than 1,500,000 copies were bought and paid for.

Every seven days LIBERTY is rushed to all the important cities in the country. There are inevitably some returns—spoiled copies, strayed shipments, delayed arrivals. Here are LIBERTY'S summer returns: (proof on request)

Issue	*Returns*
July 7	28,207
July 14	23,761
July 21	21,711
July 28	22,800
August 4	22,426
August 11	22,979
August 18	22,056
August 25	20,977

Returns only 1½%

Returns of less than 1½% in the hottest months of the summer! No other major magazine has ever distantly approached so low a figure.

LIBERTY
GUARANTEES
2,000,000
average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and guarantees at least
1,750,000
average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929
No increase in Advertising Rates

A variation, from week to week, of 2,000 or less out of 1,550,000 copies sent to all parts of America. One-tenth of one per cent variation for six consecutive summer weeks. And scarcely any greater variation when a national holiday disrupts the customary routine of LIBERTY readers.

Such a record is unheard of, summer or winter, in all previous annals of publishing. LIBERTY accomplished it at a time when some of the best established publications had cut print orders 300,000 copies and yet were taking back 200,000 returns.

And LIBERTY did it without the flywheel of subscription lists. Every LIBERTY sale was a separate, weekly cash transaction.

70,000 agencies co-operate

Consider LIBERTY'S tremendous job of distribution:

50,000 outlets in street newsstands, stores, hotels, stations.

20,000 boy salesmen for neighborhood distribution.

102 special representatives in 102 cities.

1,168 wholesale dealers.

Upon the proper functioning of 70,000 agencies, some of them thousands of miles from the home office, depends the weekly sell-out. Surely LIBERTY must be in demand! Surely we may be pardoned a feeling of pride in this accomplishment.

We know of no comparable record in the magazine business. Or in any business in a perishable product where spoiled and unsold goods may be returned.

Advertisers: This is the logical market to shoot at. America's livest circulation, concentrated where three-fourths of the money is spent. Don't miss this sound investment in success!

P.S. If you don't understand the process of magazine distribution and sale, or wish further information, we shall be glad to provide full details.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE bulbs may be obtained with either single or double filament.

Correct Focus—See that your bulbs are always correctly focussed and adjusted. This is necessary for complete safety.

Perfectly white illumination

KEEPING PACE with the fast-moving trend of the automotive industry, Tung-Sol BLU-WITE bulbs introduce new and better illumination than you have ever known before. They provide pure white light. All objects along the roadside, appear in *natural colors,* just as in daylight.

You drive comfortably and without eye-strain. You drive with greater confidence, because everything is distinctly seen and clearly outlined.

The glass of these new bulbs is tinted a delicate shade of blue. This *special blue tint* scientifically produces WHITE LIGHT, and a white light means a *colorful* panorama plus safety, which adds much to the enjoyment of night driving.

Get these new Tung-Sol BLU-WITES for your headlamps. Ask your dealer or electrical serviceman.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark, New Jersey

Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents.

TUNG-SOL
BLU-WITE
TRADE MARK

Thousands save on lunch this tasty way

They know their Baby Ruth

Here's a real way to make your lunches more delightful, and save money too: eat Baby Ruth for dessert. It's delicious and satisfying. A generous tasty treat of dollar-a-pound quality candy for five cents.

Daily, thousands are finding it the most enjoyable dessert they can buy.

Because it is made of purest chocolate, nuts, milk and sugar, dietitians say Baby Ruth makes a light lunch more invigorating than a heavier meal—that it supplies all the extra energy you need for hard work and play. Because you eat less and feel better, it's a healthful way to control your weight.

Baby Ruth is famous for flavor and *guaranteed fresh*. Treat yourself at lunch today. 5c does it.

In dainty slices — the popular guest candy of today

© 1928, C. C. Co.

CURTISS

CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

OTTO SCHNERING, President

Also makers of Baby Ruth Gum "with that old time Peppermint Flavor"

MADE IN BILLIONS FOR AMERICA'S MILLIONS

The ORDEAL of Osbert Mulliner

A Story of Love, Luck, and a Timid Bridegroom

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

"Hullo, Bashy," said Mabel. "Where did you spring from? I thought you were exploring on the Congo."

THE unwonted gravity of Mr. Mulliner's demeanor had struck us all directly he entered the bar parlor of the Angler's Rest; and the silent, moody way in which he sipped his hot Scotch and lemon convinced us that something was wrong. We hastened to make sympathetic inquiries.

Our solicitude seemed to please him. He brightened a little.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I had not intended to intrude my private troubles on this happy gathering, but, if you must know, a young second cousin of mine has left his wife and is filing papers of divorce. It has upset me very much."

Miss Postlethwaite, our warm hearted barmaid, who was polishing glasses, introduced a sort of bedside manner into her task.

"Some viper crept into his home?" she asked.

Mr. Mulliner shook his head.

"No," he said; "no vipers. The whole trouble appears to have been that whenever my second cousin spoke to his wife, she would open her eyes to their fullest extent, put her head on one side like a canary, and say, 'What?' He said he had stood it for eleven months and three days, which he believes to be a record, and that the time had now come, in his opinion, to take steps."

Mr. Mulliner sighed.

"The fact of the matter is," he said, "marriage today is made much too simple for a man. He finds it so easy to go out and grab some sweet girl that when he has got her he does not value her. I am convinced that that is the real cause of this modern boom in divorce. What marriage needs, to make it a stable institution, is something in the nature of obstacles during the courtship period. I attribute the solid happiness of my nephew Osbert's union, to take but one instance, to the events which preceded it. If the thing had been a walkover, he would have prized his wife far less highly."

"It took him a long time to teach her his true worth?" we asked.

"Love burgeoned slowly?" hazarded Miss Postlethwaite.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Mulliner, "she loved him at first sight. What made the wooing of Mabel Petherick-Soames so extraordinarily difficult for my nephew Osbert was not any coldness on her part, but the unfortunate mental attitude of J. Bashford Braddock. Does that name suggest anything to you, gentlemen?"

"No."

"You do not think that a man with such a name would be likely to be a toughish sort of egg?"

"He might be, now you mention it."

"He was. In Central Africa, where he spent a good deal of his time exploring, ostriches would bury their heads in the sand at Bashford Braddock's approach, and even rhinoceroses, the most ferocious beasts in existence, frequently edged behind trees and hid till he had passed. And the moment he came into Osbert's life my nephew realized with a sickening clearness that those rhinoceroses had known their business."

UNTIL the advent of this man Braddock [said Mr. Mulliner], Fortune seemed to have lavished her favors on my nephew Osbert in full and even overflowing measure. Handsome, like all the Mulliners, he possessed, in addition to good looks, the inestimable blessings of perfect health, a cheerful disposition, and so much money that income tax assessors screamed with joy when forwarding Schedule D to his address. And, on top of all this, he had fallen in love with a most charming girl and rather fancied that his passion was returned.

For several peaceful, happy weeks all went well. Osbert advanced without a setback of any description through the various stages of calling, sending flowers, asking after her father's lumbago, and patting her mother's Pomeranian, to the point where he was able, with the family's full approval, to invite the girl out alone to dinner and a theater. And it was on this night of nights, when all should have been joy and happiness, that the Braddock menace took shape.

Until Bashford Braddock made his appearance, no sort of hitch had occurred to mar the perfect tranquillity of the evening's proceedings. The dinner had been excellent, the play entertaining. Twice during the third act Osbert had ventured to squeeze the girl's hand in a warm though, of course, gentlemanly manner, and it seemed to him that the pressure had been returned. It is not surprising, therefore, that by the time they were saying good night on the steps of her house he had reached the conclusion that he was on to a good thing which should be pushed along.

Putting his fortune to the test, to win or lose it all, Osbert Mulliner reached forward, clasped Mabel Petherick-Soames to his bosom, and gave her a kiss so ardent that in the silent night it sounded like somebody letting off a Mills bomb.

And scarcely had the echoes died away when he was aware that there

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ORDEAL OF OSBERT MULLINER
Continued from page eleven]

was standing at his elbow a tall, broad shouldered man in evening dress and an opera hat.

There was a pause.

"Hullo, Bashy," said Mabel, and there was annoyance in her voice. "Where did you spring from? I thought you were exploring on the Congo or somewhere."

The man removed his opera hat, squashed it flat, popped it out again, and spoke in a deep, rumbling voice:

"I returned from the Congo this morning. I have been dining with your father and mother. They informed me that you had gone to the theater with this gentleman."

"Mr. Mulliner. My cousin, Bashford Braddock," said Mabel.

"How do you do?" said Osbert.

There was another pause. Bashford Braddock removed his opera hat, squashed it flat, popped it out again, and replaced it on his head. He seemed disappointed that he could not play a tune on it.

"Well, good night," said Mabel.

"Good night," said Osbert.

"Good night," said Bashford Braddock.

The door closed, and Osbert, looking from it to his companion, found that the other was staring at him with a peculiar expression in his eyes. They were hard, shiny eyes. Osbert did not like them.

"Mr. Mulliner," said Bashford Braddock.

"Hullo?" said Osbert.

"A word with you, Mr. Mulliner. I saw all."

"All?"

"All. Mr. Mulliner, you love that girl."

"I do."

"So do I."

"You do?"

"I do."

OSBERT felt a little embarrassed. All he could think of to say was that it made them seem like one great big family.

"I have loved her since she was so high."

"How high?" asked Osbert, for the light was uncertain.

"About so high. And I have always sworn that if ever any man came between us, if ever any slinking, sneaking, popeyed, lopeared son of a sea cook attempted to rob me of that girl, I would—"

"Er—what?" asked Osbert.

Bashford Braddock laughed a short, metallic laugh.

"Did you ever hear what I did to the King of Mgumbo-Mgumbo?"

"I didn't even know there was a King of Mgumbo-Mgumbo."

"There isn't—now," said Bashford Braddock.

"What did you do to him?"

"Don't ask."

"But I want to know."

"Far better not. You will find out quite soon enough if you continue to hang round Mabel Petherick-Soames. That is all, Mr. Mulliner."

Bashford Braddock looked up at the twinkling stars. "What delightful weather we are having," he said. "There was just the same quiet hush and peaceful starlight, I recollect, that time out in the Ngobi Desert when I strangled the jaguar."

Osbert's Adam's apple slipped a cog.

"W-what jaguar?"

"Oh, you wouldn't know it. Just one of the jaguars out there. I had a rather tricky five minutes of it at first, because my right arm was in a sling and I could only use my left. Well, good night, Mr. Mulliner—good night."

And Bashford Braddock, having removed his opera hat, squashed it flat, popped it out again, and replaced it on his head, stalked off into the darkness.

For several minutes after he had disappeared, Osbert Mulliner stood motionless, staring after him with unseeing eyes. Then, tottering round the corner, he made his way to his residence in South Audley Street. In his cozy library, having mixed himself a strong brandy and soda, he sat down and gave himself up to meditation; and eventually, after one quick drink and another taken rather slower, was able to marshal his thoughts with a certain measure of coherence.

It is never pleasant, gentlemen, to have to display a relative in an unsympathetic light, but the truth is the truth and must be told. I am compelled, therefore, to confess that my nephew Osbert, forgetting that he was a Mulliner, writhed at this moment in an agony of craven fear.

It would be possible, of course, to find excuses for him. The thing had come upon him very suddenly, and even the stoutest are sometimes disconcerted by sudden peril. Then, again, his circumstances and upbringing had fitted him ill for such a crisis. Osbert Mulliner was simply unequal to the task of tackling cave men.

Apart from some slight skill at contract bridge, the only thing he was really good at was collecting old jade; and what a help that would be, he felt, as he mixed himself a third brandy and soda, in a personal combat with a man who appeared to think it only sporting to give jaguars a chance by fighting them one-handed.

He could see but one way out of the delicate situation in which he had been placed. To give Mabel Petherick-Soames up would break his heart; but it seemed to be a straight issue between that and his neck, and in this black hour the voting in favor of the neck was a positive landslide. Trembling in every limb, my nephew Osbert went to the desk and began to compose a letter of farewell.

He was sorry, he wrote, that he would be unable to see Miss Petherick-Soames on the morrow, as they had planned, owing to his unfortunately being called away to Australia. He added that he was pleased to have made her acquaintance, and that if, as seemed probable, they never saw each other again, he would always watch her future career with considerable interest.

Signing the letter "Yrs truly, O. Mulliner," Osbert addressed the envelope and, taking it up the street to the post office, dropped it in the box. Then he returned home and went to bed.

The telephone, ringing by his bedside, woke Osbert at an early hour next morning. He did not answer it. A glance at his watch had told him that the time was half past 8, when the first delivery of letters is made in London. It seemed only too probable that Mabel, having just received and read his communication, was endeavoring to discuss the matter with him over the wire. He rose, bathed, shaved, and dressed, and had just finished a somber breakfast when the door opened and Parker, his man, announced Major General Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames.

An icy finger seemed to travel slowly down Osbert's backbone. He cursed the preoccupation which had made him omit to instruct Parker to inform all callers that he was not at home.

However, he rallied himself to play the host.

"Good morning," he said. "Will you have a poached egg?"

"I will not," replied Sir Masterman. "Poached egg, forsooth! Ha! Tchah! Bah!"

HE spoke with such curt brusqueness that a stranger, had one been present, might have supposed him to belong to some league or society for the suppression of poached eggs. Osbert, however, with his special knowledge of the facts, was able to interpret this brusqueness correctly and was not surprised when his visitor, gazing at him keenly with a pair of steely blue eyes which must have got him very much disliked in military circles, plunged at once into the subject of the letter.

"Mr. Mulliner, my niece Mabel has received a strange communication from you."

"Oh, she got it all right?" said Osbert, with an attempt at ease.

"It arrived this morning. You had omitted to stamp it. There was twopence to pay."

"Oh, I say, I'm fearfully sorry. Careless of me. I must—"

Major General Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames waved down his apologies.

"It is not the monetary loss which has so distressed my niece, but the letter's contents. My niece is under the impression that last night she and you became engaged to be married, Mr. Mulliner."

Osbert coughed.

"Well—er—not exactly. Not altogether. Not, as it were—I mean—you see—"

"I see very clearly. You have been trifling with my niece's affections, Mr. Mulliner. I am very fond of all my nieces, and I have always sworn that if ever any man trifled with their affections I would—" He broke off and, taking a lump of sugar from the bowl, balanced it absently on the edge of a slice of toast.

A PLATOON of Cohens advanced upon him. The general waved them aside. "Do you," he asked, "keep horsewhips?"

"Did you ever hear of a Captain Walkinshaw?"

"No."

"Captain J. G. Walkinshaw? Dark man with an eyeglass. Used to play the saxophone."

"No."

"Ah? I thought you might have met him. He trifled with the affections of my niece Hester. I horsewhipped him on the steps of the Drones Club. Have you ever heard the name Blenkinsop-Bustard?"

"No."

"Shortly after the affair of Captain Walkinshaw, Rupert Blenkinsop-Bustard trifled with the affections of my niece Gertrude. He was one of the Somersetshire Blenkinsop-Bustards. Wore a fair mustache and kept pigeons. I horsewhipped him on the steps of the Junior Bird Fanciers. By the way, Mr. Mulliner, what is your club?"

"The United Jade Collectors," quavered Osbert.

"Has it steps?"

"I—I believe so."

"Good. Good." A dreamy look came into the general's eyes. "Well, the announcement of your engagement to my niece Mabel will appear in tomorrow's *Morning Post*. If it is contradicted— The United Jade Collectors, I think you said? I know it. In Albemarle Street. Well, good morning, Mr. Mulliner, good morning."

And, replacing in the dish the piece of bacon which he had been poising on a teaspoon, Major General Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames left the room.

The meditation to which my nephew Osbert had given himself up on the previous night was as nothing to the meditation to which he gave himself up now. Though, like all the Mulliners, a clear thinker, he had to confess himself completely nonplussed. The situation had become so complicated that after a while he went up to the library and tried to work it out on paper, letting *X* equal himself. But even this brought no solution, and he was still pondering deeply when Parker came up to announce lunch.

"Lunch?" said Osbert, amazed. "Is it lunchtime already?"

"Yes, sir. And might I be permitted to offer my respectful congratulations and good wishes, sir?"

"Eh?"

"On your engagement, sir. The general happened to mention to me as I let him out that a marriage had been arranged and would shortly take place between yourself and Miss Mabel Petherick-Soames. It was fortunate that he did so, as I was thus enabled to give the gentleman the information he required, when he rang up, straight—as you might say—from the horse's mouth, sir."

"Gentleman? What gentleman?"

"A Mr. Bashford Braddock, sir. He rang up about an hour after the general had left and said he had been informed of your engagement and wished to know if the news was well founded. I assured him that it was, and he said he would be calling to see you later. He was very anxious to know when you would be at home. He seemed a nice, friendly gentleman, sir."

Osbert rose as if the chair in which he sat had suddenly become incandescent.

"Parker!"

"Sir?"

"I am unexpectedly obliged to leave London, Parker. I don't know where I'm going—probably the Zambezi or Greenland—but I shall be away a long time. I shall close the house and give the staff an indefinite holiday. They will receive three months' wages in advance, and at the end of that period will communicate with my lawyers, Messrs. Peabody, Thrupp, Thrupp, Thrupp, Thrupp & Peabody of Lincoln's Inn. Inform them of this."

"Very good, sir."

"And Parker."

"Sir?"

"I am thinking of appearing shortly in some amateur theatricals. Kindly step round the corner and get me a false wig, a false nose, some false whiskers, and a good stout pair of blue spectacles."

OSBERT'S plans—when, after a cautious glance up and down the street, he left the house an hour later and directed a taxicab to take him to an obscure hotel in the wildest and least known part of the Cromwell Road—were of the vaguest. It was only when he reached that haven and had thoroughly wigged, nosed, whiskered, and blue spectacled himself that he began to formulate a definite plan of campaign.

He spent the rest of the day in his room, and shortly before lunch next morning set out for the secondhand clothing establishment of the brothers Cohen, near Covent Garden, to purchase a complete traveler's outfit. It was his intention to board the boat sailing on the morrow for India and to potter a while about the world, taking in en route Japan, South Africa, Peru, Mexico, China, Venezuela, the Fiji Islands, and other beauty spots.

All the Cohens seemed glad to see him when he arrived at the shop. They clustered about him in a body, as if guessing by instinct that here came one of those big orders. At this excellent emporium one may buy, in addition to secondhand clothing, practically anything that exists; and the difficulty—for the brothers are all thrustful salesmen—is to avoid doing so. At the end of five minutes Osbert was surprised to find himself in possession of a smoking cap, three boxes of poker chips, some polo sticks, a fishing rod, a concertina, a ukulele, and a bowl of goldfish.

He was annoyed. These men appeared to him to have got quite a wrong angle on the situation. They seemed to think that he proposed to make his travels one long round of pleasure. As clearly as he was able, he tried to tell them that in the few broken years that remained to him before a shark or jungle fever put an end to his sorrow he would have little heart for polo, for poker, or for playing the concertina while watching the gambols of goldfish. They might just as well offer him, he said querulously, a cocked hat or a sewing machine.

Instant activity prevailed among the brothers.

"Fetch the gentleman his sewing machine, Isidore."

"And, while you're getting him the cocked hat, Lou," said Irving, "ask the gentleman in the shoe department if he'll be kind enough to step this way. You're in luck," he assured Osbert. "If you're going traveling in foreign parts, he's the very gentleman to advise you. You've heard of Mr. Braddock?"

There was very little of Osbert's face visible behind his whiskers, but that little paled beneath his tan.

"Mr. B-Braddock?"

"That's right. Mr. Braddock, the explorer."

"Air!" said Osbert. "Give me air!"

He made rapidly for the door, and was about to charge through when it opened to admit a tall, distinguished looking man of military appearance.

"Shop!" cried the newcomer in a clear, patrician voice, and Osbert reeled back against a pile of trousers. It was Major General Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ORDEAL OF OSBERT MULLINER]
Continued from page thirteen

A platoon of Cohens advanced upon him, Isidore hastily snatching up a fireman's helmet and Irving a microscope and a couple of jigsaw puzzles. The general waved them aside.

"Do you," he asked, "keep horsewhips?"

"Yes, sir. Plenty of horsewhips."

"I want a nice strong one with a medium sized handle and lots of spring," said Major General Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames.

And at this moment Lou returned, followed by Bashford Braddock.

"Is this the gentleman?" said Bashford Braddock genially. "You're going abroad, sir, I understand. Delighted if I can be of any service."

"Bless my soul," said Major General Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames. "Bashford? It's so confoundedly dark in here I didn't recognize you."

"Switch on the light, Irving," said Isidore.

"No, don't," said Osbert. "My eyes are weak."

"If your eyes are weak, you ought not to be going to the tropics," said Bashford Braddock.

"This gentleman a friend of yours?" asked the general.

"Oh, no. I'm just going to help him buy an outfit."

"The gentleman's already got a smoking cap, poker chips, polo sticks, a fishing rod, a concertina, a ukulele, a bowl of goldfish, a cocked hat, and a sewing machine," said Isidore.

"Ah?" said Bashford Braddock. "Then all he will require now is a sun helmet, a pair of puttees, and a few clothes."

With the rapid decision of an explorer who is buying things for which somebody else is going to pay, he completed the selection of Osbert's outfit.

"And what brings you here, Bashford?" asked the general.

"Me? Oh, I looked in to buy a pair of spiked boots. I want to trample on a snake."

"An odd coincidence. I came here to buy a horsewhip to horsewhip a snake."

"A bad weekend for snakes," said Bashford Braddock.

The general nodded gravely.

"Of course, my snake," he said, "may prove not to be a snake. In classifying him as a snake I may have misjudged him. In that case I shall not require this horsewhip. Still, they're always useful to have about the house."

"Undoubtedly. Lunch with me, general?"

"Delighted, my dear fellow."

"Good-by, sir," said Bashford Braddock, giving Osbert a friendly nod. "Glad I was able to be of some use. When do you sail?"

"Gentleman's sailing tomorrow morning on the Rajputana," said Isidore.

"What?" cried Major General Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames. "Bless my soul! I didn't realize you were going to *India*. I was out there for years. The old Rajputana? Why, I know the purser well. I'll come and see you off and have a chat with him. No doubt I shall be able to get you a number of little extra attentions. No, no, my dear fellow, don't thank me. I have a good deal on my mind at the moment, and it will be a relief to do somebody a kindness."

IT seemed to Osbert, as he crawled back to the shelter of his Cromwell Road bedroom, that Fate was being altogether too rough with him. Obviously, if Sir Masterman Petherick-Soames intended to come down to the boat to see him off, it would be madness to attempt to sail. On the deck of a liner under the noonday sun the general must inevitably penetrate his disguise. His whole scheme of escape must be canceled and another substituted.

Osbert ordered two pots of black coffee, tied a wet handkerchief round his forehead, and plunged once more into thought.

It was getting on for dinnertime before he finally decided upon a plan.

He had been wrong, he saw, in thinking of flying to foreign climes. The only real refuge was a London suburb. Any momentary whim might lead Sir Masterman to pack a suitcase and take the next boat to the Far East, but nothing would ever cause him to take a tram for Dulwich, Cricklewood, Winchmore Hill, Brixton, Balham, or Surbiton. In those trackless wastes Osbert would be safe.

Osbert decided to wait till late at night, then go back to his house in South Audley Street, pack his collection of old jade and a few other necessaries, and vanish into the unknown.

It was getting on for midnight when, creeping warily to the familiar steps, he inserted his latchkey in the familiar keyhole. He slipped swiftly into the dark hall and closed the front door softly behind him.

It was at this moment that he became aware that from under the door of the dining room at the other end of the hall there was stealing a thin stream of light.

For an instant this evidence that the house was not, as he had supposed, unoccupied, startled Osbert considerably. Then, recovering himself, he understood what must have happened. Parker, his man, instead of leaving as he had been told to do, must be taking advantage of his employer's presumed absence from London to stay on and do some entertaining.

Osbert, thoroughly incensed, hurried to the dining room. On the table were set out all the materials, except food and drink, of a cozy little supper for two. The absence of food and drink was accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that Parker and—Osbert saw only too good reason to fear—his lady friend were down in the larder fetching them.

"I horsewhipped him on the steps of the Junior Bird Fanciers. By the way, Mr. Mulliner, what is your club?"

Osbert boiled from his false wig to the soles of his feet with a passionate fury. So this was the sort of thing that went on the moment his back was turned, was it? There were heavy curtains hiding the window, and behind these he crept. It was his intention to permit the feast to begin and then, stepping forth like some avenging Nemesis, to confront his erring manservant and put it across him in no uncertain manner.

With a shrimp like Parker he felt that he could do himself justice.

He had not been waiting long when there came to his ears the sound of footsteps outside. He softly removed his wig, his nose, his whiskers, and his blue spectacles. There must be no disguise to soften the shock when Parker found himself confronted. Then, peeping through the curtains, he prepared to spring.

Osbert did not spring. Instead, he shrank back like a more than ordinarily diffident tortoise into its shell, and tried to achieve the maximum of silence by breathing through his ears. For it was no Parker who had entered, no frivolous lady friend, but a couple of pluguglies of such outstanding physique that Bashford Braddock might have been the little brother of either of them.

OSBERT stood petrified. He had never seen a burglar before, and he wished, now that he was seeing these, that it could have been arranged for him to do so through a telescope. At this close range, they gave him much the same feeling the prophet Daniel must have had on entering the lions' den, before his relations with the animals had been established on their subsequent basis of easy camaraderie.

He was thankful that when the breath which he had been holding for some eighty seconds at length forced itself out in a loud gasp, the noise was drowned by the popping of a cork.

It was from a bottle of Osbert's best Bollinger that this cork had been removed. In these days, when almost everybody is on some sort of diet, it is rarely that one comes across the old fashioned type of diner who does not worry about balanced meals and calories, but just squares his shoulders and goes at it till his eyes bubble.

Osbert's two guests plainly belonged to this nearly obsolete species. They were drinking out of tankards and eating three varieties of meat simultaneously, as if no such thing as a high blood pressure had ever been invented. A second pop announced the opening of another quart of champagne.

The first keen edge of his appetite satisfied by about three pounds of ham, beef, and mutton, the burglar who sat nearest to Osbert was able to relax and look about him.

"Nice little crib this, Ernest," he said.

"R!" replied his companion, a man of few words, and those rather hampered by cold potatoes and bread.

"Must have been some real swells in here one time and another."

"R!"

"Baronets and such, I wouldn't be surprised."

"R!" said the second burglar, helping himself to more champagne and mixing in a little port, sherry, Italian vermuth, old brandy, and green Chartreuse to give it body.

The first burglar looked thoughtful.

"Talking of baronets," he said, "a thing I've often wondered is—well, suppose you're having a dinner, see?"

"R!"

"As it might be in this very room."

"R!"

"Well, would a baronet's sister go in before the daughter of the younger son of a peer? I've often wondered about that."

The second burglar finished his drink, and mixed himself another.

"Go in?"

"Go in to dinner."

"If she was quicker on her feet, she would."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, she'd get to the door first. Stands to reason."
The first burglar raised his eyebrows.
"Ernest," he said coldly, "you talk like an uneducated son of a what not. Haven't you never been taught nothing about the rules and manners of good society?"
The second burglar flushed. There was a strained silence. The first burglar resumed his meal. The second burglar watched him with a hostile eye.
"Harold," he said suddenly.
"Well?" said the first burglar.
"Don't gollup your food, Harold," said the second burglar.
The first burglar started. His eyes gleamed with sudden fury. His armor, like his companion's, had been pierced.
"Who's golluping his food?"
"You are."
"I am?"
"Yes, you."
"Who? Me?"
"R!"
"Golluping my food?"
"R! Like a pig or something."
It was evident to Osbert, peeping warily through the curtains, that the generous fluids which these two men had been drinking so lavishly had begun to have their effect. They spoke thickly, and their eyes had become red and swollen.
"I may not know all about baronets' younger sisters," said the burglar Ernest, "but I don't gollup my food like pigs or something."
And, as if to drive home the reproach, he picked up the leg of mutton and began to gnaw it with an affected daintiness.
The next moment the battle had been joined. The spectacle of the other's priggish object lesson was too much for the burglar Harold. He plainly resented tuition in the amenities from one on whom he had always looked as a social inferior. With a swift movement of the hand he grasped the bottle before him and bounced it smartly on his colleague's head.
Osbert Mulliner cowered behind the curtain. The sportsman in him whispered that he was missing something good, for ring seats to view which many men would have paid large sums, but he could not nerve himself to look out.
However, there was plenty of interest in the thing, even if you merely listened. The bumps and crashes seemed to indicate that the two principals were hitting each other with virtually everything in the room except the wall paper and the large sideboard. Now they appeared to be grappling on the floor; anon fighting at long range with bottles.
Words and combinations of words, of whose existence he had till then been unaware, floated to Osbert's ears; and more and more he asked himself, as the combat proceeded, what would the harvest be?
And then, with one titanic crash, the battle ceased as suddenly as it had begun.
It was some moments before Osbert Mulliner could bring himself to peep from behind the curtains. When he did so, he seemed to be gazing upon one of those orgy scenes which have done so much to popularize the motion pictures. All that was needed to complete the resemblance was a few attractive looking girls with hardly any clothes on.

HE came out and gaped down at the ruins. The burglar Harold was lying with his head in the fireplace; the burglar Ernest was doubled up under the table; and it seemed to Osbert almost absurd to think that these were the same hearty fellows who had come into the room to take potluck so short a while before.
Harold had the appearance of a man who has been passed through a wringer. Ernest gave the illusion of having recently become entangled in some powerful machinery. If, as was probable, they were known to the police, it would take a singularly keen eyed constable to recognize them now.

He grasped the bottle before him and bounced it smartly on his colleague's head.

The thought of the police reminded Osbert of his duty as a citizen. He went to the telephone and called up the nearest station and was informed that representatives of the law would be round immediately to scoop up the remains. He went back to the dining room to wait, but its atmosphere jarred upon him. He felt the need of fresh air, and, going to the front door, he opened it and stood upon the steps, breathing deeply.
And, as he stood there, a form loomed through the darkness and a heavy hand fell on his arm.
"Mr. Mulliner, I think? Good evening, Mr. Mulliner," said the voice of Bashford Braddock. "A word with you, Mr. Mulliner."
Osbert returned his gaze without flinching. He was conscious of a strange, almost uncanny, calm. The fact was that, everything in this world being relative, he was regarding Bashford Braddock at this moment as rather an undersized little squirt and wondering why he had ever worried about the man. To one who had come so recently from the society of Harold and Ernest, Bashford Braddoock seemed like one of Singer's Midgets.
"Ah, Braddock?" said Osbert.
At this moment, with a grinding of brakes, a van stopped before the door and policemen began to emerge.
"Mr. Mulliner?" asked the sergeant.
Osbert greeted him affably.
"Come in," he said "Come in. Go straight through. You will find them in the dining room. I'm afraid I had to handle them a little roughly. You had better phone for a doctor."
"Bad, are they?"
"A little the worse for wear."
"Well, they asked for it," said the sergeant.
"Exactly," said Osbert.

BASHFORD BRADDOCK had been standing listening to this exchange of remarks with a somewhat perplexed air.
"What's all this?" he said.
Osbert came out of his thoughts with a start.
"You still here, my dear chap?"
"I am."
"Want to see me about anything? Something on your mind?"
"I just want a quiet five minutes alone with you, Mr. Mulliner."
"Certainly," said Osbert. "Certainly, certainly, certainly. Just wait till these policemen have gone and I will be at your disposal. We have had a little burglary."
"Burg—" Bashford Braddock was beginning, when there came out on to the steps a couple of policemen. They were supporting the burglar Harold, and were followed by others assisting the burglar Ernest. The sergeant, coming last, shook his head at Osbert a little gravely.
"You ought to be careful, sir," he said. "I don't say these fellows didn't deserve all you gave them, but you want to watch yourself. One of these days—"
"Perhaps I did overdo it a little," admitted Osbert. "But I am rather apt to see red on these occasions. Well, good night, sergeant, good night. And now," he said, taking Bashford Braddock's arm in a genial grip, "what was it you wanted to talk to me about? Come into the house. We shall be all alone there. I gave the staff a holiday. There won't be a soul except ourselves."
Bashford Braddock released his arm. He seemed embarrassed. His face, as the light of the street lamp shone upon it, was strangely pale.
"Did you—" He gulped a little. "Was that really you?"
"Really me? Oh, you mean those two fellows. Oh, yes. I found them in my dining room, eating my food and drinking my wine as cool as you please, and naturally I set about them. But the sergeant was quite right. I *do* get rough when I lose my temper. I must remember," he said, taking out his handkerchief and tying a knot in it, "to cure myself of that. The fact is, I sometimes don't know my own strength. But you haven't told me what it is you want to see me about."
Bashford Braddock swallowed twice in quick succession. He edged past Osbert to the foot of the steps.
"Oh, nothing, nothing."
"But, my dear fellow," protested Osbert, "it must have been something important to bring you round at this time of night."
Bashford Braddock coughed.
"Well, it was like this. I—er—saw the announcement of your engagement in the paper this morning, and I thought—I—er—just thought I would pop round and ask you what you would like for a wedding present."
"My dear chap! Much too kind of you."
"So—er—so silly if I gave a fish slice and found that everybody else had given fish slices."
"That's true. Well, why not come inside and talk it over?"
"No, I won't come in, thanks. Perhaps you will write and let me know. *Poste Restante,* Bongo on the Congo, will find me. I am returning there immediately."
"Certainly," said Osbert. He looked down at his companion's feet. "My dear chap, what on earth are you wearing those extraordinary boots for?"
"Corns," said Bashford Braddock.
"Why the spikes?"
"They relieve the pressure on the feet."
"I see. Well, good night, Mr. Braddock."
"Good night, Mr. Mulliner."
"Good night," said Osbert.
"Good night," said Bashford Braddock.

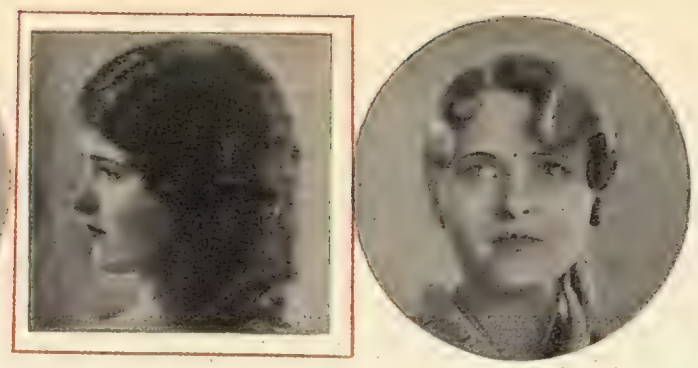
THE END

To BOB or

After Fifteen Years, They

By ROSALIN

Billie Dove's soft clustering curls are the in-between length. Bobbed in '24, she's since let them grow.



Lois Moran, past and present. She bobbed hers only last year and has no intention of returning to her earlier, or Lady Godiva, manner. Her screen rôles have been changing gradually with the change of her coiffures.

IRENE CASTLE bobbed her hair in 1913. Now, after fifteen years of the vogue which they say she started, the debate about it is livelier than ever. Shall we or shan't we? Or, having cut it, shall we let it grow?

A careful survey of the situation in Hollywood (where you may be sure, the problem has been given a lot of thought) indicates that this colony of the elect has, for the moment, gone "horse and buggy." Short hair seems decidedly on the wane.

The beauties of Hollywood—and they are undeniably the beauties of the world—may now be seen at smart supper parties at the Biltmore and the Ambassador, and openings at the Chinese Theater, with hair going through the in-between stages. And somehow these women have contrived to make what is usually considered an awkward length the most attractive and adaptable in the world.

From a list of film stars comprising most of the established favorites, one finds that, roughly, one-third of Hollywood's fairest has always worn long hair; another slim

Leatrice Joy can't make up her mind. In 1925 she had a severe boyish cut. Then she went back to long tresses, in a bun, as at the left. Now her hair is shoulder length, and she brushes it smartly back from her ears.

Olive Borden never cut her hair. She wears it any number of ways, but she says it will never be bobbed. High on her head and lightly curled, this lovely lady's long hair is fetchingly coifed as at the right for evening occasions.

Gloria Swanson — she of that once extreme shingle — now frames her earrings in long haired waves.

Janet Gaynor will never cut her curls so long as they'll turn up so charmingly for formal wear.

Blonde Ruth Taylor is clinging to the semiwindblown bob she acquired three years ago. Why not?

Mary Astor's tresses are knee length. And you'd better believe she's not going to cut them.

Greta Garbo's hair was short when she came to America in 1925. Now it's just about "in-between."

Phyllis Haver, bobbed in 1917, was one of the pioneers. Her directors make her keep her locks still saucily short for pictures, but for evening wear she sneaks a couple of bobs and assumes a dignified languid lady

Blanche Sweet in the demure bob she's worn for three years. She plans to keep it this length, she says.

Marceline Day has never cut her hair; but she knows this little trick of making it appear bobbed.

Bobbed two years ago, Patsy Ruth Miller intends to keep her hair short. No pins for Patsy Ruth.

It's femininity and long hair for Doris Kenyon. She has all this uncut loveliness to prove she's right.

Dorothy Dwan never knew what long hair was like till lately. For two years she has let it grow.

Betty Bronson cut it for Peter Pan in '24. Now this short and perky bob is her ticket to flapperdom.

Lya de Putti worn this bangs since childhood wouldn't think o ting it grow long

Nancy Drexel is another of the unshorn lambs. And who'd want to take Nancy to the barber?

Dorothy Gulliver has no intention of letting her bob get long enough to hide a hairpin from view.

Laura La Plante bobbed hers in '24 and loves it short. Nothing's so smart, she seems to think.

Eleanor Boardman has steadily refused to cut her long hair. And maybe she isn't glad now she didn't!

Dorothy Mackaill cut her hair three years ago for her part in Chickie. And now it's a long bob.

Louise Fazenda is clever! When you cut yours, she bought a bobbed wig. Now she's all set, you see.

Alice Wh boyish bob g girlish and l And those ruddy are still lengthe

Not to BOB

till Undecided in Hollywood

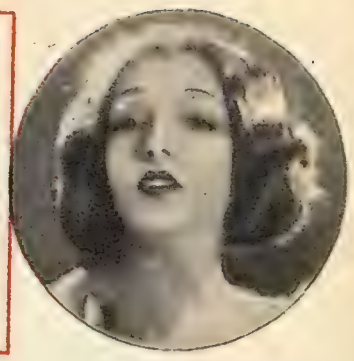
HAFFER

third is sticking (some of them reluctantly) to short locks for the present; and the last and largest third is "letting it grow." Short hair is still popular with girls who play sophisticated flapper, vamp, and comedy rôles, for they feel that clipped locks are still most convincing when a smart, pert part is to be portrayed.

Few of the girls who are letting it grow want old fashioned, romantic long hair to the knees. Shoulder length is most desired. This permits trim dressing of the hair with the youthful effect that women have learned to value since the innovation of the bob. Any number of adaptations of this medium length hair is possible, to suit the need or mood of the wearer. Many girls wearied of short hair because they could wear it but one way until the time rolled round for another adventure at the barber's and because bobbed hair is unthinkable with evening wear.

Still, Hollywood is far from having made up its feminine mind. Here, in pictures, is a report on what eighty-one screen beauties are doing about it.

Gone but not forgotten, the famous Mary Pickford curls at the left disappeared this year in favor of the bob at the right—probably the most discussed haircut of its time. It's quite short and is worn softly molded to the head.



Lupe Velez has given up the loose bob she has worn since childhood. She loops up her hair now in a big knot.

Jacqueline Logan arranges her Titian tresses in soft waves, with never a hint of the ears beneath. She keeps them trimmed below the shoulders (the tresses; not the ears), as at the right. She has never bobbed her hair.

Two years ago Lois Wilson wore her hair in the artful fashion shown at the left. Then she bobbed it, but now she is letting it grow again, waving her locks and turning them under until they attain the necessary pinning length.

lice Joyce bobbed her hair four years ago. believing dignity to be an important edient of beauty, she has given up the bob is letting her locks grow long again apidly as Mother Nature will let her.

Carmel Myers coaxes hair clipped last year into a wee knot. The sides are still short and curly.

Jobyna Ralston is frankly proud of her curls. She took that no-scissors-for-mine vow long ago.

Madge Bellamy voted for the fluffy bob in 1925 and has been a regular party member ever since.

Mary Duncan was never shingled, and wears her shoulder length hair simply if her rôles permit it.

Alma Rubens cut her long black hair four years ago. Now it's worn long in curls or a soft knot.

reta Nissen fa- the allover curl, her bright de hair brought over her face.

Little Sally Phipps, with her auburn hair and breezy ways, naturally gravitates to the windblown bob.

Corinne Griffith cut her hair in 1925 and intends to wear it in this waved bob for some time anyway.

Lina Basquette cut hers when she left the Follies three years ago. She will keep it a loose bob.

Sue Carol likes the careless youthfulness of the windblown bob and refuses to desert it, regardless of mode.

Norma Talmadge varies her short cut with a three-quarter length, but that's as far as she will go.

Constance Talmadge has worn a bob since 1920. Now it's a saucy short cut with French curls.

lia Faye is pin- it up now, and it! She shed it rôle two years -then let it grow.

Lilyan Tashman is letting hers grow for the first time since 1925, brushed back —for sophistication.

Vera Reynolds thinks little girls should wear bobbed hair and look young. Hers will stay as is.

Margaret Livingston is thoroughly sold on her fluffy French bob. She got it five years ago.

Vilma Banky has always worn it long and continues to do so — with demure curls over her ears.

Leila Hyams: clipped, sides in ringlets. She's worn it short since she was a child in vaudeville.

Lillian Gish tucks hers up like a bob at times, but she'll always keep it long.

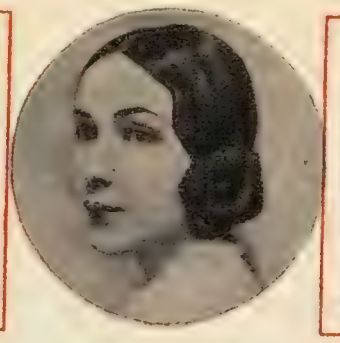
[Concl'd on next page]

[Continued from page seventeen]

Sally Rand entered filmdom with bobbed hair in 1923. Now she is letting it grow a bit. For evening she curls it tightly and for daytime brushes it smoothly back and embellishes it with a becoming bun that hides ragged ends.

Helene Costello cut it a year ago for a rôle. Now she can pin it up quite neatly once more.

Dolores Costello's long hair is the secret of her charm. She wouldn't part with it for anything.



Dolores Del Rio gets that Mona Lisa mystery from black tresses that reach down to her knees.

Clara Bow achieved her hell raising haircut four years ago. She pines now for long hair and serious rôles, but, as to the hair, her dear, dear public won't let her go farther than the coiffure which is illustrated at the right.

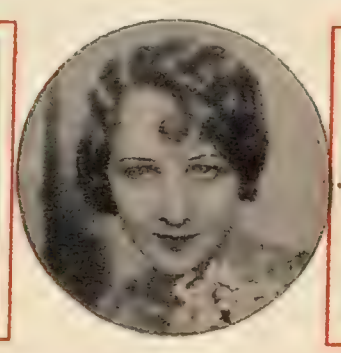
Aileen Pringle wore it short two years, but the Pringle shingle is now a medium length bob.

Myrna Loy is curling up hair cut four years ago into this bob—and letting it become much longer.

Renee Adoree had a bob seven years ago—before she hit Hollywood. She still hates those hairpins.

Joan Crawford likes it long, but had to cut it for a jazz rôle. Now she's letting it grow again.

Bebe Daniels is a five year devotee of the clip that's cool and smart. She hasn't — and won't.



Anna Q. Nilsson's curl is her concession to 1928's rising tide of femininity. It was shortened first in '24.

Irene Rich has clung to long hair through all the changing modes. She just abhors barbers.

Florence Vidor wears a trim bob, neatly finger waved. Cut two years ago, it's to remain short.

Audrey Ferris entered the pictures last year a bobbed flapper. Now it's tonic for her auburn locks.

Estelle Taylor never went in for shingles. Her hair's a trifle longer than it was four years ago.

Colleen Moore has worn her Dutch bob so long it's a trademark. You bet she's going to stay with it.

Someone coaxed Marion Nixon to cut her hair in 1926. She says she's glad she followed the advice.

Mollie O'Day grew up with short hair, but now she delights in pinning up the long coveted locks.

Evelyn Brent wore it short, but not for long. It's that popular and convenient in-between length now.

Pola Negri came here with a long bob, wore a boyish clip for awhile, and now it's bushed this way.

Norma Shearer never considered cutting these long locks of hers—not once! Cut it? Not Norma!

Camilla Horn was imported to play Barrymore's lead partly because of her unusually lovely hair.

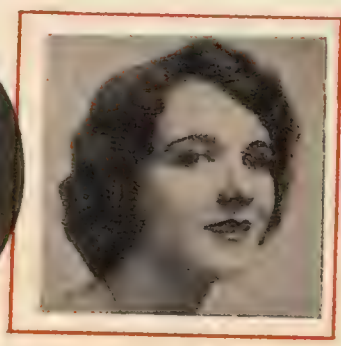
May McAvoy clipped it off four years ago. Now she's a leading member of the hair tonic crew.

Marie Prevost cut hers when she wore a Sennett suit. Now these perky curls are her particular pride.

Fay Wray was picked by Stroheim because he liked her hair. She's not going to cut it, she says.

Louise Brooks' bob is pretty famous, but in spite of that she plans to let it grow out again this season.

Barbara Kent likes it long—very long, in fact—and has kept it that way. Barbara has no use for bobs.



Mary Philbin feels that much of her appeal is in her uncut hair. Bobbed hair is certainly out for her.

Nancy Carroll cut her auburn fluff two years ago for a musical comedy. She is longing for curls.

Pin a rose in your lengthening curls for evening. Esther Ralston cut hers in '25, but it's growing out.

Marion Davies wants back the long blonde curls of '24; but a rôle keeps them short for the present.

Bessie Love varies the fluffy coiffure of some of her pictures with this prim, pretty finger wave she likes.

Mary Brian has always worn her hair long. She usually has it arranged in loose waves about her face.

Why many women now serve this Tomato Soup

at least twice a week!

Cream of Tomato Soup!

The best you ever tasted. Simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating, but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich Cream of Tomato Soup.

Science has made a great discovery. Tomatoes — raw or cooked—are one of the richest sources of good health!

Investigation has proved that in tomatoes there is an extraordinary combination of the food substances that promote all-round bodily vigor, proper growth and renewal of tissue, strong muscles, steady nerves, good appetite and resistance to disease.

Food experts, doctors, writers and speakers unite in giving tomatoes front rank as exceptional health-builders. Women have been quick to take advantage of this new knowledge and put it to use in their families.

Formerly Campbell's Tomato Soup was eaten mainly because everybody liked its appetizing and tempting flavor. Now, in addition, it is served regularly and often as a duty to the health of all the family.

For this soup supplies the remarkable benefits of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes in their most delicious and convenient form. 12 cents a can.

Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Treasure That Schoolgirl Complexion

Retain the *natural* charm that's yours with the famous beauty oils found in this true beauty soap

WOMEN tempted by costly and artificial beauty methods should know that natural charm is too fleeting to risk. For all that artificialities can hope to offer is imitation *naturalness.* And nature defies successful imitation.

The beauty men admire is *natural* beauty. Every woman has just so much of it endowed her, to do with as she will. Dissipated, it can rarely be regained. Guarded and cherished, it holds youth through the thirties, into the forties . . . and beyond.

Nature's ingredients in this true beauty soap

The true "beauty secret" of the twentieth century is not new at all. For centuries women have prized Nature's cosmetic beautifiers: the oils of olive and palm. Today, scientifically blended, they are found in one great beauty soap, Palmolive.

These gentle cleansing oils soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes. A skin cleansed regularly this way retains its radiance and fresh naturalness of youth.

Do this at least once daily

Wash your face gently with bland Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish, but never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

In Paris, too
It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

6171

Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Her eyes had been upon Rankin's while she played. Music did move this lad!

Pictures by W. G. RATTERMAN

SOUVENIR

A Story of War and a Woman

By

NORMAN S. HALL

WHEN Major Wales strode into the glass roofed rotunda of the Hotel Continental and saw Rankin standing there with that lost look about him, the major again found himself thinking that here was an officer and a gentleman who certainly should have a guardian. There was something so damned virginal and naïve about him.

They had met on the transport coming over several months before, and Wales had given instantly to the lad that warm regard men who have walked up and down and around about the earth sufficiently long to master themselves frequently feel for blundering young cubs.

You'd have liked Rankin. He was the butt of all the practical jokes—and some of them were pretty raw—but he didn't seem to mind. Took them with a slow, eye crinkling grin that never failed to cause those who bedeviled him to feel a little ashamed of themselves.

Steve Rankin worshiped Tom Wales. You see, Wales, at thirty-five, had achieved so many things that Rankin, at twenty-one, realized he never could accomplish.

The major had a wrist watch strap fashioned from the braided mane hair of a lion he had shot in Uganda; he had hunted boar with the Krupps in the Black Forest; had shinnied up one side and slid down the other of most of the world's steep places; and was now making war a personal issue.

He had joined the Lafayette Escadrille because flying was fun. Then he saw Eddie Breck go down, a tumbling ball of flame, from 8,000 feet. After that flying wasn't fun. Tom Wales wiped up his guns, hoped to God he'd never meet any of the good fellows with whom he had sung ribald songs in Black Forest shooting lodges, and went to work. When we got into it he took a short leave, jumped home for a look around, and, when he met Rankin, was sailing back to France, a flying major.

YOU'LL agree, I hope, that when a kid of twenty-one, who has been kind worded through life from the age of six by an indulgent maiden aunt, finds a man like Wales ready to buddy up with him, it is something in the nature of a jolt. Dimly, in that slow way of his, Rankin found a deal to ponder over in their very positions. He, a lieutenant of infantry, destined for the earthly, plodding ways of life; Wales, the flying major, for whose kind was reserved the high places, the thin, free air, and the soaring.

Because of this he told Wales more of himself than he ever had expressed before—his sequestered life in a small New England village, placidly isolated in a hollow of the hills; almost pointless anecdotes of his three years in an unheard of sectarian college; but mostly of his ambitions—dreams, Rankin called them.

And the memory of Rankin's choicest dream never failed to bring a chuckle from the flying major, until the day he sat with unseeing eyes looking out on a world that ever had been precious to him and listened to Eugénie finish the tale.

Stephen Rankin wanted to meet a countess!

He confessed it a little reluctantly their last night out of Liverpool. Wales and the lieuten-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Reading Time 51 Seconds

When happiness *fades*

perhaps it's due to cachexia (run-down condition)

When happiness goes, all is gone. Yet how often happiness is nothing more or less than health . . . health pulsating with vigor and vitality . . . the kind of health that millions have acquired by eating the simple food, *yeast.*

And did you know that real yeast now comes in a palatable form? In tablets you can swallow, though most people chew Yeast Foam Tablets like candy.

Take these real yeast tablets for a time and see what happens! An abundance of yeast cells may bring a complete physical rehabilitation. Wives should eat Yeast Foam Tablets—and husbands, too. Parents should realize the vitality they bring to children.

In handy 5c packets—or the large 50c bottle at your drug store.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
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[SOUVENIR Continued from page twenty-one]

ant were standing at the rail watching a British destroyer race around the packed convoy like a sheep dog on the outside of a flock. The major had just completed a story involving a lady of that title whom he had taught to fly.

The anecdote ended, they fell silent for a time, a space sufficiently long for the destroyer to slide into the moonlight beyond one transport and disappear behind another. Rankin spoke very slowly.

"Ever since I can remember, I've wanted to meet a countess," he said.

There was another silence, a wordless interval during which something seemed to have happened to Wales' voice. When he spoke it was muffled.

"Perhaps," he said—and Rankin did not notice that he seemed to be choking—"we can arrange it, if we ever get to Paris together."

He left the lad soon after that, and almost ran to his stateroom, a chamber that immediately filled with the roar of laughter he let go. But he sobered quickly enough. Dear Lord God! Within a few weeks some fight frantic captain would be giving that wide eyed, grinning kid a platoon and ordering him out to take something.

Bayonets and blue eyes! High explosive and a slow, eye crinkling grin! You wouldn't mind their damned war if it wasn't for things like that!

WALES left Rankin in Liverpool, and in the business of getting down into the south of England, packing up a raw squadron and flying it to France, forgot the boy. But the moment his eyes rested on him, there in the Continental sun room, the major found himself a little worried. Why in hell didn't somebody do something about kids like Rankin? Make 'em censors or back area transportation officers or something?

He recalled Rankin's desire to know a countess, and the thought warmed him to inward mirth. Why, from the youngster's attitude you would think they really were different.

Then he remembered Eugénie. By George, she *was* different! And man, oh, man, what she would do to this innocent!

By the time Wales had wrung the lieutenant's hand and learned that Rankin had just arrived from a machine gun school with a week's leave in Paris before reporting to a combat regiment, the major had reached a decision. Rankin would meet his countess!

That evening Major Tom Wales and Eugénie, Countess d'Antenac, dined at Picard's.

No, he thought, as he watched her make the lighting of a cigarette a lazy luxury, you couldn't blame a man for loving her. And, Lord, the men who had! There was d'Arcy Drummond. After a fortnight on the Mediterranean she had laughed a little, kissed him goodby, and told him he never again would come closer to her than the width of a dinner table. When d'Arcy learned she meant it, he shot himself.

Old Jacques Gaillard had forever ruined the brush arm of Roversi, the Italian painter, by spitting that arm to a wall of Philippe Grasson's *salle d'armes.* And all because Roversi, in a fit of drunken melancholia, had called her a wanton.

It might have been different had d'Antenac, her husband, lived. But he hadn't. While riding at the head of his spahis, he had been pushed over the edge of beyond by a hand hammered Touareg slug as large as your thumb. That was ten years ago. She was twenty-two then. Hm-m-m-m. Thirty-two now. But positively she didn't look it.

And a wanton? Yes, perhaps. But who cared, so long as she

She moved close to him then, and, "Kiss me good night," was all she said.

didn't? Sitting there, wine mellowed, opposite her, Wales found himself a little envious of Rankin. After all, why not take her again himself? He had no loyalties, and Génie was—

He reached out quickly for his glass. "Steady the buffs, old lad, steady the buffs," he counseled himself.

Before he left her at the Château d'Antenac in St. Germain, he repeated their plans.

"On Wednesday," he said. "Just a small dinner party here. A fourth if you like, and I'll take her away for the last of a theater somewhere. It should be amusing—for you. He's well bred enough, and surely a rather completely grown man who still is very, very much a boy ought to be an interesting experiment. But"—and, for no reason Wales could give himself, his voice took on an unwonted hush—"be kind to us both."

She moved close to him then, and, "Kiss me good night," was all she said.

As he drove back to Paris, Tom Wales realized he never would be quite cured of her. How in the name of heaven could you keep from loving a woman who maintained a 500 bed hospital at her own expense, knelt for hours beside blind men, crooning to them, mothering them, and cared not one tinker's dam what the world thought of her other activities? You couldn't. That was the answer.

WEDNESDAY night's appointments were perfect, as Wales knew they would be. Four sat down to dinner, one of those chatty, laughing dinners. All in English, of course. Eugénie had seen to that. There was music, too: just a piano and a violin, but they fashioned the sort of melodies that do not seem to come from anywhere, but apparently are one with the very atmosphere.

Later, when Wales had taken his dinner partner on to a theater, the countess and her guest moved into the music room, and presently stood shoulder to shoulder in an embrasured window through which they regarded the moon silvered park.

Twice Rankin requested the musicians to repeat Drdla's Souvenir, and that muted violin whispering the theme seemed to have bemused them both. Eugénie was the first to speak.

"That bit of music means something to you, doesn't it?" she asked.

Slowly he turned that crinkly smile upon her. While it grew she realized that, before she allowed him to return to his soldiering, she would trace those fine laugh lines with her fingers.

"It means a great deal to me now," he replied, in the stumbling way he had. "It's just the sort of music that should be wherever you are."

She gave him a quick, searching glance. Not a bad speech, that, for one who was supposed to be as green as Wales had said this boy Rankin was. Her eyes came down quickly, and she thrilled a little to the realization that this man wasn't flirting. He meant it.

She stepped through the long windows, turning to extend him a guiding hand.

"Come, then," she said, the merest shadow of a laugh rippling the words. "Since you find so much of me in music, let me play for you."

Not quite comprehending, Ran-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Wild Turkeys Browned and Golden and venison and purple grapes

for these *we offer thanks*

FROST came with the nights. The corn stalks withered and the hills were fire and scarlet. Partridge drummed and a fox barked behind the ridge. The stockade gates were shut. Out of New Hampshire rose the Harvest Moon.

"For these we offer thanks." A voice in the wilderness raised in thanksgiving . . . spreads and becomes the voice of a continent. A settlement grows and becomes a nation. Each year the nation offers thanks for the harvest. Each year the harvest is richer . . . in happiness . . . in material prosperity . . . in the joy of living.

* * * *

A great part of the harvest of America today is the harvest of industry. Endless research and experiment, a divine curiosity, the open mind, these have brought new products and a new and better way of living. And part of the march of progress, contributing to a safer, happier life, is Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator . . . now providing priceless health protection in over 750,000 successful installations.

But Frigidaire has not been satisfied with this achievement. And now, after 16 years of constant experiment, twelve years of practical experience in production, comes the New Frigidaire . . . beautiful, powerful, convenient, incredibly quiet . . . an entirely new conception of automatic refrigeration. The New Frigidaire has reserves of power for *every* emergency. Its cabinets are built to harmonize in line and color with the modern kitchen. It is incredibly quiet in operation.

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The GENTLEMAN *Unlined* $3.50

By all means be particular. Well gloved hands are a mark of distinction. For all dressy occasions or early season street wear let *The Gentleman* be your choice. As shapely tailored as the finest clothes with the smart wide stitching on seams and backs. The best quality imported cape leather, of course, in a variety of popular shades. Unlined at $3.50 or silk lined at $4.00. If your dealer is out of stock write us giving his name.

THE C. D. OSBORN COMPANY
Chicago

Osborn Gloves

SOUVENIR
[Continued from page twenty-two]

kin followed her over a flagged porch to a short flight of steps, down these to a winding path that skirted one side of the château and bore away down a series of terraces, around one end of a miniature lake and deep into the cool, soft shadows of the park trees.

Neither spoke as they crunched over the gravel path. Where were they going?

As they came from the grove, Rankin became aware of a drapery mellowed light before him. A moment later there was the clicking clamor of a lock, a door swung open to him, and he stood in the vestibule of what he would have described as a small stone cottage.

"It is an old lodge," the countess explained, as she moved through into the tiny salon and found cigarettes. "When we abandoned the old chaise road that once ran behind here, I had it remodeled. I come here when I wish to be alone."

"Yes," thought Rankin; "she would want to be alone."

HE did not consider the absence of servants. If he thought of it at all, he would believe that lights came on and off, fires were tended, and wine got itself chilled because she wished it so.

Eugénie seated herself at the piano, motioning him to a position in the curve of the instrument's frame, where she could watch him.

So music stirred things in this brown haired one, did it? Well, she would see.

She gave him just the opening bars of his Souvenir; then turned to minors that made you think of an old man—a whole race of old men—muttering of ancient wrongs that could not be avenged. Bass notes—and the tiny drawingroom was filled with the hollow thunder of a thousand drums. While you listened you saw the sun upon a shifting, sheening sea, a sea of steel! Spears! And you heard the rattle of Tatar curb chains, the clank of scimitar scabbards.

Her eyes had been upon Rankin's while she played, and now there was a peculiar glitter in her own. Music *did* move this lad!

She had seen his eyes go brooding as her fingers told him of those wrongs that could not be righted; she had watched the battle light spark and flame in them when she brought him those rumbling drums; and something had burned in them as she beat that single tomtom note at the end.

But could she do more? These were the old primitive, male things, these pictures she had given him. Could she stir a different light, a light she had kindled in other eyes?

She struck full, mellow tones, softened them, wove and blended them into a theme half laughter and half tears. While she watched, that slow, crooked, twisty smile touched his lips, but his eyes were wide and wondering. Eugénie lowered her glance to the keyboard, her nostrils quivering under the quick intake of breath. She knew what she knew. Her fingers again turned to his Souvenir, played it through to the end for him, when she abruptly rose.

"Come," she said, almost brusquely. "We must return."

Ignoring her words, he stepped quickly to her side, his hands coming up to fumble awkwardly with the buckle of his Sam Browne.

"You—you're wonderful!" he whispered huskily.

She smiled, and it was the smile that had put a blue hole in d'Arcy Drummond's forehead, ruined an artist's painting arm.

"No," said she. "*You* are wonderful."

Steve Rankin never knew how

they returned to the château. He recalled a mad moment at the steps leading to the flagged porch, when he stopped her with a gesture to blurt out that he had four days of his leave remaining and please, *please* could he see her again? He remembered perfectly her words:

"Yes"—and the light of the moon full on her face. "Yes, ever and always you may come back to me."

Her departure left him standing there alone, self conscious. His cap was somewhere inside, but—let it go. He could get it tomorrow. Yes, he would return tomorrow. But he could not face her again tonight. Remembering that Wales had promised to have a car waiting, he walked to the front of the château, prodded the driver into wakefulness, and clambered in.

There was no sleep for him that night. He tossed the dark hours through, planning, planning. He would stay in the army; that's what he'd do. Make a brilliant record and be worthy of her that way. No; better still, he would take the small income from his mother's estate and, with what he could borrow from his aunt, invest it shrewdly so he would have millions for her. Millions!

FOLLOWED four days of suffering ecstasy—four days that the gods themselves arranged. Sunlit afternoon hours on that miniature lake, poling her through water lilies. Hours kneeling beside her, whispering fragments of dreams. Hours filled with music such as he never before had heard.

He had forgotten Wales—off somewhere bombing long gray infantry columns even as he would be bombed; forgotten he had a regiment; forgotten there was a war. There was Stephen Rankin, and there was a woman such as Stephen Rankin had not dreamed existed, who for a few hours each day made life a paradise in a park beyond the Seine.

The fourth day came.

"It will happen tonight," Eugénie d'Antenac told her reflection in the dressing table mirror, and smiled. What a precious baby of a man this lost child was. But once awakened—?

During a candlelighted dinner in the stone lodge beyond the lake, Rankin was repressed, monosyllabic; and she realized he was thinking of his leavetaking. She must stop that.

Going to the piano, she began, as she always did now, with his Souvenir. He sat unmoved until she had finished it; but when she turned to that full toned melody that was half of laughter and half of tears, she sensed his presence immediately behind her.

His arms came about her, and she arose to meet his embrace. She realized his eyes were wet.

"Why do you weep?" she asked.

"I—I don't know," he responded, his lips upon her forehead, his arms tightening.

Eugénie knew, and the knowledge made him immeasurably dear to her. She knew the tears came because there was so much he wanted to say, so many emotions—emotions he could not name. He needed words, and had none. She was aware, too, that, when with years he had gained the words and the readiness to speak them, he would have lost the tears. Such tears go with youth; they are a part of those thoughts of youth that are long, long thoughts; and Eugénie d'Antenac cherished them.

TO her there was the heat of young passion in that intermittent rain of soft fire upon her cheek; and she crept closer to him, until the buckle of his Sam Browne bit into her, and the very pain of it kindled desire for him. She drew his head down, her lips went to his eyes, her fingers into his hair, and bliss held time aside for them both.

His quick, broken words tumbled out in a husky torrent.

"I love you so!" he was whispering. "And I was so afraid you didn't care—that you were just being nice to me because Major Wales asked you to. Oh, I'll be so good to you and I'll love you always. I've got to go tonight—now, almost—because I must be in Mailly by reveille. But I'll be back soon—it can't last forever—and we can make our plans then."

There was more, much more, but the pounding rush of her own thoughts drowned out the sense of the words that beat upon her ears.

He wanted her to marry him! This fumbling, wide eyed boy who understood the ways of men only a little and those of women not at all! And she had thought that when she had awakened him he would want—

She shivered and put the thought away from her. God *was* good not to have given this stripling an awareness of what she had been willing to give! Why, he had been living a dream—now she saw how beautiful that dream must have been to him—and she had come perilously close to wrecking it!—

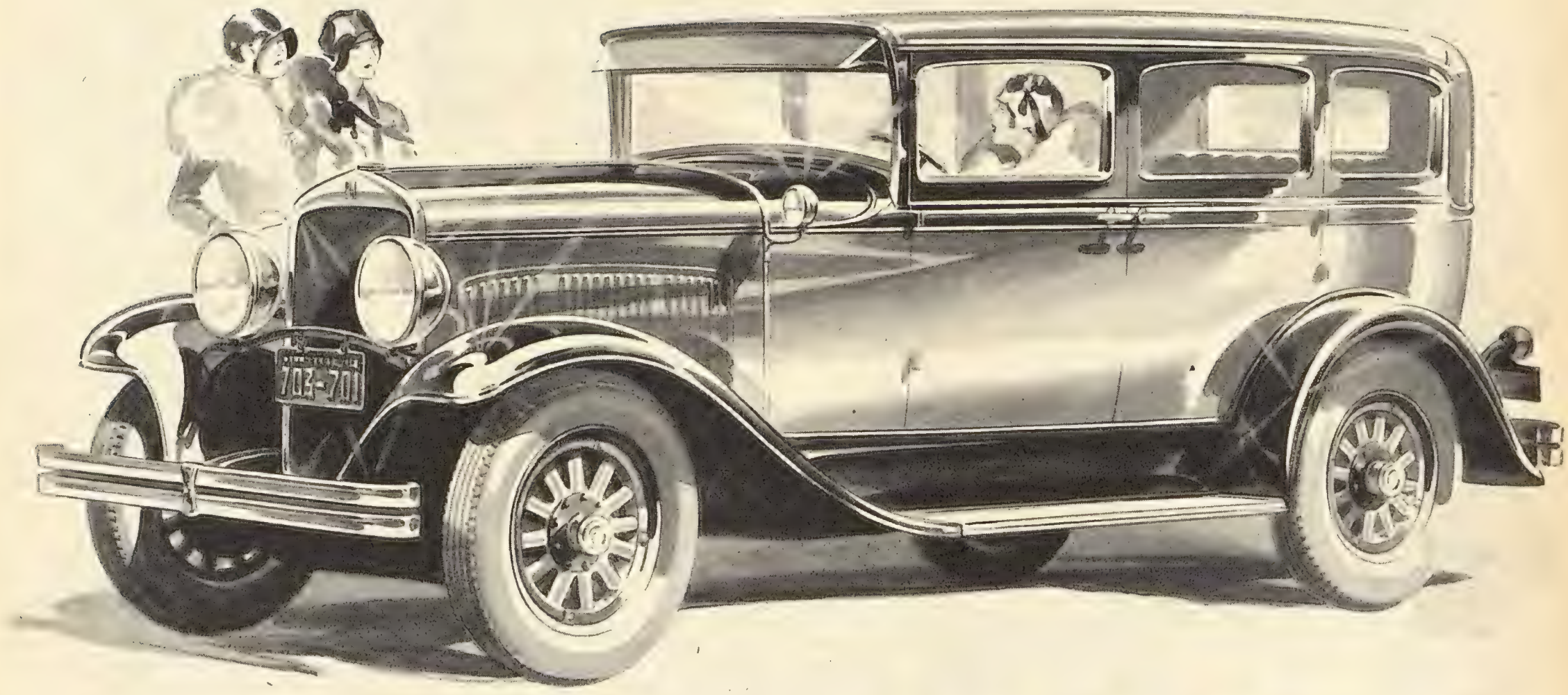
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

DE SOTO SIX

PRODUCT of CHRYSLER

De Soto

Multum pro parvo



BRILLIANTLY MEETING THE ULTIMATE TEST OF OWNERSHIP

No new car ever before attained a position of such dominance so quickly and completely. Nothing, save widespread, outspoken public approval, could elevate a motor car to the commanding position held by De Soto Six.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION, (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

A Mennen Christmas for him!

Here's something that he wants. Why not give it to him? A Mennen Trio Box packed full of smooth shaves, face comfort and good appearance.

First a tube of the new Mennen Shaving Cream, Menthol-iced with a zippy dash of cooling menthol that puts new pep and pleasure in his shave.

And a tube of Mennen Skin Balm that adds a soothing, cooling after-touch which prolongs the smooth delight of his shave with Mennen. Quick drying. Non-greasy.

Then a can of Mennen Talcum for Men—the most popular powder for men. Neutral tinted so it doesn't show. Tones down face shine. Takes up moisture the towel misses. Soothing to close-shaved faces.

Here's a pack full of smooth shaves, quick shaves, cool comfort, lasting comfort—for Christmas morning and every morning. Make this a Mennen Christmas—a day he'll remember every day he shaves.

Your dealer can supply you with this Mennen Trio Christmas Box. Or if not, send us his name and address, and we'll see that you are supplied.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

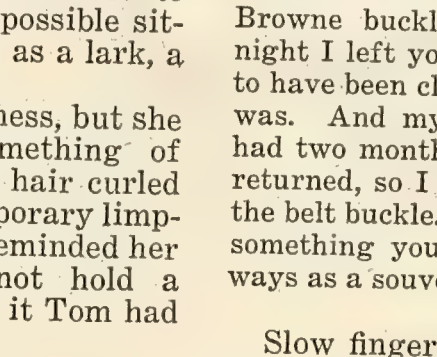
Dermutation is the exclusive beard-softening process in Mennen lather which completely softens the beard so that the razor cuts close and clean without nicking or scraping the face.

SOUVENIR

[Continued from page twenty-four]

she, Eugénie d'Antenac, who had had a dream or two of her own smashed. It was this realization that closed her arms tightly about him and set her to crooning things to him, things she crooned to her blind men.

No, there would be no dream of his wrecked this night! If he asked it, she would take him to Paris, wed him at a notary's—and jump into the Seine on the way back—but this child of a man would leave her with the sort of happiness he wished to gain from her.



EUGÉNIE, Countess d'Antenac, knew that love and loathing are born of the same parents, and tonight she wished to deal only with love—love of this lad's choosing. But she must stop him!

She turned a little in his arms, and the buckle on his belt bit into her soft flesh again.

"Please," she said, putting both hands against his chest, "you're hurting me!"

He freed her, his eyes falling upon the red welt the bronze had left.

"You see? Even love hurts," she said, and drew his head down, that he might caress the bruise. His tendernesses were sweet to her; but this mad, impossible situation that had begun as a lark, a jest, stifled, hurt her.

Perhaps it was madness, but she thought she saw something of d'Arcy in the way his hair curled at the temples. A temporary limpness in his right arm reminded her that Roversi could not hold a brush. And what was it Tom had said?

"Be kind to us both."

Kind?

Ah! If arms about him, soft, warm lips, a yielding body, and lies in a throaty whisper were kindnesses, she would be the kindest person ever to enter the life of this Stephen Rankin!

When they parted, Rankin strode away across the park, head high and unafraid. Eugénie, Countess d'Antenac, loved him. She had told him so, her arms about him, her lips upon his. And she was waiting for him. She had promised that, too. And she would always play Souvenir and think of him.

Long, long after he had gone, she moved from the doorway across the miniature drawingroom to the piano. Softly she picked out the opening chords of Souvenir, then pounded them into hideous discords with her fists, and laughed until the tears came in sobs that filled the little stone lodge beyond the lake.

She did not hear from him for six weeks, and when the brown paper wrapped parcel came through the American military post, something told her that this time she *would* want to be alone. She took it to the lodge.

The sentences of the first letter within the package swam before her eyes, so she read but fragments of them—only enough to know that he had gone to some dead men's rendezvous out beyond the Marne.

For a moment the only emotion she could name was relief. Then she opened the sealed inclosure. There was another letter, one to be read hurriedly, because the thing that was gathering in her throat might choke her before she had perused it all.

There was no date, no address, just:

EUGÉNIE:

It seems odd to be calling you by that name, yet I cannot call you Countess d'Antenac, when I love you so. I have been very busy, but very happy, happy because you love me. I know everything will come out all right, but because something may happen to me I want you to have something to remember me by. Just a souvenir.

We're moving up tomorrow, and if it does come—well, just know that I will love you always, just as I guess I always have loved you.

Don't worry if you do get this, because it will be too late anyway. I've left it so it can't possibly get to you unless I am killed.

It isn't much. Just that old Sam Browne buckle I was wearing the night I left you. Somehow, it seems to have been closer to you than I ever was. And my two months' pay. I had two months' pay coming when I returned, so I just put them in with the belt buckle. I wish you would get something you like and wear it always as a souvenir from STEVE.

Slow fingers, gray and cold, removed the contents of the envelope. The buckle—flat, bronze, ugly—and precisely 1,180 francs.

As though she had been ordered to by someone competent to command, Eugénie, Countess d'Antenac, went to the piano, softly picked out the opening chords of Souvenir, then pounded them into hideous discords with her fists, and laughed until the tears came in sobs that filled the little stone lodge beyond the lake.

SHE never entered the lodge again—not even to remove some cherished trinkets when they sold the St. Germain estate and took a villa in the hills above Nice.

They?

Yes. Late that September, Tom Wales spun in. He was pretty badly cracked up, including a machine gun crease across the skull that left him blind, stone blind.

Eugénie went to him, refused to leave him, and finally married him. They seem to be happy.

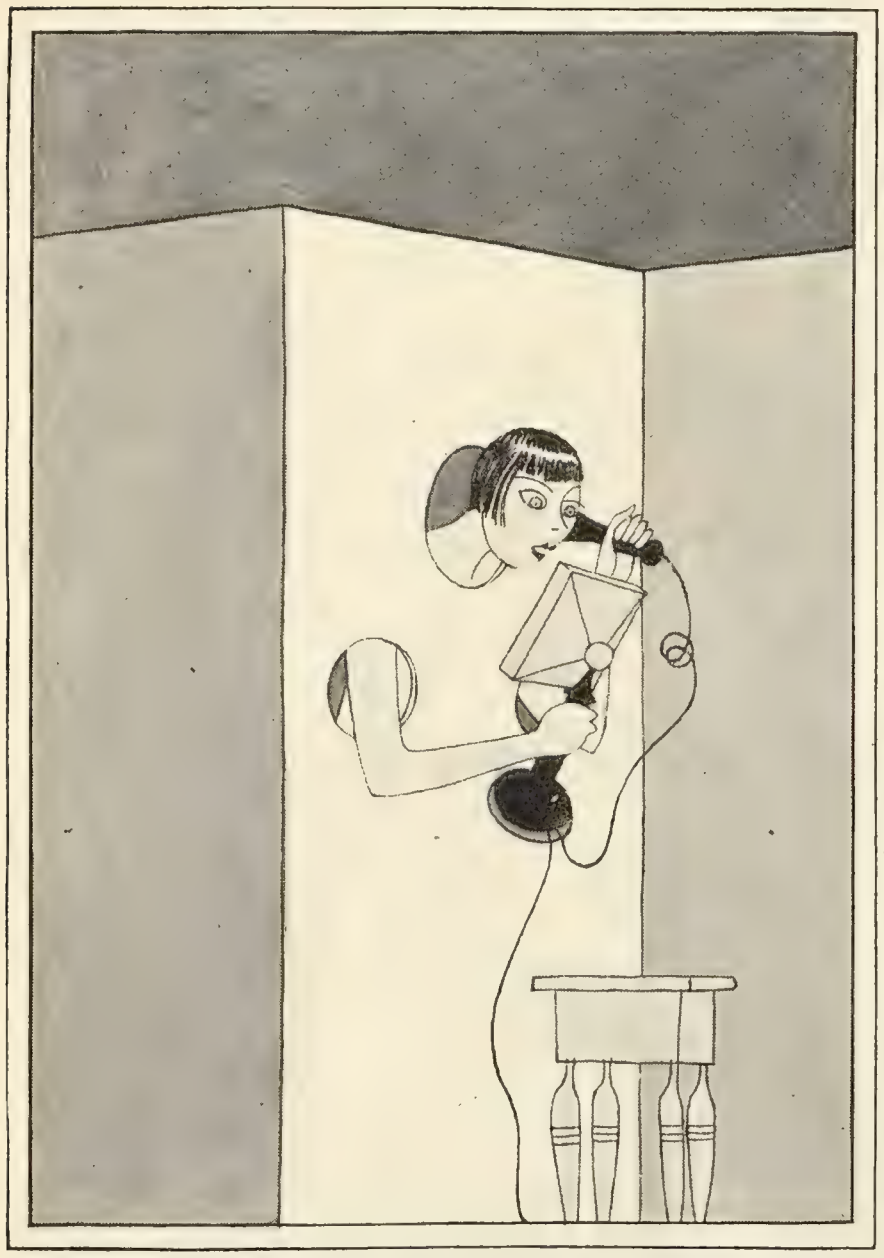
She usually wears the bronze buckle upon a black ribbon above her heart, as though it were a decoration.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

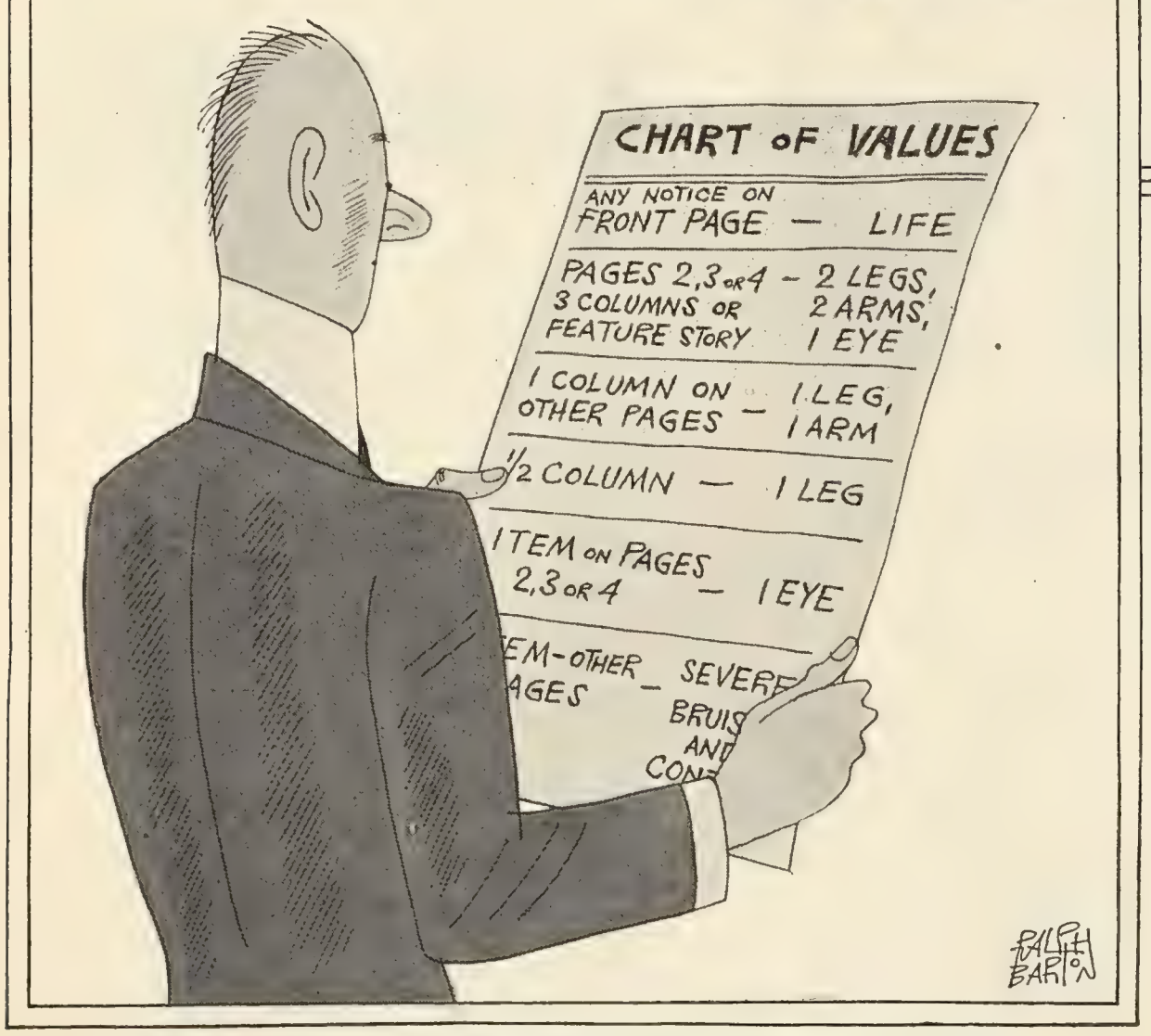
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



TELEVISION IS HERE TO STAY, and many farsighted persons have equipped their houses with special screens to answer the phone at inconvenient moments.

HOW UNLIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS. American citizen takes ship to sober up and recuperate in gay, wicked France after a few months in straitlaced, Puritan America.



ORDER GOES OUT FROM THE TRANSATLANTIC AND STUNT FLIERS' ASSOCIATION standardizing the risks that may be taken by its members for sweet publicity's sake.

COMPOSITE PORTRAIT of several millions of Americans trying to remember the rack and ruin they thought would befall the country three weeks ago had the election turned out the way it did.

Buddy Rogers, the errant student, and Mary Brian in Varsity, a melodrama of college life.

A Luckless Trio

Hollywood Is Not So Kind to Buddy Rogers, Phyllis Haver, and Ruth Elder

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

CHARLES, otherwise known as Buddy, Rogers is the most popular purveyor of romantic adolescence in Hollywood today.

In his newest Paramount film, Varsity, Rogers enacts a Princeton student. Young Jimmy Duffy comes to Princeton on mysterious funds. He believes his father dead, but one of Old Nassau's janitors is really his dad —and the donor of the college money. It appears that dad is trying to live down an inebriate past. Young Duffy gets involved in a circle of collegiate hip toters, loses class funds in his keeping, but is saved from shame and disgrace by the old janitor.

Varsity is a pretty poor college melodrama which glosses over the highly human intricacies of university life to relate a lot of trite old hokum.

Buddy Rogers does young Duffy well enough. Mary Brian is attractive as a Wild West carnival girl who tries to keep Jimmy in the straight and narrow. But Chester Conklin is a little too much for me as the old janitor.

Varsity has long patches of talkie dialogue and some Princeton songs are spotted in. The sound addition is pretty poor, if you ask me.

★

Sal of Singapore, a Pathé film version of a Dale Collins story, really continues the adventures of the tough girl you saw in the early Chinese episodes of What Price Glory. Remember Phyllis Haver as the blonde source of contention between Captain Flagg and his profane rival, Sergeant Quirt?

Erickson is the rough, tough captain of a Pacific tramp steamer. When he finds a tiny baby in a rowboat at the ship's side while anchored off a tropical port, he shanghaies the hardboiled belle of a waterfront dive to act as mother *pro tem*. The rest of the picture concerns itself with the regeneration of Sal as the baby works its wiles, along with the sentimental softening of Captain Erickson.

If the canny Hollywood producers are correct in considering a baby sure fire, this film ought to get over. Nevertheless, it is as obviously false as a toupee in June.

Howard Higgins' direction is crude, while the acting of Phyllis Haver as the peroxide madonna of the South Seas, and Alan Hale as the skipper, is passable.

Ruth Elder, remembered for her near trans-Atlantic flight, who makes her screen début in Moran of the Marines.

★

The chief items of interest about Paramount's Moran of the Marines lie in the fact that it is Richard Dix's first film since his almost fatal operation and that it marks Ruth Elder's celluloid début.

Miss Elder is the girl who almost flew the Atlantic. You will recall that she was a national heroine last year. She was a little too poised and pretty to last in popular favor. The films landed Miss Elder a little late, and, following Moran of the Marines, Paramount did not renew her contract.

The less said about Moran of the Marines the better. Dix plays a wealthy young daredevil who gets in a scrape, enlists in the marines, fights Chinese brigands, and wins the general's daughter.

Phyllis Haver and Alan Hale doing some of the ship's washing in Sal of Singapore.

I do not know what will happen when the Chinese make a definite stand with Elder Hays. The movies will have to stop showing any kind of wholesale brigandage. China is the last country the movies dare pick on.

Dix plays the hero in his usual cheerful style, and Miss Elder isn't at all bad as the general's daughter.

Personalities—

Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. . . . Chester Conklin's birthplace was Oskaloosa, Iowa, and he was once a circus clown. . . . Before Herbert Brenon discovered her, Mary Brian appeared in a Hollywood theater prologue. Her real cognomen is Louise Dantzler.

Inside Facts—

Buddy Rogers has just signed a new Paramount contract. . . . Richard Dix draws down between $3,000 and $3,500. . . . Phyllis Haver's weekly envelope contains $1,200 or better.

A TRIUMPH of American industry

Rich man's car brought within reach of general public by magic of quantity production

THERE is no finer example of what mass production can accomplish than the present low prices of the *patented* Knight double sleeve-valve engine—undoubtedly one of the outstanding automobile achievements of the current year.

Fifteen years ago this superior power plant was used only in the most costly and exclusive European motor cars.

Europe's best brought to America

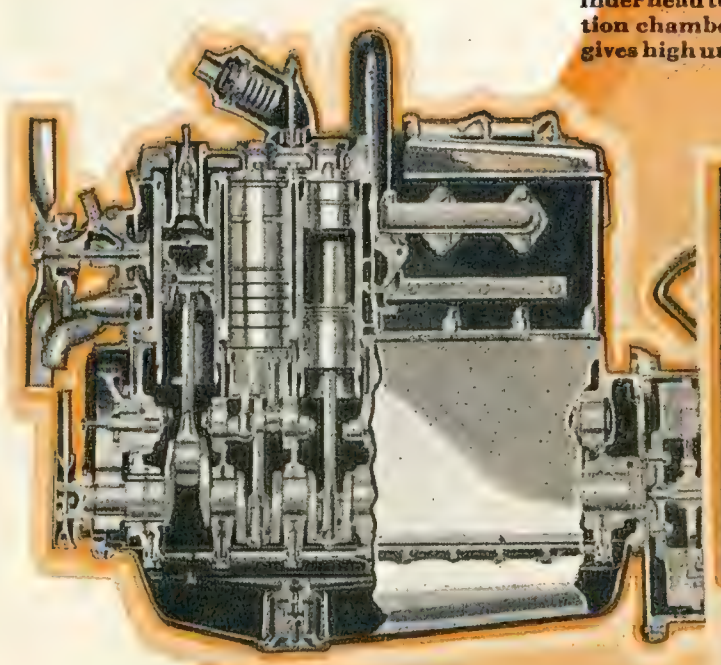
John N. Willys was the first to discern the tremendous possibilities of the Knight engine incorporated in a popular-priced automobile. He brought it to America and through the resources of the great Willys-Overland plant introduced it at a lower price than had ever before been thought possible.

But this was not enough. The Willys-Knight, while medium-priced, was not yet *low*-priced—and John N. Willys felt that an engine with so many superior advantages should be placed within reach of the great majority of American motorists.

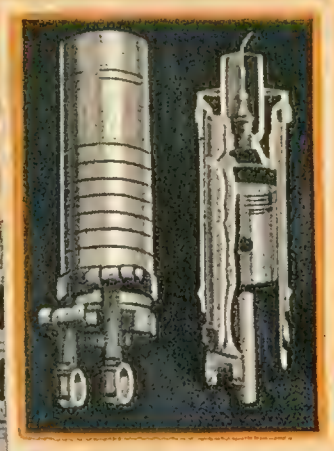
The goal of 15 years

For a decade and a half, Willys-Knight's every effort was bent toward this achievement—a low-priced six-cylinder car, powered by the double sleeve-valve engine, and maintaining all the prestige of quality which had been won by the costlier Willys-Knights.

And this year has marked the winning of that goal. Through constant improvements in manufacturing and engineering methods, through large scale production and increasing sales, Willys-Knight has at last broken down the price barrier—and hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic motorists now enjoy the velvet smoothness, silent power, marked economy and increasing efficiency which are possible with no other type of engine.



The Knight engine has no complicated valve mechanism. In each cylinder, two sliding metal sleeves combine with the spherical cylinder head to form a perfectly sealed combustion chamber. As a result, the Knight engine gives high uniform compression *with any gas.*



Two sleeves move silently up and down, controlling the intake and outlet of gasoline vapor.

STANDARD SIX COACH

$995

Other models $995 to $1095. Prices f.o.b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

REALISM IN RADIO

"The Stars and Stripes Forever"

All-Electric A. C. Combination

(105 to 130 Volts; 25 to 40 or 50 to 60 Cycles)
Seven Receiving Tubes, with Push-Pull Power Stage

This combination of Model 801-A Series B Receiver, with Model 435-A Reproducer attached to the cover, is a completely self-contained radio. FOUR tuned circuits. Built-in socket antenna. ONE tuning control. Gold-plated illuminated dial, calibrated in wave-lengths. Price of set, **$96**, without tubes. Attachable reproducer, **$16**. Price of combination, without tubes..... **$112**

REALISM *in* RADIO
THRU THE
Electric Ear
TRUE TONE BY TEST

All-Electric A. C. Receiver, 801

Same as Model 801-A Series B, but not equipped for attachable reproducer. Without tubes,

$96

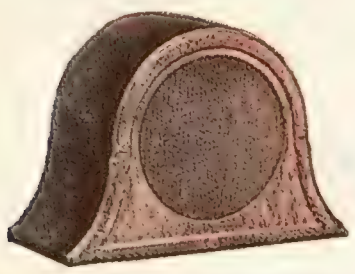
The same style in battery operated set, **$69**, without tubes.

Stewart-Warner Reproducer Model 435

A new magnetic cone speaker, revealing a new depth and magnificence of tone.

$16.50

This reproducer will improve the reception of your old set in a surprising manner.



All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

STEWART-WARNER

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY IN RADIO

All-Electric A. C. Radio

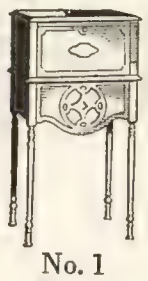
TURN the dial . . . listen . . . the band is playing the grand old tune . . . and HOW! No other melody so thrills the American heart as does this famous march of Sousa's!

Now, through the new Stewart-Warner super-selective radio, hear the old and new favorites re-created in tones so vividly realistic you'll marvel as you hear.

This unmatched tone quality is attained through the amazing Electric Ear test, exclusive with Stewart-Warner. Any of our dealers will explain it.

By means of pick-up receptacles you can now play phonograph records through the new reproducer with results equaling new type phonographs. This reproducer is positively outstanding and will modernize any receiver.

Stewart-Warner economies permit a price remarkably low. And through our Nation-Wide Acceptance Plan you can buy from any Stewart-Warner dealer on small monthly payments.



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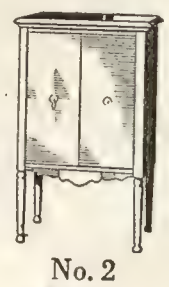

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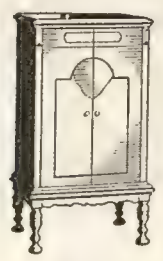

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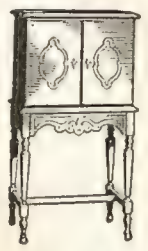

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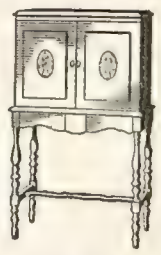


No. 5
$87.50

Complete line of approved Console Cabinets available for all sets at dealers'. Console prices include built-in Stewart-Warner Reproducers, but do not include receiving sets.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION, Chicago

22 years in business — world-wide service — 50 million dollars in resources — 4th successful radio year

Teaching LINDBERGH *to* Navigate

The Man Who Flew to Paris Learns a Little Something About How to Do It

By

PHILIP V. H. WEEMS
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy

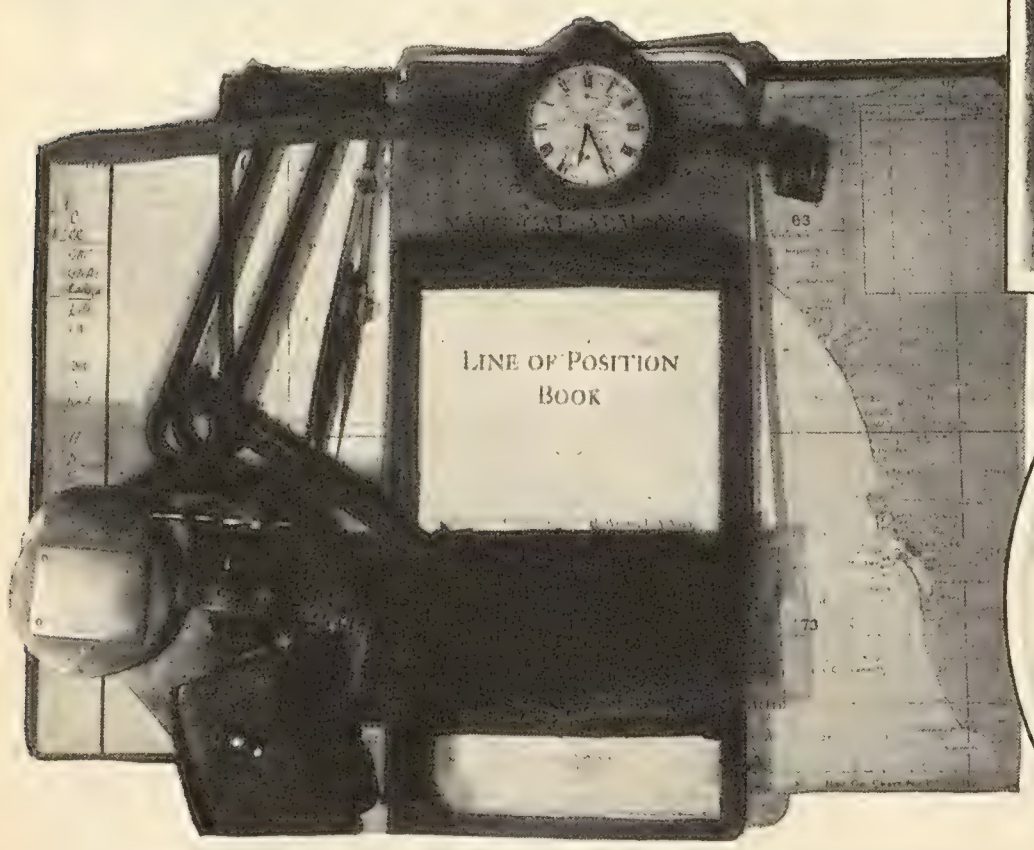
Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

"When I saw a fisherman I decided to try to get him to point toward land."

WHEN Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh asked me to teach him some navigation last spring I felt as if a doctor had asked me on which side he'd better look for the patient's appendix.

Now that I have finished several weeks of playing professor to the well known "Slim," I have begun to understand at last not only why he has been so successful, but also why he is almost the only popular idol who hasn't fallen off his pedestal.

That he disdained what the public might think of him for taking lessons in navigation when he was supposed by the layman to be a supernavigator; that he toiled cheerfully for days over headsplitting mathematics; that he proved more of a man in every way the closer I got to him, wiped away the last trace of skepticism I might have had about either his competence or his worth.



The complete, simple equipment with which an aviator can learn his position from the heavens.

My conclusion is that Lindbergh is still going a long way; and I don't mean in navigation only.

He doesn't especially like to be quoted. But, "You may say," he told me, "that I consider celestial navigation necessary to the future of aviation."

Lieutenant Commander Weems, discoverer of a new method of navigation, and Colonel Lindbergh's teacher.

"May I ring in your Paris flight?"

"Sure. There was the time I had to come down for a look at the ocean to find out where I was and where I was going to be."

His own account of that famous hop made it clear enough how much he missed the aid of navigation.

"I have carried on short conversations with people on the ground," he wrote, "by flying low with throttled engine, shouting a question and receiving the answer by some signal.

"When I saw a fisherman [on the European side] I decided to try to get him to point toward land. . . . I circled again, and, closing the throttle as the plane passed within a few feet of the boat, I shouted, 'Which way is Ireland?'"

The fisherman was too stunned to reply. But luckily the visibility was good and the pilot soon made his first landfall.

HOW did Lindbergh get to Paris if he couldn't navigate? How did he get to Mexico City? The fact that he *did* get to both places "without navigation," whatever that means, prompts one to ask what on earth is the use of navigation?

The answer is that navigation is the art or science of finding one's way, first, by piloting or following some sort of earthly landmark; second, by observing the position of sun, moon, or stars and computing one's position.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The OILY NINETIES

The home camouflage corps preparing a dose of old-fashioned castor oil. Nine times in ten...a waste of ingenuity and ingredients. Disguise was as uncertain as disgust was certain in the youth of those days.

The poorest memory recalls the awful taste of old-fashioned castor oil. The best memory can't remember the taste of Kellogg's...because it's *really* tasteless.

KELLOGG'S
The Original
TASTELESS
Castor Oil
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
PURITY

Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from refinery to you . . . it is never sold in bulk nor in any form other than the original 1 oz., 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St., New York, N. Y.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

COUPON
Walter Janvier, Inc.
417-421 Canal St., N. Y.
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me convenient size bottle of
KELLOGG'S TASTELESS CASTOR OIL
Name .....
St. and No.
or R. F. D. .....
City ..... State .....
J

Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.

[TEACHING LINDBERGH TO NAVIGATE
Continued from page thirty-one]

The automobile tourist pilots by reading signposts. The ship captain on the high seas, with only blue ocean in sight, must "shoot" the sun or the stars with his sextant and work out a position by mathematics.

It is no reflection on Lindbergh to say that so far he has done little more than the automobile tourist. He has steered in the right direction for so many hours at such and such a speed. If he was headed for a mountain or coast 1,000 miles away, when he had flown 100 miles an hour for ten hours he knew he ought to be there even if he didn't see what he was looking for.

When he went to Mexico he got lost and had to circle down until he could read the name on a railway station. He then spotted the station on his map and took a course from it to his destination.

ANOTHER time, when he was in doubt about his position, he flew to a range of mountains and paralleled them until he found the pass he was looking for. Still another time, in fact several times, he sought out a river and flew over it. This part of navigation is called piloting.

When fog or darkness shuts off landmarks from either the seafarer or the flier, he must depend upon knowledge of his speed and course and time elapsed to give him an idea of how far he has gone.

This is what Slim meant when, speaking of his Paris flight, he said, "After a few miles of fairly clear weather the ceiling lowered to zero and for nearly two hours I flew entirely blind through the fog at an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet. On several more occasions it was necessary to fly by instrument."

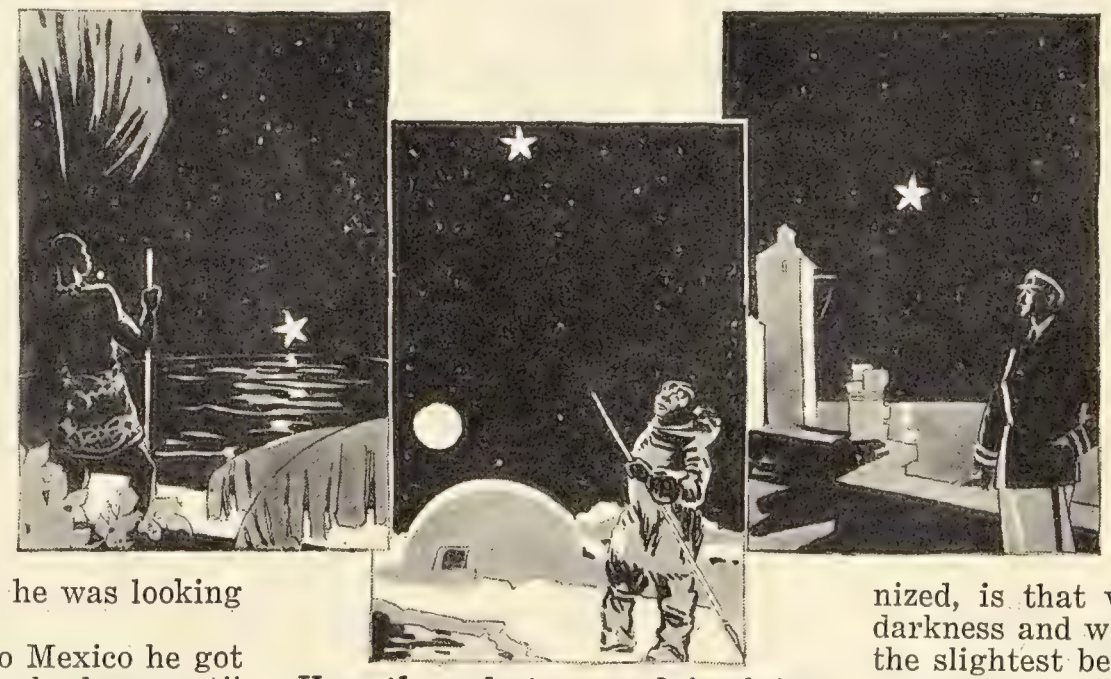
"By instrument" means that his altimeter showed him how high he was; his compass, in what direction he was headed; his revolution counter, how fast he was going.

This part of navigation is called dead reckoning. "Dead" means that the instruments and facts used are purely literal and don't employ any more reasoning than a multiplication table.

For instance, dead reckoning may say that since we are flying north at a speed of ninety miles an hour we shall be ninety miles ahead of our present position at the end of sixty minutes. But if the wind is blowing ninety miles an hour directly ahead of us we shall actually be right where we started.

Hence the necessity of the third and most important branch of navigation, that of accurately fixing one's position on the chart by means of observing the relative positions of celestial bodies.

The principles of astronomical navigation are very simple. To a man at the equator the polestar is on the horizon. To a man at the North Pole the polestar is directly overhead. To a man halfway between these two points, or at about Buffalo, the polestar would be halfway between horizon and zenith, or at an altitude of forty-five degrees. This would fix Buffalo's latitude,

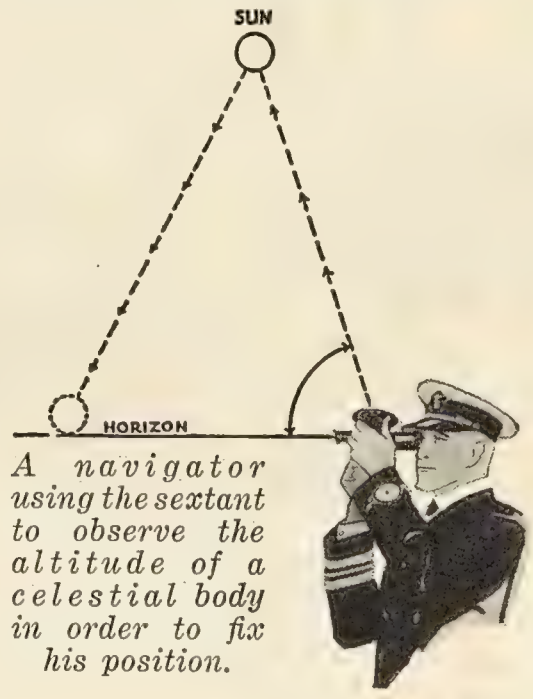


How the polestar, used in fixing latitude, appears from the earth. At the equator it is on the northern horizon. At the North Pole it is overhead. Halfway between these places it is at an altitude of forty-five degrees.

or distance from the equator, at about forty-five degrees north.

The same trick can be worked with the sun when it is on the meridian at noon. Now, Buffalo isn't the only city near forty-five degrees of latitude. St. Paul and Boise are about the same distance north of the equator. So one also would have to know where one was in an east-west direction.

THIS east-west dimension is known as longitude. It is measured from an arbitrary meridian running through a little English town on the Thames River named Greenwich. New York is roughly five hours or seventy-five degrees west of Greenwich (360 degrees in a circle). So when it's noon on Broadway it's 5 P. M. in Greenwich Tavern.



A navigator using the sextant to observe the altitude of a celestial body in order to fix his position.

Hence, if a man in New York has a clock keeping Greenwich time and he compares it with one keeping New York time, the difference in the two is the longitude of New York measured from Greenwich.

Briefly that's all there is to computing east-west direction on the chart by means of sun or stars. By a bit of trigonometry and the altitude of a celestial body the navigator can figure out the clock time for anywhere on earth. Taking the difference between this time and Greenwich time gives him his longitude.

With longitude and latitude the navigator can put a little cross on his map to show exactly where he is—or was when he took his sights. This is called a fix.

And the convenient part of it, the part which Colonel Lindbergh has very sensibly recognized, is that wind currents and darkness and wrong speed haven't the slightest bearing on an astronomical fix.

IF the sun or moon or stars say you're over Simmons' farm in central Illinois *you're there.* There aren't any kinks in the machinery of the heavens.

Further, if it's foggy or cloudy, it is often possible to fly above the fog or clouds and see the sun or stars and stay there until you feel like coming down.

By celestial navigation an aviator could start from a point, fly around the earth, and come back to the same point without ever catching a glimpse of the sea or land beneath him.

Slim admits he had a lucky bit of weather when he flew to Paris. "I was lost," he says of his Mexican flight; "but I found a mark that helped me get back."

Sensibly realizing his good fortune, he more strongly than ever feels that every long distance flier can't count on having conditions as good. Further, his long years of experience at piloting, in the sense of following earth features, have made him quicker to spot charted landmarks than the average flier.

We are bound to follow Byrd's and Lindbergh's flights with commercial service. It is unthinkable that trans-Atlantic as well as transcontinental air service should not come in a few years. The work of Nobile, Amundsen, Wilkins, and Byrd in the north presages a network of short cuts across the top of the globe. The rail and air coast to coast line announced last summer is the first step of a New York to San Francisco passenger air line.

Only a relatively small amount of all these routes can be buoyed by lights and beacons. Even if they are, fog, clouds, and darkness will blind the pilot.

"Long hops at high speed will never be regularly safe until pilots can fix their positions by astronomical sights," was the gist of a statement by Lindbergh.

How did I happen to be the one

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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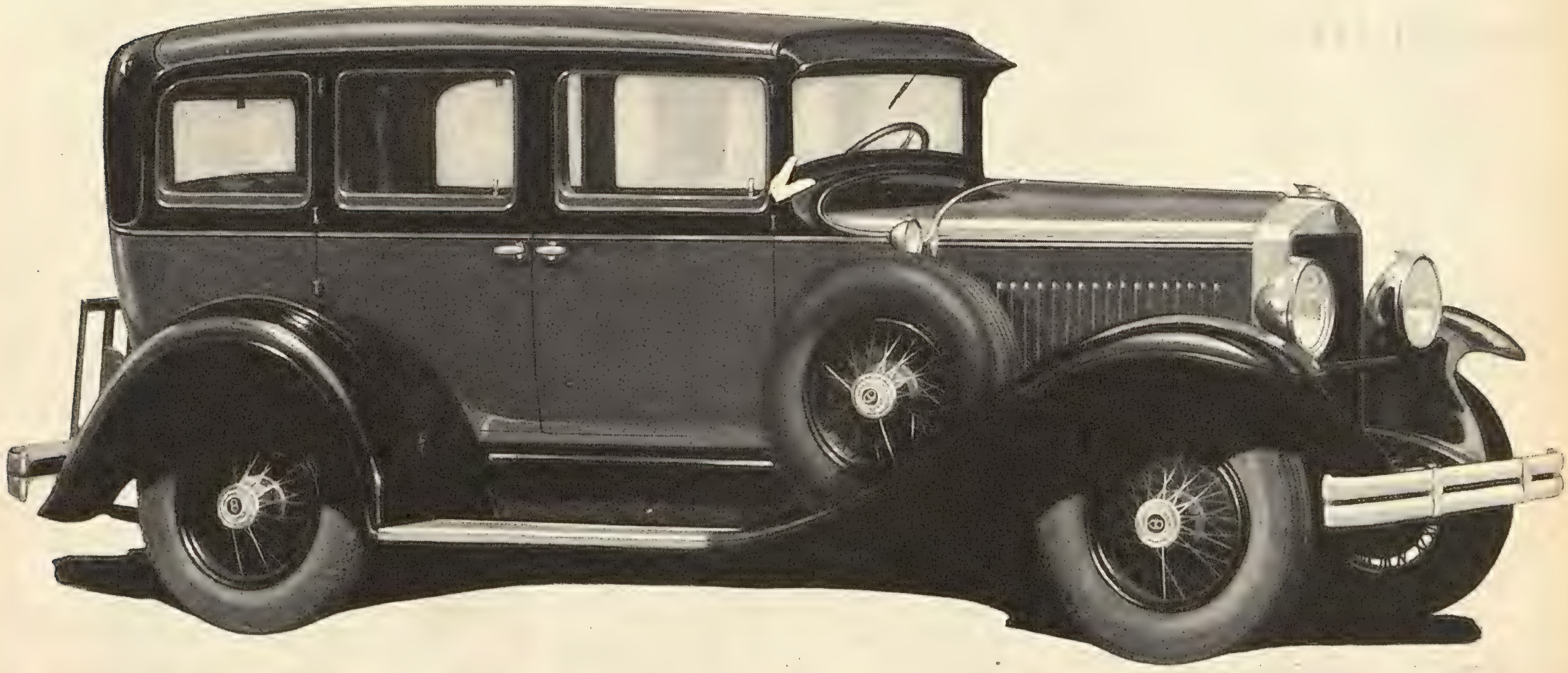
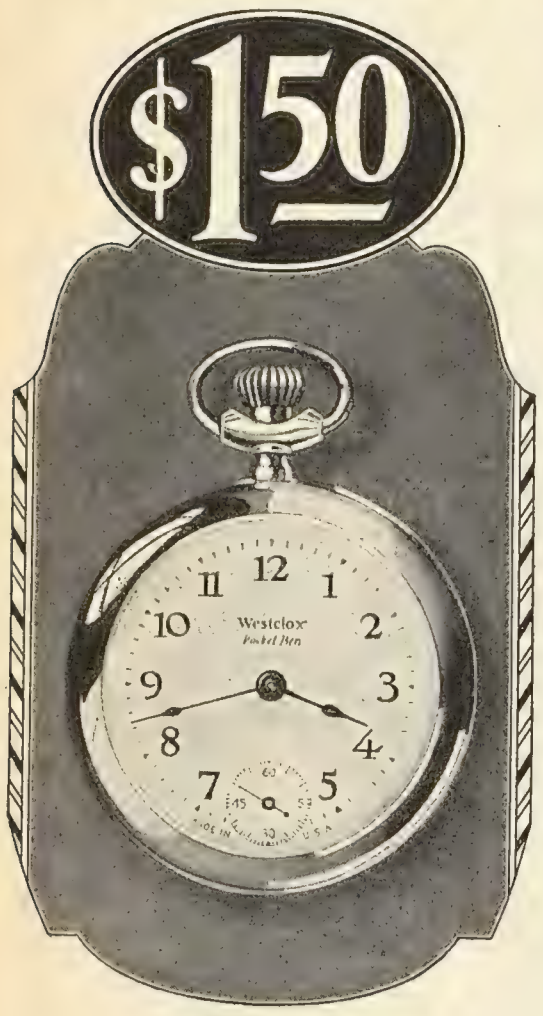


GRAHAM-PAIGE

Pocket Ben



You are always sure of the right time when you carry Pocket Ben, the famous Westclox watch. It's the kind of timepiece any man can be proud of . . . long life, good looks, reliability—real value at $1.50.

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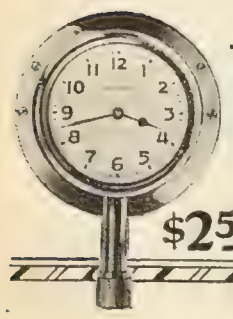


New Westclox Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above wind-shield

$2.50

[TEACHING LINDBERGH TO NAVIGATE
Continued from page thirty-two]

to teach him some of the kinks of working sights? Luck, mostly.

Like much good luck, it started with bad. After being navigator of several ships and teaching navigation at Annapolis to a lot of thick skinned midshipmen, I went to the naval hospital at San Diego for an operation. While I was recovering I began to ruminate on my past life. I began to dwell upon all the time I had wasted working out thousands and thousands of navigational problems.

You see, while the principle of finding latitude and longitude is simple, the computation that goes into such work is about the most skull splitting business I know.

IT is nothing to see a ship's navigator shuffling around a logarithm book, a declination table, a slide rule, nautical almanac, and half a dozen other tomes—just to fix his longitude.

So right there in the hospital I began to figure out ways and means to simplify navigational methods. I think the excitement of it made me get well more quickly. In a short while after I got back to duty I hit on my first scheme. It was a series of curves by which I could put the altitudes of a couple of stars down on my diagram and pick off my position right away.

Now I can fix my position astronomically in about forty seconds, or something like twenty times faster than I could when I used to navigate my ship.

Not so long ago, out on Long Island, Slim, only a dozen lessons along, did the same trick in a little over a minute!

After my star curves I began to work on a sextant that could be used without a horizon. A sextant, so called because its edge is a sixth of a circle, is a small device for measuring the height of sun or stars above the horizon. Much trouble has long been caused navigators by fog or darkness obscuring the horizon, or refraction making a visible horizon inaccurate.

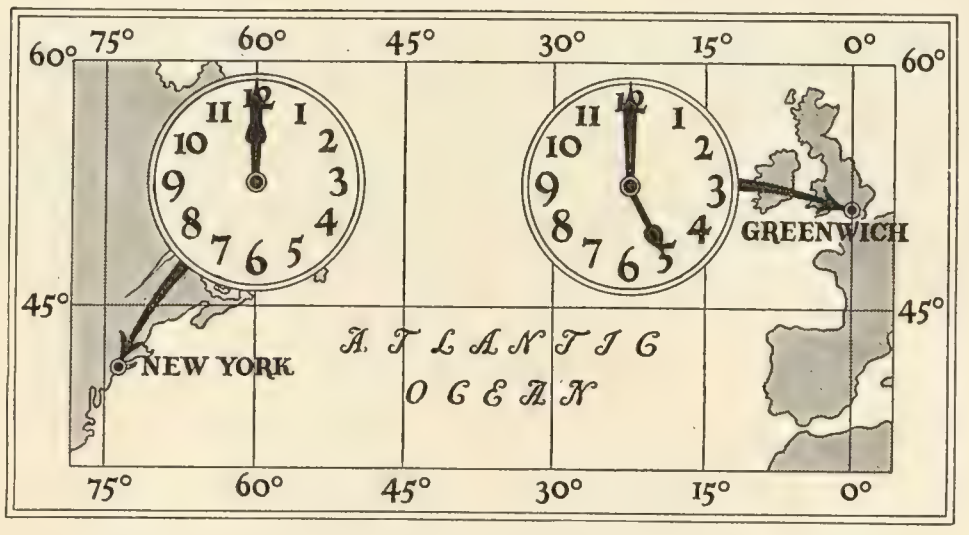
I incorporated a bubble level into a sextant and maneuvered some mirrors around so that all you have to do is to reflect the image of sun or star into the bubble and read its altitude on a scale at one side. To make the gadget easy to handle I built it out of aluminum. Naturally, with a short method and a light instrument it was but a step to apply both to aviation.

As a result, the week before I write, Colonel Lindbergh flew his ship with one hand and took a sextant altitude of the sun with the other!

I am confident that this was the first time in history such a thing had ever been done. Slim has made another record.

Probably the most specific example of aviation's need of aërial navigation was the Dole flight from San Francisco toward Hawaii last year. One plane, the Golden Eagle, had no navigator aboard. Her pilot flew by dead reckoning alone. Probably he put his plane on her course and flew enough hours at enough speed theoretically to take him to Hawaii.

That the plane was never heard from again and yet gave no call for help indicates that she probably flew her allotted distance all right. Imagine the desperate feelings of the pilot when he knew he had flown far enough, but no land was in sight.



Longitude, indicated by comparative time, places New York about five hours west of the Greenwich meridian in the navigator's reckoning.

He no doubt reasoned that the slight wind across his course had carried him to one side. But during the night he could not tell to which side; and during the day he could only roughly estimate its force.

"I was fairly certain I had a tail wind," Lindbergh told me, speaking of his own problem along the same line, "several times on my way to Paris. Yet I had to come down and fly near the surface of the sea to be sure. If it had been very thick or stormy this might not have been safe."

The pilot who won second prize in the Dole flight, a good lad named Jensen, took the precaution of having a real seagoing navigator aboard, a Pacific Ocean mariner named Schluter.

NOW, Schluter had always computed his latitude on his long voyages each day at noon when the sun was over the masthead. He had not mastered the newer method of determining a latitude at any hour of the day or night.

During the early stages of the flight Schluter toiled away at his sights. He soon used up all his paper and began to figure on the gas tank as a blackboard. Before he finished he had the entire tank covered with hieroglyphics.

On the second morning his results showed that the plane was in the longitude of Hawaii. But there was no land in sight.

"Only one thing to do," he scribbled to the pilot: "wait until the sun is over the meridian so I can get my latitude."

So for two hours the plane circled out there over the empty Pacific until local 12 o'clock. Then Schluter quickly took a sight and found that the ship was north of her goal. She made Honolulu in a very short flight *with twenty minutes of gas to spare.*

I noted one thing that seemed to impress Lindbergh more than all else: that was the importance of the navigator's timepiece and the mechanical perfection of the average good watch. This was only one of the many evidences I had of his unusual mechanical bent.

Longitude and latitude must both take time into account because the altitude of all celestial bodies is changing every second, due to the revolution of the earth. Therefore all celestial navigation must fall down if the watch is not correct.

A watch ticks 86,400 seconds a day. It is considered defective if it gains or loses more than two or three of these 86,400 seconds in twenty-four hours. A machine of such accuracy is little less than a miracle. Further, it must be capable of enduring such punishment as being dropped, being worn on different parts of the navigator's body at different temperatures, and being wound at odd intervals. I even heard of a new type watch that recently was dropped off a six story building upon a brick walk and *still ran!*

THE mechanical aspects of the sextant with which altitudes are measured are little less admirable; and accuracy is almost as desirable as in the case of the watch.

There are 5,400 minutes of arc in the maximum altitude. In a latitude sight each minute represents a mile. Since the sextant arm can be only a few inches long, it takes only a small error in measuring altitude to make a very appreciable difference in the resulting fix.

In this connection I found Slim particularly apt. After a day or two he handled his watch and sextant like an oldtimer. He has a strong hand and long, capable fingers especially suited to any sort of instrumental work. I think he would have made a good surgeon.

One afternoon, a few days after he started work, he laid down his pencil in disgust. "Do you suppose I will ever be a navigator?" he exclaimed.

I looked him in the eye. "No," I said.

I think he started slightly. "Why not?"

Then, assuming a professorial pose, I told him:

"Because the word navigation is derived from the Latin word *navis*, ship, plus *agere*, to move or direct."

"Well," said Slim, "what of it?"

"This: the Latin word for bird is *avis*. Therefore, the man who directs a mechanical bird is not a navigator, but an avigator."

"Oh!" said Slim, flashing the Lindbergh grin at me.

THE END

Douglas Fairbanks

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production "The Iron Mask" *says*—

"I get more kick from the Lucky Strike flavor than from any other cigarette. They are easier on my throat and wind. That's why I smoke nothing but Luckies. Toasting really means a lot to me. My own experience has proven that toasting not only takes out the bad things but doubles the flavor."

Douglas Fairbanks

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RADIATOR Glycerine
THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

Make your car permanently freeze-proof with a single filling

Nowadays almost every winter driver uses some kind of anti-freeze. Yet every year thousands of these drivers sadly watch the family car towed to the garage with a frozen motor—and a repair bill to come.

They thought they were protected. But their protection faded away—because they depended on an anti-freeze that would evaporate, and did.

Why spend another winter of worrying about a freeze-up when it is so easy to make your car permanently freeze-proof with only one filling of Radiator Glycerine.

Radiator Glycerine will not evaporate. You don't have to put in more every time there is a cold snap. You don't have to guess whether it is up to strength or not. It won't deteriorate. As long as your cooling system does not leak you are absolutely certain of positive, permanent freezing protection.

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Safe against freezing, safe against evaporation, Radiator Glycerine is safe to use in your car. You know that glycerine is so bland and harmless that it is used in foods.

It can not corrode any part of the cooling system or destroy the car finish. It gives off no unpleasant odors or poisonous fumes. It will not overheat your motor.

Amundsen used glycerine for the motors of the airship Norge when he flew to the North Pole. It is recommended in automobile instruction books and its virtues are pointed out in Letter Circular 28 of the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

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When you use Radiator Glycerine, there is only one precaution to be observed and that is to make your car glycerine tight. Obviously, no anti-freeze can protect your car if it is allowed to leak out of the cooling system. So make sure that hose connections, gaskets, and pump packing are absolutely *tight*, and that there are no small leaks. Follow the directions carefully and then you can enjoy the pleasantest winter with your car you ever had.

Get the full details

Every motorist driving a car in winter should have a copy of the Radiator Glycerine booklet.

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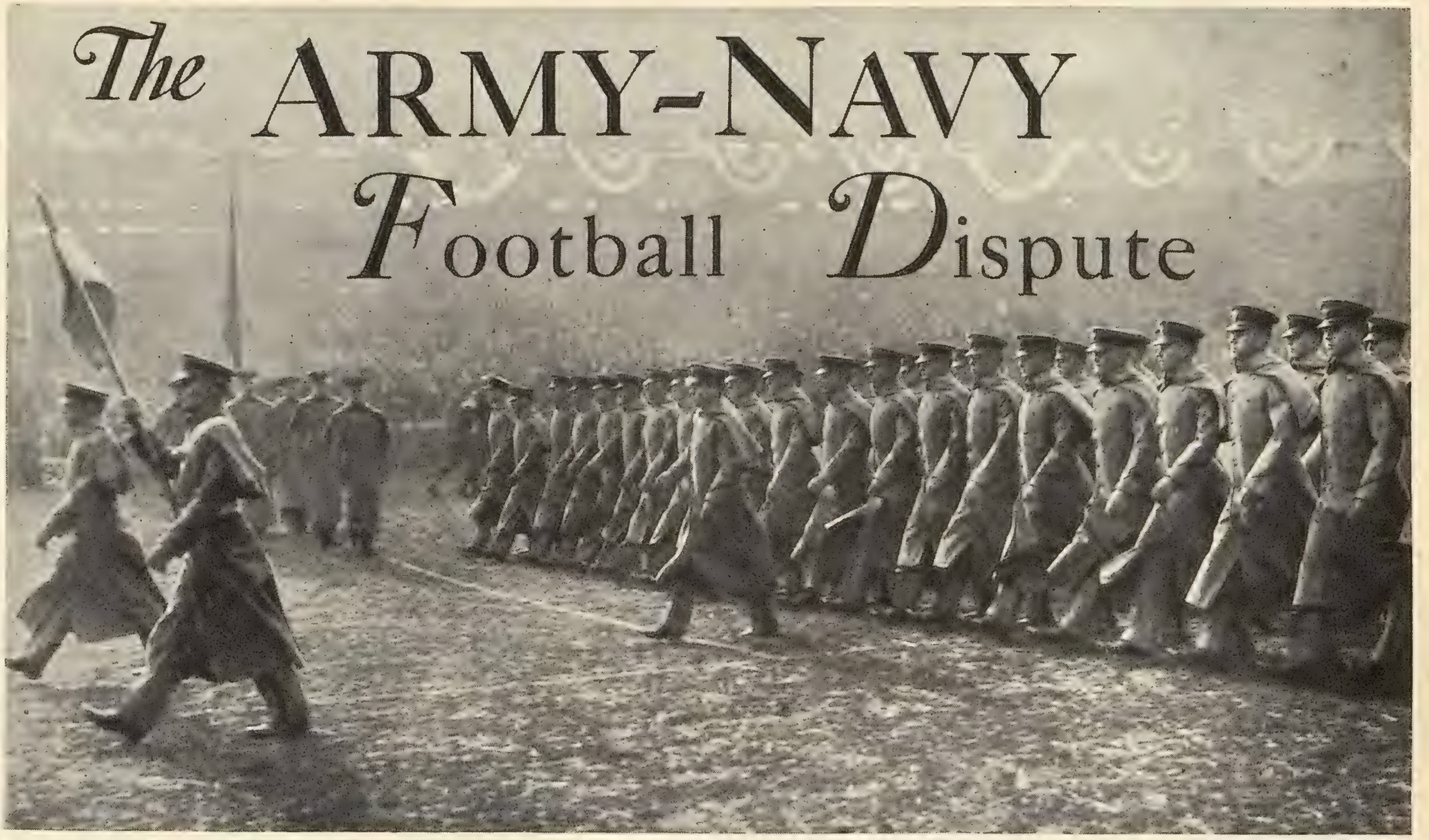
The ARMY-NAVY Football Dispute



West Point cadets parading at the Polo Grounds, New York, on the occasion of the last Army-Navy game—in 1927. No game will be played this year.

P. & A. photo

What's It All About?

By

FRANCIS WALLACE

ON the campus of the Naval Academy hangs an old Japanese bell which Admiral Perry brought from the Flowery Kingdom. Its inscribed characters have been beaten away in certain spots because it has long been the privilege of every midshipman joyfully to whack the bell when Navy whipped Army in any athletic event.

When Army won from Navy the entire cadet corps hauled the victorious squad up the hill to the Military Academy in an old stagecoach which has survived the days of U. S. Grant, Edgar Allan Poe, and Benny Havens, the immortal pub owner.

The bell and the coach, the goat and the mule, will be silent this year. Two old friends have fallen out.

Public, politicians, and press thought it couldn't happen, just as they were sure that Coolidge would run again and that Dempsey would come back.

But the game was lost; and nobody at West Point, Annapolis, or Washington knows when it will be played again. Navy, which precipitated the quarrel by demanding that Army join in adopting the three-year eligibility rule, is looking for a way to patch it up. This rule, as observed by colleges, provides that no man may play on varsity teams more than three years. Navy does not relish that empty sleeve in the November calendar. Army, feeling itself aggrieved, is not even sorry.

"It's Navy's baby," say the hardboiled soldiers. "They brought it on. There was a time when we looked forward to the Navy game and when we hoped to see them win every contest but ours; but for the last two years it has been different. If we can't have the game without bitterness we don't want it."

Navy has no place in football plans at West Point in the immediate future. Army's position has been bulwarked by the colleges. Notre Dame and Yale, which Navy expected to back its demands, and Nebraska, Illinois, and Stanford all attached themselves to the soldiers' schedule. Harvard, which had quarreled with Princeton to establish a principle of playing no school continuously but Yale, contracted for four consecutive games with West Point.

The sailors have taken on Princeton for their climax date, and are seeking a permanent solution for the problem which has rankled in some form for the last fifteen years. Navy believes itself right and is awaiting the reaction which it believes will vindicate it.

Navy is confident that after a while, if Army continues to outscore the colleges as it has outscored Yale and Notre Dame recently, the colleges will begin to ask why Army alone insists upon playing men who have already played three years for another institution.

THE general public has an idea that Army is holding an unfair advantage, but that Navy would not have squawked if it had not failed to win during the last six years and had taken only three contests of the thirteen played during the last fifteen years.

It is not so simple as that. Seeking a better understanding of the problem, I went through the routine of student life at each academy, slept in barracks, attended meals, observed the discipline, talked to officers and students of every rank, and read the correspondence that led to the break. Neither institution wished to fight its battle in print, but each was willing to extend an unusual courtesy to a representative of LIBERTY so that the public might get a better idea of the problem.

If it were simply a disagreement between the two superintendents, the break might be repaired by new academy heads; but it is a difference of opinion between the personnel of the two services, from cabinet members to the last enlisted men in the camps or on the fleet on the other side of the world. The battle was coming for fifteen years.

There has been no personal bitterness in the wake of the quarrel; but this lack of heat militates against an early agreement. Each side recognizes an honest difference of opinion—an impasse with sharply defined lines; and the dispute on the main issue of eligibility has been heightened by conflicting interpretations of the four-year contract signed in 1926.

Although it is far from an ordinary college football break, the Army-Navy dispute has its roots in the same problem that worries the college presidents—unwarranted emphasis upon winning and its attendant evils of mistrust, hypocrisy, recruiting, proselyting, and baiting by alumni which transforms frustration into bitterness.

Modern college heads have turned football enthusiasm into turbines which generate morale. Lacking war, the annual football

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL DISPUTE
Continued from page thirty-seven]

game has been the high spot of the year for the personnel of the two services. The development of football into a spectacle has thrown the strongest spotlight of all upon the Army-Navy game; and this glare of publicity has made winning even more important—not only along the Atlantic seaboard, but wherever service men meet the world over. It is pertinent to remember that Army and Navy and Harvard and Princeton did not quarrel over lacrosse or soccer, but over the highly specialized football spectacles. It is much more galling to lose to a revered rival while the world looks on than it is to lose in your own back yard without an audience.

DURING the last six years Army men have not spared the sensibilities of sailors either in New York or Hongkong. In 1926, Navy could do no better than a 21-21 tie at Chicago. After the game a cadet said to a midshipman:

"Another class goes out of Annapolis without seeing a victory over the Army."

That remark went around the world, and back from the fleet to Annapolis came this demand:

"We are not being licked fairly. Do something!"

Annapolis had been trying to get West Point to do something about playing college men for nearly fifteen years—except for the three years after the war, when conditions were unstable at the Military Academy and the Navy won the only three victories it had scored since 1912.

The Naval Academy adopted the one-year residence rule, which makes men ineligible for the team in their first year at the academy, in 1924 and Army followed in 1926.

Admiral Nulton initiated correspondence with General Winans on the subject of the three-year rule, but West Point contended that the adoption of the one-year rule had solved the problem to the satisfaction of the Military Academy and that it could go no further. Admiral Nulton stated that the morale of the naval service had been affected by the situation, and he issued the ultimatum which started the war.

If Navy had not forced the issue Army might have come along peacefully to the three-year rule as it did to the one-year rule. This is a personal observation with which both sides disagree. It is true, however, that Navy has unusually good prospects for next year.

By that time Army will have lost the galaxy of former college stars—including Harry Wilson, the former Penn State star—and will not be called upon to make such a sacrifice of actual talent. There are no spectacular college men in the newer classes at the Point.

In designating these classes, I have followed the academies' practice of calling the highest the first class, a system which is opposite to that generally followed.

But the complexity of this situation is due to the fact that the academies are basing their positions on the broad foundations of moral rights while they seem to be proceeding according to tactics. A decision might be reached after considering the evidence presented on the arguments of the four-year contract, the variance in age limit and enrollment and time for football practice—the principal technical points to be settled.

Herbert photo

Army's mule meets Navy's goat, a traditional feature of the cadets' and middies' gridiron clashes.

However, after getting through these obstacles you run into the tangled maze of equality of opportunity; and the question of how many angels could dance on the point of a needle becomes simple by comparison with some phases of this football dispute. I will present these arguments against the broad screen of life at the two academies and let the reader struggle with conclusions.

IF engaged in debate the academies would proceed:

ARMY: Equality of opportunity is our basic principle. A man entering here is in the government service. He starts at scratch as a plebe, regardless of previous experience. He may be proficient in French or mathematics, but he goes through the entire course. Why should not the same principle hold in athletics?

NAVY: It should hold true in intramural athletics; but when Army or Navy leaves its special sphere to meet outside schools they should play by the rules which govern collegiate competition. We also start men at scratch and continue them so in studies and intramural sport; but we believe it unfair to play seven-year men against three-year men. What equality of competition is there for your ordinary plebe when six of your football men were stars when they entered? Did you not weaken your position when you adopted the one-year rule? Does it not discriminate?

ARMY: The one-year rule was adopted primarily as an academic measure to give the plebe an opportunity to become grounded in his studies. The one-year rule discriminates against an entire class, while the three-year rule discriminates against individuals. It is no more unfair to the inexperienced plebe in athletics to have to compete against men skilled in athletics than against men skilled in French or mathematics. Our cadet officers are picked with due regard for their varsity athletic ability, and a man who is deprived of competing on the varsity may be deprived of higher ranking.

Competition on varsity teams [continues Army] does more to develop qualities of leadership than on intramural teams—and our ultimate aim is to produce officers. Is it fair competition when Navy plays Duke? Eligibility rules are designed to protect the amateur standing and not to produce equality of competition; the one-year rule protects amateur standing to our complete satisfaction.

THEN follow the technical arguments.

In October, 1926, the academies signed a contract for games in 1927, 1928, 1929, and 1930. It named the dates, locations, and approximate division of tickets. The custom had been to sign special contracts for each contest in addition to the original. In the special contract for the 1928 game Navy included the clause binding both schools to the three-year rule.

Army returned the document unsigned, with a letter concluding that Navy wished to be released from the four-year agreement and stating that Army would respect its wishes. Admiral Nulton asked that the four-year agreement be canceled by mutual consent. General Winans replied by wire:

"Regret I cannot consider the cancellation of agreement of October, 1926, as by mutual consent. Under the circumstances we released you from the contract of October, 1926, but it was not our desire to see the cordial athletic relations between the two academies severed. Your reference to scheduling another game for November 24, 1928, rendered our action necessary."

Navy's idea of this contract follows:

In signing the four-year agreement, which he considered routine, Admiral Nulton was not depriving himself, as superintendent, of the right to exercise any policy in the conduct of his command.

The one-year residence rule had originally been written in the four-year agreement, but was taken out at the request of General Stewart, then superintendent of West Point, who wished to make the announcement as a matter of his administration policy. This rule was not included in the four-year agreement. So how could the three-year policy of the Navy be construed as a breach of contract or good faith?

Army's contention is: We recognize the right of the superintendents to freedom in the matter of policy; but no policy should be adopted that interferes with a contract until the term of the contract has expired. In our relations with other schools we have signed contracts for future games; we

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

Your jeweler is a gift specialist

Consult him for the helpful advice he alone can give!

AGAIN — that Christmas list! Bigger, requiring greater consideration this year than ever before. New names taking their place with the familiar old ones. And the same limited budget that somehow *must* be stretched to include every one of them, both new and old.

"What shall I choose for each one?"

This *is* a problem—when you try to solve it unaided. But why waste hours in worry and fret? With expert advice, gift-choosing can be a simple, enjoyable task.

Consult your jeweler! Go to him for help in gift-choosing as you'd go to any specialist for expert advice. For your jeweler is a *specialist in gifts*—in the fine character and large variety of his offerings, as in his long experience in rendering helpful counsel to gift-givers.

He can quickly show you dozens of attractive, enduring things to fit both the persons in mind and the prices you want to pay.

For months he's been gathering them—gifts in richest variety—gifts whose high character is illustrated by the articles shown on this page.

Why not, this year, make use of a helpful gift counsel that costs you not a cent more, yet adds so very much in complete and lasting satisfaction?

Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in many designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone, in sterling silver, $3.25 to $7.50. Sets: $6.25 to $15.00

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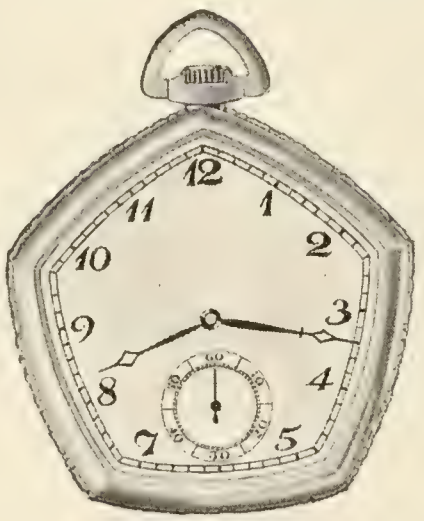

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WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
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Designed for women. Expands to slip over the hand, and is held securely by a snap lock. Gold filled: $7.50 and $8.50. Made also in solid gold

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"Standard of the World" for 52 years

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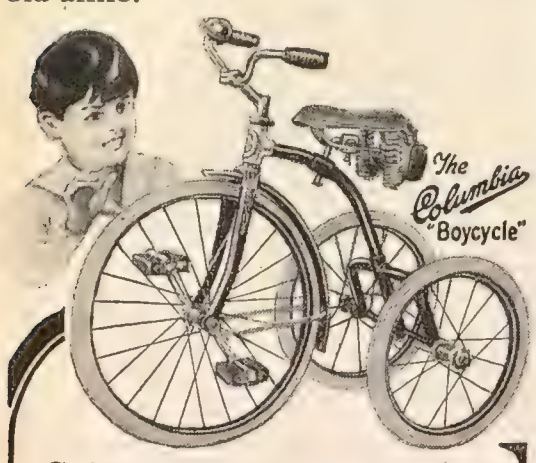


Columbia "Boycycles" are made in sizes suitable for children of all ages. You pay no more for a Columbia Cycle because it is sold at the lowest possible price, considering the wonderful quality offered.

Columbia "Bicyclets" give the small children the first opportunity to ride a two-wheel bicycle on the sidewalk, where it is safe. What great enjoyment for the children, at small cost!

Columbia Bicycles are built for Boys and Girls, Men and Women, in most attractive colors.

SANTA CLAUS
and his little Gnomies will entertain the children through
RADIO STATION W-J-Z
on Wednesday evenings, 6.30 p. m. Eastern Time. Tune in and you will have a good time.

If you cannot find the Columbia Cycle you wish write to us and we will send you Free our complete catalogs in colors, with prices.

WESTFIELD MFG. CO.
Westfield, Mass.
STEINFELD, INC.
11-13 E. 26 th St., New York

[THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL DISPUTE
Continued from page thirty-eight]

base our schedules, and so do they, on the force of these contracts; we also have special contracts for each game, but these care for details and are subsidiary to the original agreement.

It must be remembered, here, that the situation between Army and Navy in 1926 was somewhat different than between Army and its other rivals. Although not mentioned officially, the three-year rule was a potential disturber when that agreement was signed. Army and Navy had been discussing eligibility for years. When Admiral Nulton broached the subject of the three-year rule, however, General Stewart wrote:

"I confess to a degree of surprise at the tenor of your letter of the 11th, as I had the impression from our correspondence and talks on the subject that your adoption of the regulation excluding fourth classmen had clarified your relations with the civil college world to your entire satisfaction and that the adoption by the Military Academy of a similar regulation had had a similar effect upon the athletic relations of the two academies."

The arguments concerning the difference in enrollment and the time for football practice lend themselves to forensic displays, but, like most arguments of that type, can be thrown out of court.

Army's authorized enrollment is 1,378 and Navy's 2,500. During the nine years from 1919 to 1927 Army averaged 1,148 against 2,071 for Navy. In 1927, however, the figures were: Army 1,259; Navy 1,551. This was due to a temporary restriction upon entrance classes at Annapolis, but it is probable that a fair estimate of the immediate future would give Army around 1,200 to 1,800 for Navy.

SUCH figures mean little. The varsity football squad at any school, regardless of the number of students, seldom runs over forty-five. Notre Dame, with a student body of 900, was undefeated for nearly three years. Rockne did much better against Army with a student body of that size than he has recently done with around 2,500.

The subject of limited football practice, because of the academic and disciplinary features at West Point and Annapolis, is not a proper matter for dispute between the two service schools because they are almost equally handicapped. It is important in considering outside colleges, but cadets and midshipmen are guaranteed to be fine physical specimens, kept in good condition.

After everything is said, Army and Navy always have fine football teams. It can no longer be said that they would not be able to overcome their handicaps without the aid of college men, because Navy did not have a college star in the lineup this season. It is true, however, that to accomplish these results the coaches and players at the service schools have a much harder task than those in the outside schools.

General Edwin Winans, West Point superintendent.

The important practical point, in my opinion, is the difference in age limit. No midshipman can be appointed who is more than twenty on April 1 of the year he desires to enter Annapolis. Cadets are eligible for admission until the day they are twenty-two.

A student who has finished two years at college is apt to be over the Annapolis age limit. However, Army can take some college graduates and is wide open for two and three year men. More than 40 per cent of the corps are college men, while Annapolis has about 25 per cent and these are usually younger men.

In falling in line with the policy of the colleges, Navy had little to lose and much to gain if it could influence Army to do the same. It was equally good tactics for Army to refuse, for Army had much to lose in competition with both Navy and the colleges.

LET'S leave the arguments and meet the boys.

Entrance to each school is made after a severe physical examination, a certificate from an accredited prep school, or an examination. Examination papers have the same anonymity as the manuscripts in a prize novel contest, which makes it virtually impossible for influence to railroad a man in. If a boy did get in that way he would not stay long.

A plebe who enters West Point is not permitted to leave for eighteen months—not even for his first Christmas holidays. He gets his second or "yearling" summer off, but thereafter is limited to ten days at Christmas and six week-end leaves during his senior or first class year. To get leave he must be up to mark in his studies and have enough money to his credit to allow him ten dollars each day he is away.

Int. photo

Admiral L. M. Nulton, Annapolis commandant.

General M. B. Stewart, former head of West Point.

Life is not quite so Spartan at Annapolis. A midshipman gets all of his Christmas vacations and one month each summer after the annual cruise. Cadets spend their summer at camp and midshipmen at sea. In each instance practical work supplements theoretical instruction. Before graduating, a sailor knows every bolt on a ship and every star in the sky; and a soldier gets extremely well acquainted with a gun and a mule.

Midshipmen and cadets each receive $1,072 a year as salary and ration money; but the kind government collects it again for expenses. Cadets are required to deposit $250 on entrance and middies $100.

Midshipmen receive from three to twelve dollars a month for pocket money, depending on class rating. Cadets get no money at all, but are given five dollars each month in checks which may be spent at "the boodler's," a confectionery store on the post. Neither middy nor cadet is permitted to receive money from home.

EVERY cadet and midshipman is an engineer. Apart from some history and languages, the courses are topheavy with the terrible "math" which is the athlete's nemesis. Calculus is merely an early milepost with these buckos.

The service schools, in strange contrast to the popular idea of governmental institutions, are marvelously efficient and modern—veritable model schools achieved otherwise only in an educator's dreams.

The boys are excused from class only through sickness, as attendance is a matter of discipline. They are divided into sections of ten, grouped so that the bright students may go smoothly along at express speed while the others are geared according to their talents.

Each man is required to recite daily and is marked daily, with Army requiring 2 of a possible 3 points for a passing mark and Navy requiring 2.5 of a possible 4.

These daily marks are supplemented by monthly "writs" or reviews of the courses. At Navy the daily and monthly marks determine a man's standing.

Army has semiannual examinations as a last recourse for those who have failed to keep step. Each man is numbered in his class standing, and this standing not only is an important element in the selection of cadet officers, but it also determines preference in promotion and selection of branches of the service after graduation.

Each week at Army and each month at Navy the athletic squads are pruned of men who have fallen below the requirements in studies—while at the colleges a man who is eligible in September is safe for the football season at least. Two of the brightest stars at West Point and two of Navy's most important football cogs were having great difficulty in keeping ahead of the terrible math last spring.

The system at both schools makes allowance for these stragglers or "goats." The honor men, called "savvy" at Annapolis and "hivey" at West Point, are detailed to give special coaching to the goats. Such aid is not given merely to athletes, but is provided for all students. The men who perform these mental works of mercy are given due credit on their rating cards.

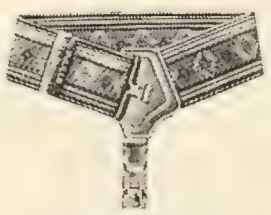
But even this model system would fail, as it does fail so often

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

—and he wonders why she said "NO!"

Could he have read her thoughts he would not have lost her. A picture of neatness herself, she detested slovenliness. And not once, but many times, she had noticed his ungartered socks crumpling down around his shoe tops. To have to apologize to her friends for a husband's careless habits was too much to ask. So she had to say "NO"—and in spite of his pleading couldn't tell him WHY.

No SOX Appeal Without



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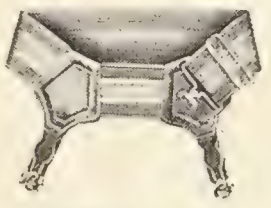

DOUBLE GRIP

Dress Well and Succeed

© 1928—A. STEIN & COMPANY—*MAKERS*—CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, TORONTO

[THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL DISPUTE
Continued from page forty]

in other schools, if the honor system were not what it is at the two academies. It works. Honor is the keystone of the corps and regiment. It is such an established factor that nobody thought to mention it at West Point. The change from the tricky world of New York to a spot two hours away where every man's word is his absolute bond was amazing. Having stumbled upon it at West Point I looked for it at Annapolis, and here, also, honor was a matter of fact.

At West Point I was billeted with Thomas Counihan and Charles Born, the latter an All American football end and a battalion commander. They were studying during the required study period after supper. Poring through pamphlets I had collected I came upon the "All Right," the crux of the honor system. Born explained it to me:

"If any cadet, in a doubtful situation, answers 'All right' to a challenge, the matter ends there. He means that he has permission to be where he is or to do what he is doing. The code carries through cadet life, and, of course, into the classroom."

Then I discovered that Born had been studying for a writ which Counihan's section had had the day before. Counihan knew the questions, but he did not tell Born nor did Charley ask him.

At the lacrosse training table at West Point, the players were discussing one of their stars who had been put "on the area" and off the squad for a month for a foolish and unnecessary infraction of a minor regulation. There was no railing at the system. The offender was condemned as a "bonehead." There is no resentment against a man who reports an offense. It is his duty and he is in honor bound to do it. The miscreant takes his medicine like a man. Both of the academies are jealous of their honor and they punish the rare cases of violation with "silencing" and recommendation of discharge. Evasions are not tolerated.

COLLEGE athletes contemplating further glory at West Point or Annapolis are advised to consider the routine and discipline. A gun booms at the Point at 5:50 A. M. Immediately a group of "hellcats," who are really fiends in the form of enlisted men, take their place in the area and play horrible tunes of reveille for ten minutes. At 6 o'clock the companies assemble for roll call.

This morning assembly is designed to abolish whatever sleep remains after the pounding of the hellcats. The cadets return to barracks, clean up their rooms with meticulous care, and crowd around a spigot in the hall to perform their morning ablutions. Then they turn back their beds, strapping the mattress and covering back and exposing the springs—and the beds are not permitted to be made up again until 9:30 in the evening.

Then these modern Spartans march off to breakfast and march back. Thereafter, with the exception of an hour for dinner at noon, the boys are studying or reciting or drilling until 4:15. They are free for athletics then until supper, which is served at 6:20. They march to and from this meal also, and to and from all classes. There is a required study period in the evening and lights are out at 10 o'clock.

There are no hellcats at Annapolis. At West Point the corps is quartered in several buildings, bleak and gray and old. At the Naval Academy the buildings are newer and more modern. All middies are housed in Bancroft Hall. Bells ring in the hall at 6:15 in the morning and exactly thirty seconds later the midshipman must have his bedclothing turned back and be at the door ready to report "All out, sir," to the officer on duty.

As a sardonic protest against such inhumanity, the middies start their phonographs. First classmen rate these, and radios also, if they construct them themselves. After the first rude shock, however, the early morning at Annapolis is just a breeze compared to the Point. There is running water in every room, and a shower in every room of the two new wings of Bancroft Hall, and in every second room in the rest of the building.

Thereafter the routine is much the same as at the Point. Drills are over at 4:30 and there are athletics for all until time to get ready to march to the evening meal, which is at 6:40. The men march to and from all meals and classes as at West Point, and have the same study period in the evening and 10 o'clock lights. First classmen are permitted to visit during this evening study period at Annapolis, but not at West Point.

Wide World photos

Annapolis midshipmen parading at the 1926 interservice game at Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

First classmen at Annapolis are also permitted to pay the hallboys three dollars each month to clean up their rooms, and the beds are not turned back. A sailorboy can snooze when he finds the apt moment—there is a real argument in this Army-Navy discussion.

It is the drills which cut into football time. At West Point, football men drill on Mondays and Fridays throughout the season. At Annapolis they drill on Mondays and Fridays during October, and on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays during November. Furthermore, the November practice is almost entirely in artificial light because of the late hour of starting. And the service school coaches do not have odd hours during the day for lectures. This work is done on the field and is supplemented by information printed and distributed for study by the varsity men.

There is some alleviation, however. It is true that no coach gives his men severe work on Monday and Friday, because the varsity players are still recuperating from a game on Monday, and on Friday are resting for the battle of the morrow.

Heavy work is done on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, with the first eleven doing its scrimmaging on Wednesday. The service coaches have their men for one and one-half hours on these days, which is about the time the college coach uses. On Monday and Friday the service varsity men are out for from forty-five minutes to one hour.

NAVY has one big advantage. The summer cruise ends late in August and school does not begin until October—so the middy football men sacrifice most of their summer leave for one month and practice football. Army's fall term begins September 1. Navy, in the month of September, can work twice daily, and enjoys an advantage not only over Army, but over Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Notre Dame, and the Western Conference squads.

As pointed out before, Army and Navy do have good football teams each year, but to get them their coaches and men, particularly at Army, must take advantage of every loose minute during the actual season. Except for a weekly hop, there is no social life to speak of at the academies.

The comparison of the life of an athletic star at either of the service schools with the Joe Blow of an outside college is near that of the monastic and the dilettante. Few college athletes dally with the terrible math; most of them are comfortable in law, history, English, or the physical education course.

For the college star there are motorcars, sweethearts, dances, fraternities, finances, vacations, fond parents, devoted alumni, and fawning townspeople, morning sleep and an inviting bed, and honor systems that leak.

It is extremely difficult for a tramp athlete to get into either of the service schools and practically impossible for him to stay. The adoption of the one-year rule has made the academies even less attractive. That plebe year is bad enough for the youngsters just out of prep school; for the Joe Blow of another college it is a soul tester.

Almost half of the plebes who enter the two academies fail or quit before the four-year course has been completed; but those who finish have passed the test of manhood.

I found them happy, high hearted, wholesome, and ambitious boys, with a serious purpose and high sense of honor that shame civilian life. Those who have known them longer say that the boys are more moral than the average collegians—not only because their opportunities for immorality are fewer, but because their minds and bodies are too busy.

A CADET or a midshipman has few idle moments during the day; and when he hits that hay at night he must sleep very fast to get caught up before the hellcats come around in the morning. This applies not alone to varsity men, but to all students; the athletic fields are beehives during the late afternoon and the college ideal of athletics for all is more nearly realized at West Point and Annapolis than at any college or university I have seen or heard of.

It is these boys who have been hardest hit by the football break. The feeling at West Point is not so strong, as the cadets seem to share the feeling of the officials that it is Navy's baby, and if the game cannot be played without bitterness it had best be forgotten for a while. But at Navy the boys feel the loss keenly. They are hoping for some break which might give them even a post-season game with Army this year.

At the Naval Academy I was chaperoned by R. G. Ballance and W. E. Howard, the latter tennis and basketball captain. During the evening many middies dropped in to chat, most of them football players on the 1927 team or this season's squad. These boys are loyal to their officers, but they would take pleasure in getting the Army squad off on a deserted field this fall and playing the game, with or without rules or regulations; and it would take no coaxing to get the Army lads into that battle, either.

But there is an honest difference of opinion and the situation has reached a stage which demands a permanent solution. Navy would compromise upon a four-year eligibility rule for both academies, but Army contends that it is wholly right or wrong in its stand and that a compromise would not settle the issue.

Army believes that if the Annapolis age limit were raised to that of West Point there would be no advantage to either and the problem would disappear; but it is a tradition of the sea to start the boys in young, and there is only the remotest possibility that this most practical way out of the difficulty will come to pass.

Meanwhile, every football squad and every class which goes out of Annapolis or West Point without the ecstasy or woe of an Army-Navy game goes out with a sense of permanent loss and an empty sleeve.

THE END

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A Low-Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters

The Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark on the rail. Sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment, it is available in three sizes at $8.95, $18.50 and $49.75 at leading stores everywhere.

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A conference is called. "Going to be a close shave any way you look at it," says the old gentleman. But it's just one of the thrills and many exciting moments billiards always affords.

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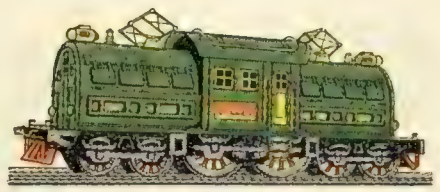
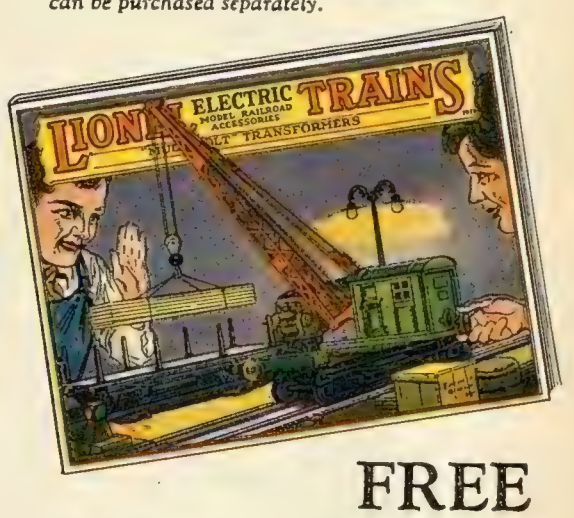


No. 381E. One of the three new Lionel "Bild-A-Loco" engines available for "Lionel Standard" and "O" gauge railroads. Their powerful reversible motors can be removed—taken apart—or used as a stationary 3-speed power motor. There are no wires in the motors, all electrical connections being strong spring contacts.

No. 79 Lionel Flashing Signal is copied from the newest electric railroad designs—with alternate flashing lamps on cross-arm and light showing through holes in base.

Another realistic touch for your Lionel Railroad is this handsome illuminated station No. 128 mounted on landscaped terrace which measures 31½" x 18". Note the handsome light fixtures, and masonry detail. Platform without station can be purchased separately.



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MODEL RAILROAD ACCESSORIES
"MULTIVOLT" TRANSFORMERS

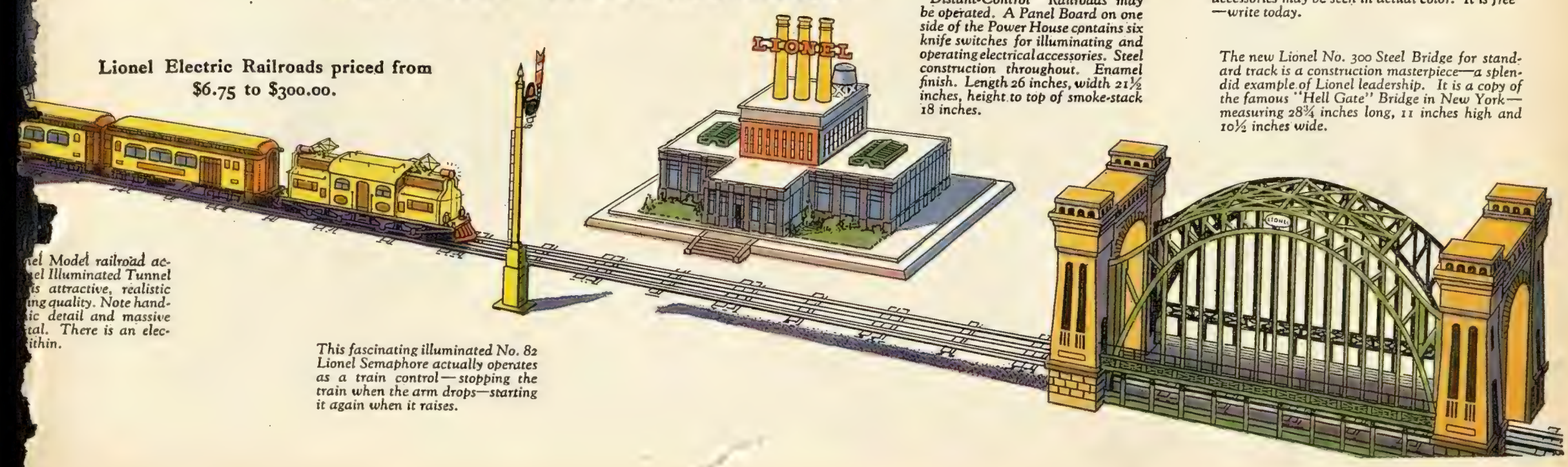
Lionel Electric Railroads priced from $6.75 to $300.00.

In this massive new Lionel Power Station No. 840 provision is made for accommodating one or two Lionel Transformers, from which 100% "Distant-Control" Railroads may be operated. A Panel Board on one side of the Power House contains six knife switches for illuminating and operating electrical accessories. Steel construction throughout. Enamel finish. Length 26 inches, width 21½ inches, height to top of smoke-stack 18 inches.

FREE

Every boy will want a copy of this marvelous new 46-page Lionel Railroad Planning book and catalog printed in full color so that all trains and accessories may be seen in actual color. It is free—write today.

The new Lionel No. 300 Steel Bridge for standard track is a construction masterpiece—a splendid example of Lionel leadership. It is a copy of the famous "Hell Gate" Bridge in New York—measuring 28¾ inches long, 11 inches high and 10½ inches wide.



el Model railroad ac- el Illuminated Tunnel is attractive, realistic ing quality. Note hand- ic detail and massive tal. There is an elec- ithin.

This fascinating illuminated No. 82 Lionel Semaphore actually operates as a train control—stopping the train when the arm drops—starting it again when it raises.

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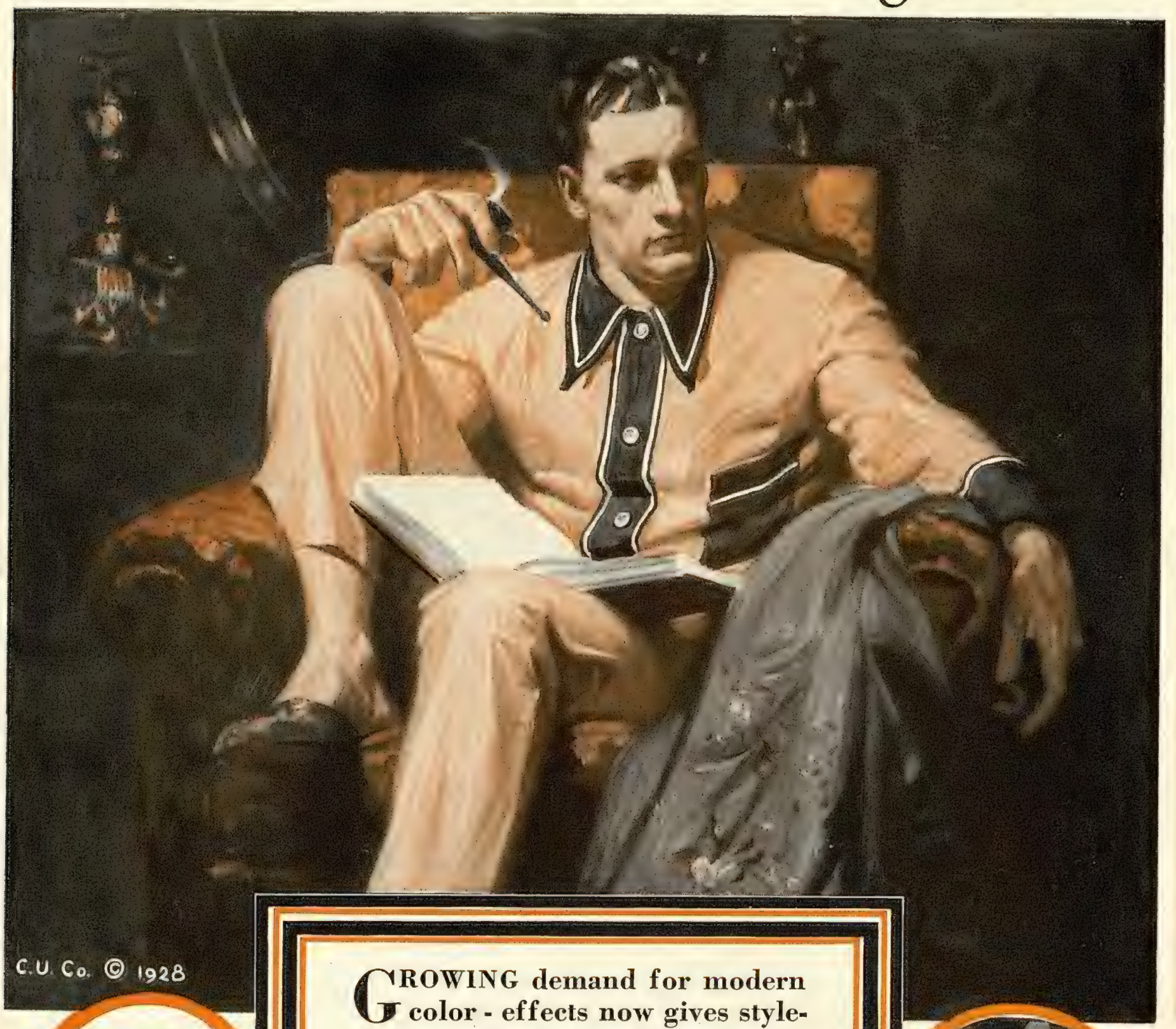

GROWING demand for modern color-effects now gives style-supremacy to Coopers Pajamas.

Originated by famous designers, Coopers exclusive styles combine artistic elegance with new and unique color-treatments.

Many models, in many fabrics, from cotton to silk, in plain and fancy designs, invite your selection.

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Cooper Underwear Company, Kenosha, Wis.

Whose Career?

"Nothing like a broken heart. I have always loved and lost. Where do you get such delicious cheesecake, Fan?"

The Story of a Mother's Mistake

By

BEATRICE LUBITZ

Pictures by J. HENRY

THE maestro got up to indicate that the interview was over. Fanny Breslow rose, too, of necessity.

"Then you think Dorothy has talent and ought to continue?" she persisted, her face puckered figlike in anxiety. She plucked nervously at her book, her purse handle, the umbrella she carried.

Leopold Sachs lifted his expressive hands in a gesture, though not impatiently.

"Madam, I repeat, your daughter iss a talented, conscientious student off the piano. She ought, I think, be allowed to study further. She should make a pianist."

The old man spoke slowly, gazing hard into the anxious face before him.

"Your girl hass ability. More. She hass promise. But, madam, I will be frank with you. You are not the usual mother of prodigies who exploits them for their own gratification. Whether your girl hass that divine spark that will make her stand out like a bright jewel with the handful of famous women pianists, that I do not know. That remains to be seen. You, madam, *you* haff that force, that touch of madness, that insanity which the world for want of a better name calls genius. It iss that spark, as I please to call it, that makes the artist, the concertist; and those without it—become teachers!"

He shrugged, smiled kindly.

"She iss young," he added as an afterthought. "Perhaps she does haff it. That we shall see. It iss a pity it iss not you who hass the talent."

He walked to the door as he spoke. Fanny was forced to follow.

"She's my daughter, professor. She has it, too. Must have it. Her father was a—well, he was almost a genius. She inherits her music and her temperament from him."

FANNY spoke quickly, as if afraid he would stop her before she concluded. "Oughtn't she inherit something from me?" Fanny's face suddenly smoothed into content. "My daughter *has* inherited it from me." She laughed suddenly. "I know she has that spark you speak of."

"We'll see; we'll see." The old eyes were kind. He smiled at Fanny's certainty. "Wass her father a musician?" It was the first curiosity the great teacher had shown regarding the antecedents of his pupil.

Fanny's face lit up like the flare of a torch in midnight spaces. "No. My late husband was a physician, but he should have been a violinist. He was a great lover of music."

"He died long ago?"

"Dorothy's father was a genius, professor. He was so sensitive—so—so fine. He was a cancer specialist, and in his work he contracted a cancer himself, on the face. He wrote a letter that he didn't want to kill our love by living with me with that cursed thing. He wanted me always to know him as well and strong and handsome. So, before the disease took root, twelve years ago, he shot himself."

Fanny's voice sank to a whisper. The bare studio was suddenly dark, eerie with shadow. The bent old man looked like a gnome, Fanny a tiny, nervous wraith.

"Ah!" The exclamation was a sigh. "We'll see. We'll see. With a heritage of insanity, maybe your daughter hass more than the eye can see."

Fanny nodded, pleased that he understood the secret reason why she was so certain Dorothy had genius. She pressed the hand he offered her.

"She has it, professor. I feel it—here." The other hand was pressed against her heart.

She went outside of the studio building, into the wet, dark street. And hanging on a strap in the stifling subway train, on the way uptown, home, Fanny Breslow dreamed golden

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Before Shaving
HINDS CREAM

Met a man
The other day
Who *likes* to shave!
Couldn't believe it
Till he told me
What he does
Before he lathers.
So I tried it.
Borrowed bottle
Of Hinds Cream
From the wife.
Boy! he's right!
See what
He did:

Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving
HINDS CREAM

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Sole Distributors
Dept. 1548
Bloomfield, N.J.

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Name .....

Address .....

(This coupon not good after November, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

[WHOSE CAREER? Continued from page forty-seven]

dreams, while at the same time another side of her mind planned practically.

"Dorothy has that spark. I have it. When Louis committed suicide he was insane. Insanity is genius in an intensified form. Even Sachs acknowledged that. She must graduate from high school. She has only this term. I wonder if Sachs thought I was the typical silly mother trying to make him commit himself over the possibilities of her child. No; he said I wasn't. He said I had that spark. It does me no good. Dorothy, she must have it!"

FANNY swayed, her eyes fixed on the electric bulb until she saw black. Her fingers clutching the strap were numb from holding a pen. She felt emotionally tired. "All in," she called it. And whenever she was tired like this, hosts of mean little figures danced in the air and under her weary eyelids. She saw complete pages of her ledgers and every item in her cash book. "My bookkeeper's complex," Fanny described it.

Automatically Fanny adjusted her body this way and that to accommodate jostling crowds moving in and out at stations. Her bookkeeping mind was tired, her emotional self fatigued from her interview with Dorothy's teacher, stolen in between the end of her day's work and her homegoing. But in Fanny's heart an exultation rang like the wind sweeping over wide, grassy prairies. In her ears she heard triumphant music.

It was a short block from the subway station to Fanny's studio apartment on St. Nicholas Avenue—called studio because it boasted, instead of a real kitchen, an uncomfortable kitchenette, and because its main room was living room, parlor, music room, and dining room combined.

Before Fanny inserted her key in the door she stopped a second to listen as spills of music from within tumbled in her ear. She smiled happily as her key clicked in the lock.

The room had charm. It was warm with golden light. A concert size grand piano hogged an entire corner of the studio. Before the open fireplace—which is what studio dwellers are pleased to call the two foot hole beneath the mantel wherein gas logs burn poisonously—a gateleg table gleamed with blue willow dishes and bright silver, set for two.

Dorothy rose as her mother entered, still dazed from the beauty of Bizet.

Dorothy's fingers, like magic, turned the ugly, squat piano into a human heart that wept, rejoiced, and dreamed.

"'Lo, mummy. Wet? Why so late, darling? I was getting worried."

"Selma gone, love?"

Fanny slumped into a soft chair, closed her hot eyes.

"Yes. You're so late that she couldn't wait to serve; but I can do that. Everything's hot."

Dorothy took off her mother's hat and opened her coat.

"There! Slip out your arms and move your chair up to the fire and we'll eat. I bet you're starved, darling. There!"

She could have lifted the little slim form of her mother. There was something of the maternal attitude in Dorothy as she patted Fanny's hair and made her comfortable.

Fanny looked at her through eyes dim with love as they chatted over their meal. Fanny studied her daughter's face for a trace of that spark, whatever it was, that would lift the girl from the army of obscure women pianists into the lunar heights of the stars.

It was a slim, intelligent face, with small, neatly clipped features, without a trace of the Oriental touch of her race. Smooth, thick brown hair coiled at the back of her small head; level, dreamy, heavily lashed gray eyes lent her face whatever distinction it possessed.

"What are you staring at, mummy?"

Dorothy's voice was soft, drawling, like her father's. She had a faint Southern inflection as delicate as a summer breeze. Her father had been a Charleston Jew, very proud of his South Carolinian birth.

FANNY came back to reality. "I dropped in to see Professor Sachs on my way home, Dorothy."

"Honest? How wonderful! What did he say? Was he nice?"

Fanny nodded brightly. "He wants you to go on with your music."

"Did you tell him I was graduating from high school and that we were undecided about college or further study abroad?"

"I did. He was lovely and not at all impatient. I told him everything. He was very attentive, but when I told him you thought of majoring in music at college so that you could become a teacher in case—in case—well, if you don't become a concert pianist, you ought to have heard him snort."

"Yes, I know," laughed Dorothy. "Like this." She made a harsh sound through her nose.

"Well, finally he said definitely you ought to go on with your music," concluded Fanny suddenly.

She had meant to tell her daughter what the great teacher had said about that spark, but she changed her mind. It might make Dorothy self conscious, or, what is worse, start her brooding in hopeless introspection. Better left unsaid.

"I don't know how you could have managed such a long talk with him, mummy. You're a marvel.

He's terribly unapproachable. I'm not afraid to play for him, but I shake all over when I try to talk to him. Oh," she sighed ecstatically, " I'm frightfully happy he encouraged you, dear. A word of praise from him is like a whole dictionary of compliments from anyone else."

Dorothy stacked the dishes neatly in a pan for Selma to wash in the morning, pushed the table in its place against the wall, and seated herself in the golden light at the piano.

"WHAT shall I play tonight for you, mummy? What's your mood? Are you happy, exalted, what? "

Fanny in her deep chair closed her eyes. Far away seemed the other side of her life as provider for the family. This was all that mattered. This charming room, with its open bookshelves and flower filled brass bowls, the open piano, and Dorothy smiling under the lamp.

" Play me something by Schumann; something sweet. I feel—well, I admit it—I feel sentimental! "

" Mummy, how awful! It's so unfashionable to be sentimental."

" I don't care. I am. Play soft and dreamy things for me. I want to build air castles."

" All right. I'll start with Warum and improvise for you."

Dorothy's fingers, like magic, turned the ugly, squat piano into a live, throbbing being—a human heart that wept, rejoiced, and dreamed. Fanny, in the blue gas flames, saw a stage in miniature. Heavy shadows. Shafts of orange light hanging from the ceiling, casting their rays on the gleaming black and white of a grand piano. And facing the sea of faces in the vast auditorium was Dorothy, playing in an entranced silence. So vivid was the picture that Fanny could hear the breathing of the audience.

Dorothy crashed the closing chords. There was that moment of suspense hanging on the silence, then overwhelming, deafening applause. The neat rows of people became a seething ocean of clapping white hands like the flapping of gulls' wings on the sea.

" What, mummy? "

Fanny awoke with a start.

" I said nothing. I must have been dreaming. But what a dream! Oh, Dorothy, at last I know it will all come true! "

And together, unmindful of the heavy gas fumes from the fireplace and the beat of rain against the glass, they planned and wove dreams of priceless stuff, at once so real and so unreal that neither could actually tell where reality began or ended.

At midnight, when Fanny, weary and stiff, sank to sleep on the davenport in the studio, Dorothy sat on her ivory bed, starry eyed, and stared bewitched at the dripping housetops below her window.

To Lily Metzger, her friend since girlhood, Fanny narrated the whole interview with Sachs. It was Saturday afternoon and Dorothy was at a concert. Over cheesecake and coffee Lily Metzger listened attentively, nodding her enormous head as emphasis to Fanny's words.

She was a huge woman who, after innumerable disappointments in love, had settled into comfortable middle age, denying herself nothing of bodily comforts, and proud of the fat, which she declared was a complete indication of her liberation from all matrimonial design. Lily's parents had left her well provided for, and four doting brothers, after strenuous failures to marry off Lily, satisfied their conscience by supplying her with all the nonessentials.

" I'm only too glad to take Dorothy abroad with me this summer," Lily agreed; " but if she hasn't got that spark, or whatever it is you're batting about, please don't depend on me to furnish it. It takes every bit of spark I have to propel me around. And you, my good woman, I advise to husband your own. You haven't got a hell of a lot to spare, as the beautiful duchess would say."

FANNY'S plain face lit up affectionately, then it puckered into its usual worried lines.

" To you, Lily, I can talk my heart out. Dorothy is everything that a mother would want in a daughter. She is devoted, studious, conscientious. But that's the trouble with her, Lily. She's not—I can't think of the word—adventurous. That's it. She's awfully innocent and unconscious of the other sex. I want her to live—to love magnificently, maybe even to suffer a little. She needs a great psychic shock to give her playing feeling."

" In other words, my sweet one, you want me to find for your precious offspring a wild oat in Europe. Fanny, you are *meshuge* [crazy]."

Fanny laughed. " You know exactly what I mean, Lily, and you are showing your quick perception by being ridiculous. I'm not asking you to find affairs for Dorothy. You are merely to encourage her to live. Maybe it's my fault that she's so backward in those things. I've sheltered her too much, maybe. But in Europe, away from me, she will have freedom. I want her to study, of course, but mostly to live. If she falls in love, make believe you disapprove a little, so that she'll think she's fighting for freedom. I want her to develop a will of her own, and spirit, and a dominant personality. She must fall in love—and, of course, with an artist."

" I can guarantee you, Fanny, he won't marry her," said Lily, with a mouthful of cake. " Artists don't."

" Marriage! *Gott behüte!* Who said anything about marriage? No; let her have a broken heart. That will bring out the spark in her playing! "

" Nothing like a broken heart," agreed Lily cheerfully. " I ought

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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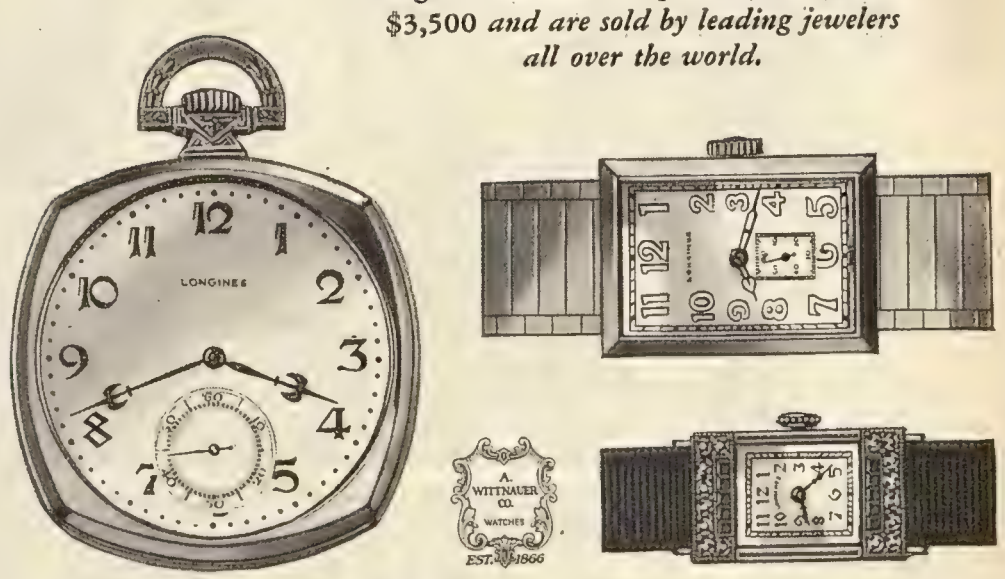

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for muscular aches

quick relief -comfort

rub in

Absorbine Jr.

[WHOSE CAREER? Continued from page forty-nine]

to know. I have always loved and lost. Where do you get such delicious cheesecake, Fan? I can't stop eating it."

"Then it's all decided," said Fanny nervously, as she repeated all she had said before, her eager little body growing taut with excitement. "Yes, yes, Lily. I've hit it at last. I have been dominating her too much. Away from me, with freedom and love and bohemianism, she is made! Maybe a conservative mother would be shocked to hear me, but I'm not a conservative. I am a modern woman, and I want my child to live!"

DOROTHY'S graduation day. The auditorium rocked with applause, and Dorothy, flushed and laughing, in her white georgette graduation dress, responded again and again with encores. She was the only number on the program besides the speaker, but the cheerful crowd of parents and friends were in no great anxiety to hear the Hon. J. Pickney Jones speak on civic improvement. They applauded Dorothy until their hands smarted. Dorothy, between numbers, cast helpless, questioning eyes at the principal as she responded to their demands.

Fanny and Lily sat well up near the front. Lily placidly fanned herself with the program in time to the rhythm of the music, and now and then her humming was audible. Fanny, absorbed and tense, still remembered to sh-sh-sh her.

The mother's lips were parted as she hung breathless on the golden chords, in agony lest there be a false note, furious if so much as a cough disturbed the stillness. And in that other, mysterious mind of Fanny's she was in a Continental salon, standing amid a hushed group of celebrities, listening to her daughter playing for royalty. The picture was complete to the murals on the wall, the silver frock of Dorothy, herself in black velvet, and Dorothy with her neat, clean features and dream bewitched eyes all aglow.

And then Dorothy was in her mother's arms, kissing her with hungry kisses.

"Oh, mummy, I'm exhausted. How was I? Was it all right?"

"Oh, baby, wonderful. You played like an angel. I only wish Sachs could have been here."

"He said he'd like to come, but he teaches at the institute in the morning. Oh, darling, I'm so happy now that school's over and I'm free and going abroad. Oh, golly!"

Fanny's throat was constricted and she was close to hysteria as she clung to Dorothy, and when Dr. Chumley, the principal of the high school, in his ponderous manner congratulated Fanny, his high school, and the Empire State in producing a genius like Dorothy, Fanny suffered from her suppressed emotion.

Then Fanny and Dorothy were lost in a mass of laughing, white frocked girls, who kissed Dorothy and then, following the lead of one girl, kissed Fanny, too. It was bewildering but very sweet, and the tension lifted and Fanny was able to laugh.

The next two weeks in Fanny's life were the happiest she had known since the days when she and Louis Breslow, then a slim, idealistic young doctor, planned their life together. Now she was planning again, for Dorothy. There was no labor too fatiguing for her, from buying clothes to running to the tailor's, packing books and ordering expressmen, passports, travel guides, pictures to be taken, and ribbon to be strung through nightgowns. Fanny was in a white heat so bewildering and nerve racking that Dorothy sat back holding her breath lest Fanny break in two before the boat sailed.

"I must hold myself in check; I must hold myself in check," Fanny told her quivering nerves. "When she's gone I'll relax." But Fanny did not hold herself in check. Yet she was happy—as happy as she had ever been in her life.

THEY were driving in the Metzger touring car to Brooklyn. It was the day. It had seemed to Dorothy it would never come; yet there they were, driving to the pier

Her first affaire de cœur was with a young Jew, a wonderful violinist.

—Max Metzger, very much himself, at the wheel; Lily, placid and serene as always, and Fanny trying to be calm, fanning herself with her flat purse.

They all tried to talk naturally, as if this were nothing but a little morning ride to get some air; but Fanny could restrain herself no longer.

"Dorothy. No, don't look concerned, my dear Lily, I am not

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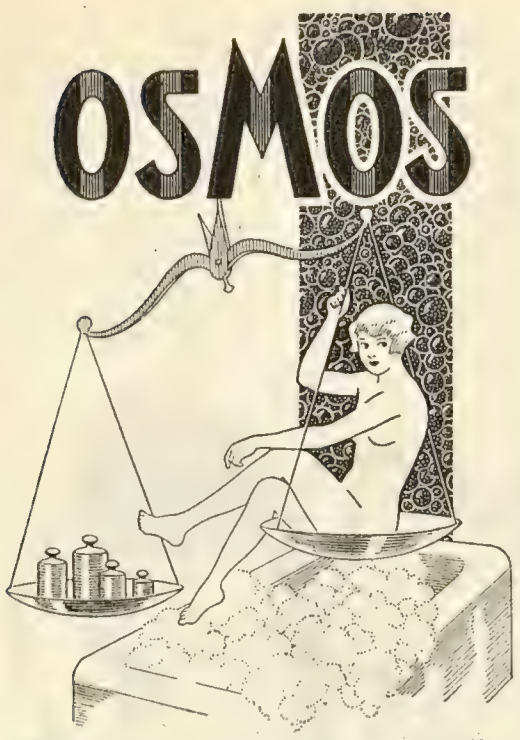

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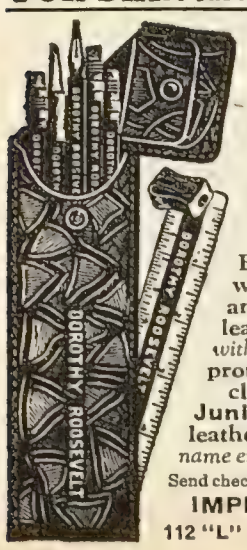

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

going to be an absurd mother and weep all over my child or beseech you to take care of my baby. Dorothy knows better than I do when to change her underwear and when to put on rubbers, don't you, dear? No; as the little poem says, 'I have no parting words to give you'—I think that's what it says. I have only one word of advice. Live."

Fanny paused, her eyes boring into her daughter's as if she would read into her very soul to see if she understood.

"Atta girl," applauded Lily's brother, a comfortable married man with the Metzger good nature. "You're a smart girl, Fan."

She ignored him. "Study, live, and be happy. Don't worry about me or about money. Only enjoy yourself and live. Hard. Then I'll be satisfied."

Dorothy was weeping softly. But Fanny, whose body and eyes felt hot and brittle, was composed as she stroked her daughter's hand.

"You must live, darling," she whispered over and over. "You must be awakened."

FANNY forced the same calm as she examined the cunning appointments of the stateroom and inspected the amazing liner. She stayed on until the last "All off!" was shouted, and then found she had only a minute to shake hands with Lily and kiss Dorothy hastily.

She was on the pier, running its asphalt length on a level with Lily and Dorothy at the steamer rail, shouting the little foolish messages people do to speed those departing. The two on the deck became only spots of green and black that gradually blended into grayness. And from the boat Fanny was an animated black dot, fluttering hither and thither, to be swallowed up finally in distance.

Max drove Fanny back to the studio.

"Can't I persuade you to come up to the apartment and have lunch with Margaret and me? Or, better, let's have a party, me and you, and a regular lunch at some hotel. Come on, Fanny, let's have a real gay lunch."

"No, Max. I'm full of tears. I'm going up to the studio and grieve. Go away; let me mope in peace!"

Max laughed. "You're a character, Fan, honest. You're the same unexplainable creature you always were. I suppose there's no use coaxing?"

"None in the world, darling. Tell Margaret I'll be over on Sunday. For the time being, au revoir!"

She smiled brightly and left him watching her perplexedly as she walked briskly toward the elevator.

In her apartment, a sense of unreality settled over her. She sat down on the piano bench. The piano was shrouded in a black leather cover. She ran her hands along the top and sides of the instrument. The room was so quiet! The noonday sun stole softly between the yellow curtains and rested in warm patches on the rug and on the brass fender in the fireplace. She laid her head on the hard surface and gave herself up to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[WHOSE CAREER? Continued from page fifty-one]

hot, slow pouring tears that drenched her soul.

Fanny frankly deprived herself of many comforts that summer, so that her daughter would feel no stint abroad. Yet, as she dribbled her two weeks' vacation in weekends at the Metzger cottage at Long Beach, she didn't feel like a martyr. She didn't even consider it a duty.

"I am doing it," she told Max, when he protested to her on carrying unselfishness to a superlative degree, "because my daughter is an artist. This is my contribution to art, Max. And when you think of the sacrifices the world has always made to genius, I am doing very little—very little."

"But she'll never thank you for neglecting yourself and making yourself a premature old woman."

"I'm not looking for thanks," said Fanny serenely. Then: "Oh, Max, don't think I'm deliberately misunderstanding you! I'm not. But I'm happier now than I have been for years. Let me enjoy myself in my own crazy way. I'm getting as much pleasure in living the way I am for Dorothy as she is getting. Honestly. So let me be!"

"I never did understand you, Fanny. You were always a deep one."

II

FANNY'S life was made up of letters. Letters from Dorothy, letters from Lily; letters to Dorothy, letters to Lily. It was an arduous three sided correspondence. Lily wrote to Fanny what Fanny wished to hear, and Dorothy wrote to Fanny what she thought Fanny would be pleased to know. And out of the maze Fanny tried to read between the lines.

About September Lily wrote: "At last, my dear Fanny, your celebrated offspring is in love. At least, she shows all the symptoms, and even you, in your tremendous egotism, couldn't want a more suitable lover for your child. I'm as thrilled as if this were my own affair."

There was more in Lily's big, flowing hand, with generously crossed ts and ds and even the tops of the ps. Fanny read on, chuckling. Lily's letters were full of amusing witticisms, and as she described Dorothy's emotions she invariably compared them with her own, so that by the time Fanny laid down the letter her eyes were wet from laughter.

Dorothy's letter was more dutiful. She described him, and Fanny, from Dorothy's heavily underscored adjectives, vaguely understood that her first *affaire de cœur* was with a young Spanish Jew, a physician, but a *wonderful* violinist, who had degrees from Princeton and Johns Hopkins and who was studying further in Paris. She didn't say whether he was pursuing medicine or the violin, but Fanny hoped it was the latter.

As the fall chilled into winter Lily's letters were more wildly exuberant than Dorothy's. A certain reserve had settled over Dorothy. But Lily described their wonderful parties, Emanuel's lovely mother, who had artificially white hair with, my dear! a permanent wave—at her age! And from it all Fanny gathered he was enormously rich, although Fanny would have preferred a picturesque poverty.

She sat down in her chair and pulled the typewritten sheet from out of the envelope.

"It's grand being a chaperon," scrawled Lily. "You get the best meals for merely looking decorous. And you can't imagine, my love, how superbly decorous I can look. I'm a regular theatrical mother."

There were accounts, too, of lessons, tours, concerts; and Fanny studied Dorothy's letters, written always so carefully on her monogrammed stationery, for a glimpse of passion. Dorothy's letters were full of Emanuel, too, and Fanny watched hopefully for the bomb to burst that would awaken Dorothy to glorious heights.

ON Christmas Day Fanny was awakened by the ringing of the doorbell. It was a uniformed messenger with a cablegram. Fanny, in bathrobe and slippers, closed the windows first and turned on the steam in the radiators before opening the envelope. She suspected it was a holiday greeting from Lily and Dorothy, and smiled as she pictured Lily scribbling and rescribbling an appropriately felicitous message.

She sat down in her comfortable chair and pulled the typewritten sheet from out of the envelope. It was from Lily:

HOLIDAY GREETINGS BEST NEWS DOROTHY AND EMANUEL BETROTHED SAILING TOMORROW

Fanny clutched her mouth to

keep from screaming. Betrothed. Oh, my God! She jumped up from her chair and began to pace the room.

"Oh, my God!" she repeated over and over. "That damn woman has been acting like a *Schadchen* [matchmaker]. Betrothed! Betrothed! What about her career? Who wanted a betrothal? Oh, my God, my God!"

She was sobbing as she picked up the telephone. Max Metzger, sleepy voiced, answered the phone.

"Oh, Max!" she cried. "Your sister fixed things up fine. I just got a cable," she gulped, trying to clear her voice as he yelled: "What, what?"

"I just got a cable from Lily, your precious sister. Dorothy is engaged. Oh, Max, she got herself engaged to that Emanuel and they're sailing from Paris today."

"Well, aren't you happy?"

"HAPPY?" screeched Fanny, losing all control. "Happy? Do you think I sent her to Paris to get a husband, you idiot? It's that damn sister of yours. Oh, Max, can't you understand? I wanted her to have a career, not to get married." She was weeping helplessly.

"Wait—stop crying. I'll be right over," yelled Max. "But let me tell you, Fanny Breslow, you're a fool. That boy is a De Solo, only son of Moss de Solo. I made inquiries about him. They're millionaires. Park Avenue. He's a fine boy. I know lots of people who know the family. What are you sobbing for? My daughters should make such a match!"

Fanny dropped the phone, sank on her knees, and buried her face in the hollowed cushion. Her moans hurt like physical pain. She felt as if she were fighting her body. An ocean divided them and she was bursting to speak to her daughter.

Max found the apartment door open. He rushed in without knocking or ringing, bringing with him a great draft of cold. Fanny was still on the floor, no bigger than a child herself, her thick pepper and salt colored braids over her shoulders.

He picked her up, started horror stricken at her terrible face, the eyes red and swollen and the mouth unrecognizable.

"Fanny!" He held her to him as if she were a child, his lips unconsciously brushing her forehead as he would have done to his daughter. "Oh, Fanny, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Oh, Max, how could Lily have been so dumb?"

"Dumb! Fanny, what is the matter with you? Listen; be yourself a minute. You are a widow, trying to do what's right by your only child. All right. You send her to high school; you give her piano lessons. She shows a talent for music. So far, so good. You send her to Europe while you work like a slave as a bookkeeper. You haven't had a vacation in God knows how many years. You wouldn't buy yourself a dress if Lily or my wife didn't get after you.

"Suppose your daughter didn't succeed as a concert player? You'd be worse off. And here your girl gets engaged to a talented, wealthy man. Even of our religion. And a De Solo. Why, you ought to be glad his family want us. You know how exclusive the Spanish Jews are. You know how they hate the German Jews. By God," he marveled, "you don't realize yet how lucky you are! Dorothy hasn't a cent of money, and such a match! By Jove, my daughters should have such luck. So cheer up, old girl. You ain't done so bad."

Fanny was controlling herself with difficulty.

"I shall prevent the match. My daughter has had a momentary infatuation. She doesn't want to get married. She wants a career. This is only an episode."

Fanny got to her feet, her face clearing wonderfully.

"Why," she thought aloud, "a broken heart! Just what I wanted her to have. I'll prevent the marriage. If she really loves the boy, that will be a shock. That should awaken her! Come, Max! Quick! Help me figure when they land if they sail today!"

Max watched her in amazement as she energetically got to her feet, straightened the cushions and picked up scattered boxes from the floor with her old energy.

"I'm sorry for the wasted money in her coming back and having to go abroad again, but if this is the psychic shock she needs, it's well worth it."

Max regarded her with stark amazement. "Fanny, I declare, you're *meshugge*. I never could understand you. You're too deep for me!"

III

THEY were on the same pier from which they had watched the liner sail seven months before. Fanny, eyes unnaturally bright, in her ancient but still decent sealskin coat; Max sunk in a huge overcoat;

Margaret, his wife, in chinchilla; and, bulging in Persian lamb, Leah Metzger, wife of Paul, the second brother. Leah came to the pier to see whether Dorothy Breslow was actually bringing home *the* Park Avenue De Solos. She maintained stoutly it couldn't be the same ones.

Fanny fumed at the delay as they stamped about, trying to keep warm. She maintained a cheerful poise, but within she seethed. Her speech to the young man was ready. She would tell him, without mincing matters, that she had other plans for her daughter. She would appeal to Dorothy's love of music, her sense of duty, and, though Fanny hated to do it, she would even cruelly mention her own sacrifice to give Dorothy an opportunity.

There was a rush of people forward and a rush down the gangplank. In a bewildering second

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

What ten seconds and this *Magic Bottle* can accomplish

FROM sleep-shackled weariness to an alert, buoyant vigor in just a fraction more time than it takes a greyhound to do the "hundred"—and with much less effort. Just put a few drops of Fougere Royale Lotion to work on your "morning-after" face. Watch the wrinkles whisk away. Feel the flabby muscles stand up and assert themselves.

Into your pores it goes, this liquid vigor—cleansing, soothing, cooling. Why it's an expensive, half-hour barber's massage packed into ten seconds and a fraction of the cost.

Styptic, too—stops bleeding and heals those tiny nasty nicks that give you that "just out of the trenches" appearance. It's the world's greatest "pick-me-up" and your quota is two bottles. One for home, the other for the office—to keep you fit and chipper through the day.

Use it with its brother magician—Fougere Royale Shaving Cream, that non-caustic, non-irritating essence of abundant, creamy lather. For that age-old struggle between beard and razor here is lasting peace—mildly perfumed with that wholesome, outdoor fragrance—Fougere Royale (Royal Fern).

Say "good-bye" to smarting and after-shaving burn by saying "hello" to generous free samples of this pair of prize performers. Just mail the coupon below. It's on the house.

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After-Shaving Lotion

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c *Talcum, 50c*
Shaving Cream, 50c *Eau Vegetale, $1.25*
Shaving Stick, 75c *Facial Soap, 50c*

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You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

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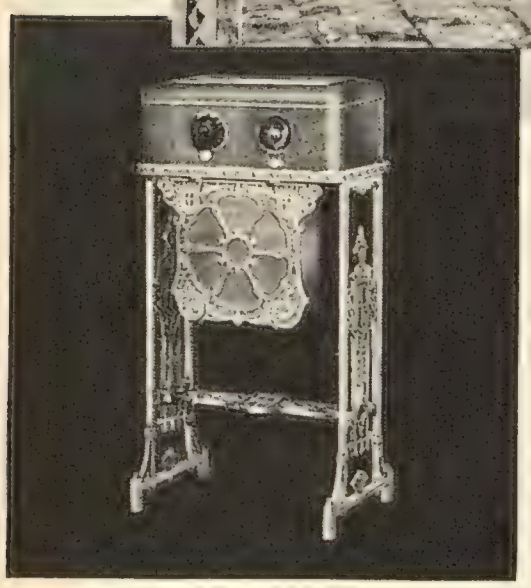
RADIO TABLES AND BENCHES

To Match, That Create A Decorative Ensemble For Your Radio Set



Illustrated at top, Conventional Model A. Designed to complement the decorative atmosphere of any home. Below, Heraldic Model B. Distinctive, featuring ninth century crest and shield. Benches to match.

Modern, sparkling beauty wrought in metal by Markel—tables with integral speakers and benches to match that harmonize with the new, colorful sets so much in vogue. They provide a worthy setting for any receiver—decidedly in good taste in any home.

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THE sparkling, colorful beauty of the new Radio sets has become an important element in modern home decoration. No longer is radio tucked away as nearly out of sight as possible. It is brought out in the open to show itself off—and it is mounted on Markel tables with integral speakers and benches to match to create a beautiful ensemble effect in the radio corner. Markel Tables are equipped with your choice of R C A, Peerless or Utah Speakers—and priced so moderately that cost is almost negligible in comparison with the beauty and convenience they give. Ask your dealer to show you the models illustrated, or write direct to Markel Electric Products, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Sizes to fit the most popular sets of leading manufacturers, including Atwater Kent, Crosley, Freshman, Fada, Kolster, R C A, Spartan, Steinite, Stewart-Warner and others. Prices without Speaker $17.50; with R C A Speaker $47.50; with Utah Speaker $32.50; with Peerless Speaker $45.00. Benches to match in red or green velour $9.50. Beauty, durability at a negligible cost! *Prices slightly higher west of Rockies.*

[WHOSE CAREER? Continued from page fifty-three]

Fanny was seized in two strong young arms, and Fanny, before she became buried in the warmth of sable fur that her daughter wore, saw Dorothy's face, exultant, eager, alive with love and fire.

"Oh, mother," she laughed and sobbed, "I'm so happy!"

Fanny was overridden. She shrank into herself at the impressive stateliness of Mrs. de Solo, the insignificance of Moss de Solo, head of the banking house of that name, and before the dominant youthfulness of Emanuel, who wrung Fanny's hand and kept repeating: "Jove, I've heard so much about you. Heard what a wonderful little woman you are. By Jove! I've heard so much about you!"

THE De Solo Rolls-Royce was at the pier. The *café au lait* chauffeur decorously led the party to the parked car. They walked in threes, Dorothy's arm interlaced with her mother's, and Emanuel, towering on the outside, with his arm about the two of them. Lily, as a matter of course, waddled beside Mrs. and Mr. de Solo, followed in the rear by Max, who hesitated, and Margaret, who hesitated, while Leah pushed and whispered loudly that they were to follow, "of course."

It was *the* Park Avenue De Solos all right. Leah was satisfied on that score, even while acutely disappointed. But she would have a glimpse of their apartment, even if she had to ride on the roof of the Rolls-Royce. It was rankling to meet the De Solos through Fanny Breslow, but Leah was adaptable. She could even live that down.

She could have shot her brother-in-law as he suggested to Moss that they would follow the Rolls-Royce in their car.

"By all means," Mrs. de Solo called out from the bowels of the car in her smooth, even voice. "I want all of you for lunch. In case you lose us, Mr. Metzger, we have the eighth floor at four fifty Park. Move over, Lily, you're crowding Mrs. Breslow. Are you comfortable, dear?" to Dorothy, as the chauffeur closed the door.

Max ducked at Leah's released ire. "My God, Lee, there was no room in their car, anyway. What difference does it make where you ride? You're going to see the apartment, aren't you? What else do you want?"

"You fool!" wailed Leah. "Margaret, your husband is a fool—you will excuse me for saying it. I wanted the pleasure of a ride in a Rolls-Royce for once in my life, and just as I was getting it, my brother-in-law has to step in!"

A thousand times it was on the edge of Fanny's tongue to blurt out that she didn't want the match to take place. Poor Fanny! The quiet, determined, possessive air Emanuel had toward Dorothy stifled her. The faintly condescending manner in which Mrs. de Solo inquired about the late Dr. Breslow and the Loeb end of the family (Fanny was a Loeb of the Posen branch) cowed her.

The plans for the wedding were being discussed. The De Solos were making it quite obvious that in permitting their son to marry an obscure girl they were making a tremendous concession, but only because—well, Dorothy was an unusual girl.

Fanny was still under the influence of the quiet magnificence of the De Solo apartment. She was in awe of the soft footed butler assisted by two maids in serving lunch. And of Dorothy herself.

Never had the girl seemed lovelier. Fanny, gazing at her as at a stranger, was astounded at her beauty. She appeared taller, young and slim, but somehow more mature. Her face was flushed with excitement. Her mouth, slightly open, was healthy red—her teeth fairly dazzling in their whiteness. And Dorothy's dream bewitched eyes were full and sparkling with reality. The dreams had all been swept away by some magic touch.

THEY were back home in the studio: a bewildered Fanny—a gayly planning, gloriously in love Dorothy.

"Isn't he wonderful, mummy?" she bubbled. "Doesn't he play the violin beautifully? Mummy, he's so tender, so loving. Oh, mummy, isn't it wonderful to be in love? Doesn't it make you want the whole world to be in love too, and rejoice? Oh, mummy!"

"But, Dorothy, what about your career?" asked Fanny faintly.

Dorothy looked slightly dazed. "Oh, yes; of course I shall keep up with my music, but the De Solos would never agree for me to do anything professionally. They're so conservative. Emanuel wanted to be a violinist. He hates business. So they compromised by letting him study medicine—that was his second choice—and he keeps up with the violin too. Isn't it perfectly lovely that we both play? We can have such pleasure in our music."

Poor Fanny. Her lip trembled, she gulped, made an attempt to speak, hesitated, and was stilled forever.

Some seven months later the young De Solos were in their own Park Avenue apartment. They had had a wedding tour of five months in the Orient. Now they were back in their own home, the sumptuous apartment which Moss and his wife, without once consulting Fanny, had furnished for them.

It was Sunday evening. Every Sunday Fanny spent with her daughter and son-in-law. She had definitely refused to live with them or to give up the studio. Dorothy had half fearfully suggested that Fanny give up working and live with them.

"It seems so queer," began Dorothy in a hesitating, embarrassed way. "The De Solos—I mean we

—are so rich. Oh, mummy, let's stop pretending. I want you to give up working now and—let me —Oh, you supported me so many years! I owe you so much. I want you to have luxury. Oh, mummy, you know what I mean. Mother de Solo has often insinuated that it doesn't look right for you to work."

Fanny, softened and moved by turn, hardened now. "I don't give a darn, my dear, what Mother de Solo insinuates. The studio is my home and I have my work. I am an independent woman, and I pray God lets me be that for many years. So that's that!"

Dorothy, in a soft, fluffy gown, was at the piano. She was a woman now. Eight months before she had been a child. Her husband hovered over her, touching her hair, her arm, her lovely peach smooth cheek. The De Solos were there and Lily and some relatives of Mrs. de Solo.

Dorothy was playing for them. The De Solos always had Dorothy play for their friends and relatives. It was her justification, Fanny suspected, for having been accepted into the sacred bosom of the family.

There was power in Dorothy's playing now. There were love and passion, pathos and mad exuberance. The piano lived beneath her sure touch.

LILY swayed placidly, humming beneath her breath, sometimes audibly. Fanny, sitting forward, entranced, sh-shed her with the half of her that was here. The other half was miles away, dreaming. There was the platform, lit by orange hanging lamps; there was the hushed excitement of Carnegie Hall. Dorothy's music, swelling like waves in a storm, dwarfed the hall, engulfed the row upon row of faces. Fanny heard the breathing of entranced listeners, the crashing final chords; the moment of respite from the exquisite pain of Dorothy's playing, and then the deafening applause.

They were clapping politely, the De Solos and their guests, and twittering compliments. Dorothy was smiling happily.

The dream bubble burst. Fanny, strained and smiling, was wet in every pore. She was trembling like a poplar in a storm. But no one noticed.

"Play that lovely thing, you know, the Debussy Arabesque piece I like so well," Mrs. de Solo prompted, fanning herself with her ostrich fan, so that her diamonds winked with the movement.

"Yes, do," Emanuel seconded, gazing ardently into his wife's face. "Doesn't she play exquisitely?" he asked the company at large. "She plays with such feeling and fire."

Lily turned her huge bulk to Fanny, sitting tightly in her black velvet evening dress.

"Isn't it wonderful, Fanny, how he loves her? Tsa, tsa, she made some match. Has all the things we always yearned for. She's lucky, isn't she? Aren't you happy, Fanny, at your girl's luck?"

Fanny tried to speak. Her eyes were full. She dared not blink lest she spill the tears. She tried to make a sound, choked in her agony. Lily, suddenly understanding, placed her fat hand on Fanny's veined one.

"Darling, darling," she crooned under cover of the music. "Don't, please. I thought you gave up the career dream long ago. You'll see things differently after a while, dear. After the baby comes. Don't Fanny, don't look like that."

"I'm all right," Fanny whispered hoarsely. "Sh-sh, they're watching us. Sure, I'm happy. I'm happy. Everything's just fine. I'm cr-crying for j-joy."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Noel Knew His Politics

Noel was ambitious to serve as page in the State Legislature and appealed to an influential friend for aid.

"Why, Noel, your legs are too short."

Noel straightened himself up in a military attitude and replied, "What the Legislature needs is brains, not legs."—Mrs. S. P. King, 1200 W. Morton St., Denison, Tex.

* * *

He'd Rather Go to Prison

In her car mother was taking her boy to the depot to catch the train for school. They were late in starting and the streets were crowded. Mother was making all possible speed. Still the boy frantically goaded her to go faster. They made it all right, and just before the train pulled out the mother remarked, "Sonny, I never before knew you to be so anxious to get back to school."

"I was not anxious to get back to school," muttered the boy. "I saw a policeman watching you, and if you had hurried when I told you we would have been arrested."—Edgar Stephenson, P. O. Box 1918, Manilla, P. I.

* * *

The Ultimate of Scorn

Louis, aged four, and Billy, six, were arguing about their strength. "My father said I was awfully strong," Billy boasted. "Why, I can lift a hundred pounds."

After a moment's calculating glance at Billy's small lean figure, Louis exclaimed scornfully, "Huh, I guess you can—a hundred pounds of feathers."—Elizabeth C. Corkhill, Huntley Ave., Berwyn, Md.

Teeth so white YET...

4 out of 5 get Pyorrhea

SEEMINGLY safe with teeth so white, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, find themselves victims of Pyorrhea.

This grim foe of health ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

So to be on the safe side, see your dentist every six months and use the dentifrice that does far more than keep teeth clean.

Every morning and every night, brush your teeth with Forhan's for the Gums.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives it quickly restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps gums to resist Pyorrhea by keeping them sound and healthy.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice morning and night. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in years to come. Also massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Vox Pop

Lots of Letters Like These This Week

MONTREAL, CAN. — The Reverend John Roach Straton's article, "Why I Am a Prohibitionist," sounded more like the effects of a ten day drinking bout than anything I ever read. "America became the spiritual and moral leader of the whole world" is certainly a joke.

There are more murders, gangsters, rum runners, illegal booze peddlers, hold-up men, and divorce cases in America than in any other country in the whole world.—*An Impartial Protestant.*

DES MOINES, IA.—I know that in certain circles it is unfashionable to be a dry. Therefore, all the more power to John Roach Straton, who was wholehearted and fearless enough to write such an article as "Why I Am a Prohibitionist." Amen to everything he said!—*Frederick D.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—If you want your weekly to become one big joke, just let Dr. Straton write a few more articles.—*L. M. Parker.*

LEONIA, N. J.—Prohibition is like trying to clean a dirty floor with a dirtier mop.

If J. R. Straton thinks the law should be changed only by its friends, why doesn't he consult the bootleggers? They are prohibition's best friends.—*W. Ball.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Having just read the Reverend John Roach Straton's able article, "Why I Am a Prohibitionist," and admiring the forcible way in which he presented his case, might I mention that no thinking person in this country today is fighting for booze?—*W. H. B.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Christ made wine. Christ drank wine. He even ordered His people to drink it. Yet, in John Roach Straton we have a preacher who thinks he knows more about what is good for the people than Christ did. — *H. Van De Reit.*

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA. — To my mind the best part of John Roach Straton's article was the end. — *Kohl Ulrich.*

A He-Man Speaks

HOUSTON, TEX. —Why don't you get wise to yourself and cut out the golf stories?

Nobody cares about golf but the namby-pamby silk nightgown boys, and if that is whom you are trying to reach, just cancel my nickel.

I shouldn't have to speak this way, but I just came to the end of my endurance.—*C. R. Rishmiller.*

Why Stop at Donkeys?

TOPEKA, KAN.—Well, well, LIBERTY! Your fiction is looking up. Two well above the average stories in one of your recent issues: "Discord," by Austin Parker, and "A Saga of the Wastelands," by Beatrice Harmon.

That last named tale—about the philosophical donkey that saved a spoiled wife's life—was unusual, and

went straight to my heart because it put me in mind of a burro that I myself once owned. "Tiny" was his name, though he was as big as donkeys ever grow.

He was faithful, though eccentric, just like Marcus in Beatrice Harmon's story.

I used to spend my time wishing he were more cuddlesome.

One night I dreamed that he was the size of a fox terrier, and that I held him on my lap, stroking his head, while he hee-hawed with pleasure.

I vote we start a movement to breed donkeys the size of dogs.—*Dottie C.*

She Does Not. And We Don't Have Boarders. Only Rumors

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Wow! What a sweet little prize ring your mag. is! Drys versus wets, Catholics versus Protestants, men versus women, and the editor versus any of 'em any time he feels like it.

I'm pretty far away from New York, but a mental picture of LIBERTY'S battling editor has gradually been taking shape. Here it is. A big guy at a big desk, with a big pencil (blue) in one hand, and a big pistol in the other — ready to repel boarders. His secretary — pretty little thing —sits beside him, but she might just as well be as ugly as sin—for she wears a gas mask!—*Dorothy S.*

Haw Haw

BOISE, IDAHO—That story by Arthur Chapman, "The Wolf and the Fold," gave me a pain where I never had an ache before.

For forty years I have done nothing else but camp on the trail of the woolies for some of the largest sheep men west of the rockies and for pure unadulterated garden fertalizer "The Wolf and the Fold" takes first money for swivel chair piffle.

Who ever heard of a peg leg sheep herder, he has to have two good legs and use em plenty, even with dogs. And then J. B. expected peg leg to handle the sheep without the dogs. Haw haw, that's good, and the next chunk of balona was where prickly pears had no affect on the dogs feet, tell it to Riley. No dog wolf or varment can stand them, I have made to many moccasins for my dogs for protection from said pears.

And when I came to where peg leg was running his sheep on good thick grass above timber line, that was to much, I just naturaly fainted and I feel goofy yet. Good grass above timber line. Haw haw.

I need a bracer on that, who's got any hooch?—*Sheep Herder Bill.*

No They Wouldn't

MONMOUTH, ORE.—Why don't you get the names of all persons who read LIBERTY and print a special edition for each one of them? Then maybe they'd be satisfied with your stories and articles.—*C. E. T.*

A Rich Mixture, as It Were

MONTREAL, CAN. — MacArthur makes Dickens, Mark Twain, and other famous humorists look like undertakers, and the way he handles the English language—slang and "elegant" English mixed—is masterful.—*W. A. Kluth.*

"Why I Am a Prohibitionist"

PASADENA, CALIF.—I like my liquor regular, and have been getting it for the past eight years. God bless Mr. Mellon and the Methodist Church!—*A. McMillan.*

TULARE, CALIF. — Liquor conditions? I expect them to remain about as Will Rogers says they are now: "The drys have all the law they want and the wets have all the liquor they want," so both can cuss each other and be reasonably satisfied.—*W. Martin.*

GREEN BAY, WIS.—I am a manufacturer of Corn A and will continue in that business for two more years if the government does not come any closer to me than they did in the last Green Bay raid.

I would like to state that, since I graduated from college four years ago, I have never experienced such prosperity. May it continue!—*H.F.P.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Why in the name of Vox Pop do the editors of LIBERTY oppose prohibition? Don't they ever take a drink? Haven't they brains enough to know that prohibition and the Volstead Act have made it easier and cheaper and safer to "roll your own" wine kegs and beer bottles than it ever was in the old days to enter a saloon and risk losing your roll, or getting "lit up," or "beat up" when you started to sing or fight?

The Volstead Act guarantees to every citizen with a tea kettle, roasting pan, or crock the right to manufacture all the alcoholic drinks he wants, free from any tax, and free from any punishment—for if the police raid his place without a warrant and proof of an actual sale, the Volstead Act and the Supreme Court hold the government to have violated the law, not the citizen.

If, after looking around every hardware store and in every mail-order catalogue and selecting the best equipment for home brewing and distilling, and making a few experiments under the protection of the Volstead Act and with the advice of the neighbors, in his own cellar, the citizen finally decides to engage in the business of selling, as well as manufacturing, why, at less risk than almost any other business on earth, and with less capital, he can become a bootlegger. This means he can get

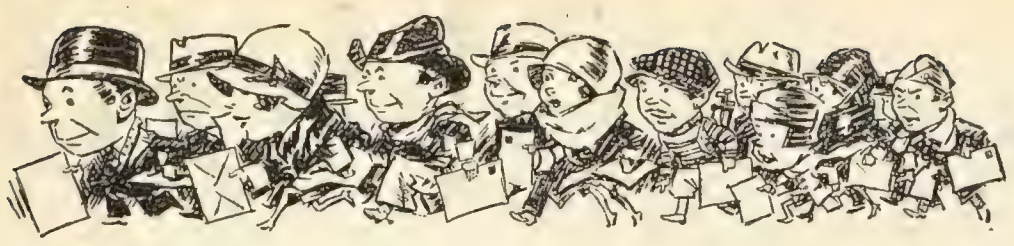
rich quick, buy the fastest and finest automobiles, dine at the best hotels, and make friends with the leading public officials and business men in his community merely by giving them a nonpoisonous beverage at 1,000 per cent profit to himself.

Was there any such liberty, any such easy and honest get rich quick opportunity, any such general prosperity, when the business of manufacturing and selling alcoholic beverages was taxed, regulated, and limited by the government and monopolized by a relatively few big brewers and distillers? You know there was not.

At least 90 per cent of us who own or rent a cellar, a kitchen, or a bathroom are operating it "constructively" and letting old Mother Nature and her best elements—sugar, heat, water, fruit, and grain—work while we sleep.

It is now everybody's business and nobody's business how much we make, drink, use, or sell.

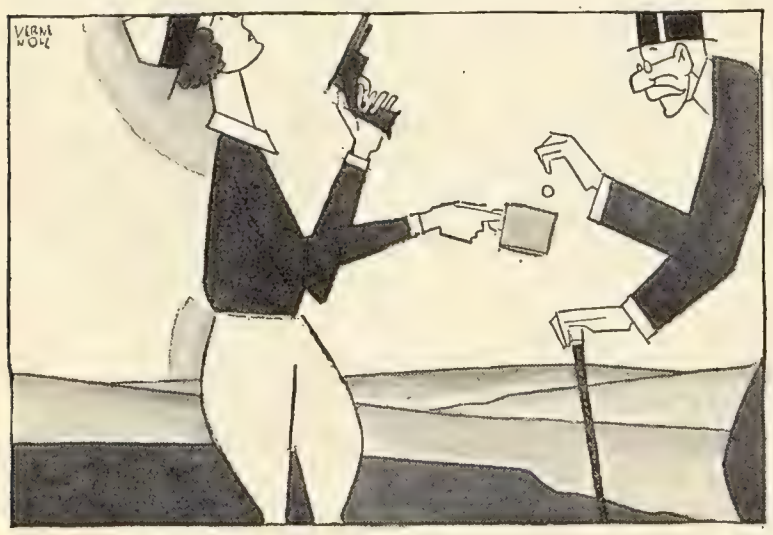
That's *real* freedom! That's democracy! — *Prohibition Fundamentalist.*



Miss Robinson Elicits Some Helpful Hints—

DENVER, COLO.—Say! That series, "Gasoline Gypsies," by Grace Robinson, isn't exciting enough. Just think what might have happened — on paper, at least—if Grace had turned her imagination out to graze.

The next time she goes to the Rockies, tell her that eagles carry off



babies. She might have had one carry off her flapper sister. (Wish one really had!) Tell her that, very recently, Old Faithful missed a spout because a Republican Senator was in Yellowstone, and a geyser doesn't like to be beaten at its own game. (She should have put that in.)

Tell her she didn't do nuthin' if she didn't try the newest form of marksmanship out where Men are Men. This is how it's done: A cowboy stands up with a revolver in one hand and a tin cup in the other. He shoots a bullet straight up into the air—so straight that when it comes down he catches it in the cup without stirring a step away.

Tell Grace to get a gun and a cup and go to it. Who knows? Some philanthropic old gent might drop a dime in, while she was waiting for the bullet.—*Gus M.*

—and a Pain in the Neck

ATLANTA, GA.—Grace Robinson and her "flapper" sister give me a pain in the neck, calling themselves "gasoline gypsies." You don't belong to that brotherhood because you have taken a few driving lessons, bought an expensive car, and, taking along ample funds, are heading for a prearranged destination.

Her chronicle is an exposé of the personal habits, clothes, attitudes, and poses of Miss Robinson and the flapper, and what sort of hotel accommodations befell them. But *real* gas gypsying is a disease, incurable, and the only relief is in the quest for the "Something lost, behind the Ranges."

We were infected by the purchase of our first car, back in 1911, and, since 1924, have known no habitat except the car or the auto camp.

At that, we are novices compared to some I have known.—*Margaret Braswell.*

That Dog-Wolf Controversy

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—I enjoyed Norman S. Hall's article, "Can a Dog Kill a Wolf?"

About 1915, on the Peoria Road north of Springfield, Illinois, just such a fight took place. And what a fight! Men who would have helped the dog did not dare get close.

Running and turning, slashing and snapping, the wolf cut the dog to ribbons. But that bulldog had been through pit experience and just kept bearing in. After forty minutes the wolf was cornered at a rail fence and there the bulldog finished him. But the bull was through, also, for he died soon after.

Can a dog kill a wolf? Yes, but God pity the dog.—*F. E. Woods.*

We Have Our Moments

MADILL, OKLA.—Say! That story, "Hard as Nails," by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, was a humdinger. Fact! I think it's about the best you've ever run.

That must have been "good story week." The whole durn magazine was tiptop.—*Raymond Martin.*

That Ought to Make a Gentleman of Him

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A well written yarn, that one called "Discord," by Austin Parker. Yes, told with a lot of power.

The only thing I didn't like about it was the implication that Claid Burney, after his reconciliation with his wife, was going to reserve the right to sock her on the chin whenever he felt she deserved it.

As a Southerner, I feel that any man who would strike a woman should be picked up by the seat of his pants by a steam shovel and deposited in a refuse heap.—*A Southerner and, I hope, a gentleman.*

What Price Nickels?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—After reading LIBERTY with much tolerance and getting a good bit of amusement from the stories and articles, most of which are too silly to even think of,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's Instant Sleep

Tonight—*Without Drugs!*

A WONDERFUL DAY TOMORROW

Because Ovaltine is not a drug, but a unique food-drink; because it brings instant, all-night sleep that builds up tremendous energy for the next day — over 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep.

Please Accept 3-Day Test of This Swiss Discovery Doctors the World Over Are Endorsing

For years people hoped for a drugless way of inducing sleep. A way that would bring sleep quickly when they went to bed . . . without drugs, without enervating soporifics.

Today there is such a way. A way as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink.

A way that induces the kind of sleep that makes you feel like a new person tomorrow. For, besides inducing sleep, it re-builds your wasted tissues while you sleep.

People are flocking to its use. For a 3-day test, note coupon below.

Not a Medicine

It is called Ovaltine. A delicious food-drink. The discovery of a world-noted Swiss scientist.

You take it at bed time. And soon you fall asleep.

Next morning you wake up feeling like a new person. For the peculiar dietetic property of Ovaltine re-supplies your system during the night with the energy lost the previous, active day. Builds you up and rejuvenates you.

Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Its use has spread over some 50 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles from sleep producing drugs. Remember, it's not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It's a food.

Thus, you can take it night after night and not only avoid a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Acts This Way

Instead of drugging your nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep. For it corrects the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced.

It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "Malt" or "Chocolate" preparations which may claim the same effects or taste like it. It is widely different in formula and result.

Doctors advise it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, general run down conditions, for nervous, underweight children, for nursing mothers, and the aged. Thousands take it to relieve fatigue during the day.

Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance. Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. J-11 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

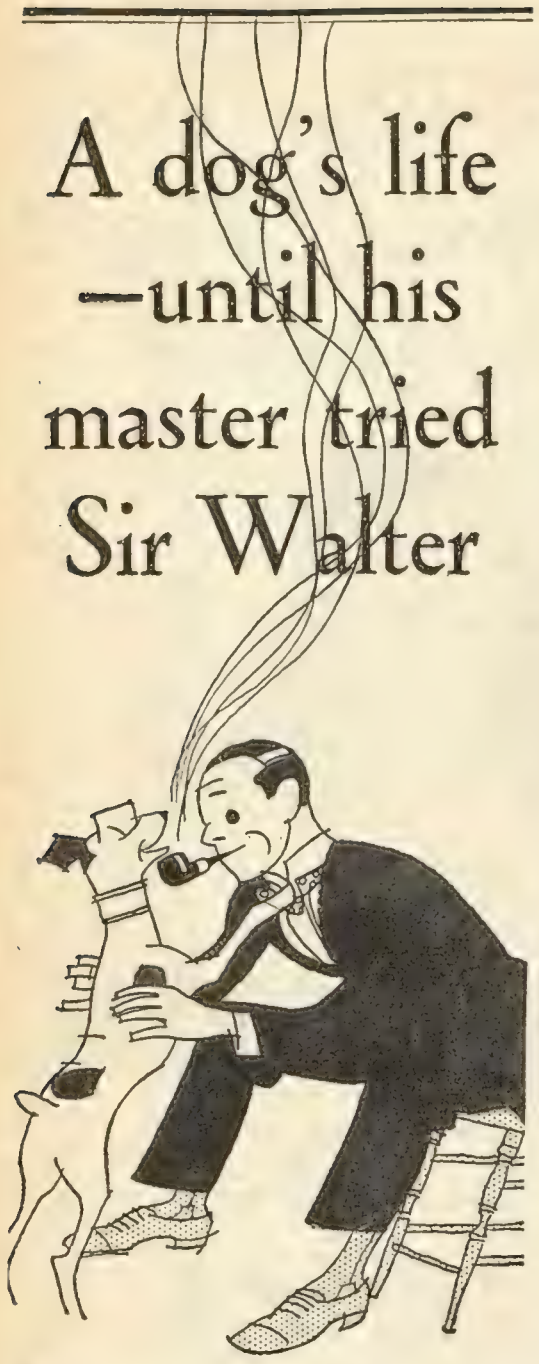
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

A dog's life —until his master tried Sir Walter



NOT so dumb, Fido. You know the difference between a strong pipe and a mild one, don't you? So do the thousands of pipe lovers who have discovered Sir Walter's favorite pipe tobacco. It's mild. It's mellow. It's satisfying. And it's fresh to the last pipeful in the tin. An inner wrapping of heavy gold foil protects its fragrance and flavor.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. L, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[VOX POP
Continued from page fifty-seven]

I can now see that even the five cents which you charge for this so called magazine is too much.—*Don Reiff.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Anyone who cannot get a nickel's worth out of LIBERTY would trade a glass of milk for a nice Jersey cow.—*Harry Clayton.*

Good Thing You Didn't Bet

CHICAGO, ILL.—Just finished reading the latest installment of "War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur. I note that one of those artillerymen from the Rainbow Division got into a bloody fight with a big duck.

Yep, that was just about those bozos' speed: fighting ducks. I'm surprised that the artilleryman won. He must have been better than their average. I'd have bet that any duck in good condition, and in full use of its bill, feet, and faculties, could have licked any average guy from the Rainbow Division.—*Jeff.*

For a Chambers Monopoly

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If you care to preserve the patronage of at least one small circle of readers, let all your serials be from the pen of Robert W. Chambers. It is difficult not to praise too extravagantly his super-yarns. Stick to it.—*H. B.*

Your Credit's Good, Wm.

U. S. S. COLORADO — AT SEA — LIBERTY is, to my way of thinking, worth a great deal more than the price asked. How much? Oh, quite a bit. At this rate I owe you several dollars.

Try and get them.—*Wm. O. Beard.*

The Campaign Is Ended, but the Argument Lingers On

CHICAGO, ILL.—Perhaps the readers of Vox Pop would like to hear the truth about Catholics. If you think so print this.

I am a Catholic; have been one all my life and hope I will be one at my death.

I have received most of my education in Catholic schools, and have attended no church but the Catholic church. Therefore I should know a little about how we feel toward our Protestant neighbors, and the stand we take in politics.

I have gone to mass almost every Sunday since I was seven years old; I am now twenty-five. I have never even heard a priest hint that we should vote for a Catholic, or attempt to advise us in any way but a religious one.

In the twelve years that I have spent in Catholic schools I have never heard a sister or brother make one remark about our Protestant neighbors.

When I read some of the venomous things that have been printed recently, I often find myself wishing that the writers of these letters, and those who are in sympathy with them, would attend the Catholic church, just to satisfy themselves that what they write and say is true.

If they did they would change their opinions; they would not hear a sermon instructing us how to vote and drink.

They would hear a priest telling us to obey the word of God, to keep His commandments, and not to slander our neighbors.—*Leo McAuliff.*

ASTORIA, L. I.—I am against Catholicism for this reason: Last January I married a Catholic girl. We were married in a Protestant church, to please my people. (I am a Protestant.)

Later, when her people asked us to be married again in a Catholic church, I agreed, and one evening she and I went down to see the priest about the second marriage.

He treated us very coldly and told my wife that she would be doomed to everlasting damnation should she marry me outside of the Catholic Church. He said the church did not encourage these marriages, and when consummated outside of the Holy Catholic Church they were not considered legal. In short, that the women were merely living with the men as common law wives.

Now, my wife is a very intelligent girl, and also has a sense of humor, and after such a bigoted and ignorant reception as that which we received from her priest, she decided to give up the Catholic Church and all its beliefs and go to Hades with a Protestant.—*P. S. Chapman.*

WILKES-BARRE, PA. — Bigots! I, and all of the Catholics of these United States, ask you to stop attacking the Roman Catholic religion.

You are uneducated, because only uneducated people could believe and circulate the lies told about the Roman Catholic religion. You are leading this country into an era of distrust which will take years to eradicate.—*T. T. S.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—One of my sisters married a Catholic and in four years she has had three babies. He has worn her down to a fencerail.

Another sister married a Democratic Ale Smith Wet and often he comes home all wet and knocks my sister's teeth in.

A third sister married an Ale Smith Tammany man and he stole all our poor mother had—and I, who married a Protestant, received her with open arms and will care for mother.—*A Republican Dry.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — The writer was one of those who fought "over there" with the A. E. F., thinking he was an American, and has just found out that, according to those 100 per cent, flag carrying, curbstone clapping "Americans," he was nothing after all but a despised Catholic whom the government generously allowed to join the ranks.

Gosh! It's going to be tough for those 100 per cent All Americans on Judgment Day if perchance a Catholic, Jew, or colored man should arise from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.—*A Legionnaire.*

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The Choice of Millions

Each Cunningham Radio Tube speaks with a note of authority on tone quality

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NEW NOCKABOUT TRADE MARK KNIT JACKETS

GET one of the new Nockabouts this season—the only knit jacket with the reinforced knit sleeves—extra insurance against elbows wearing out before the jacket does.

See the new Nockabouts at your dealer's—note the shaped shoulders, reinforced pockets, better buttonholes, and the attractive new knitted fabrics and colorings. Sold at popular prices.

At your dealer's, or write us for descriptive folder

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL
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Crossing the BORDER

A Battle of Wits and Wets

By
RICHARD CARROLL

The curbstone customs inspection at Rouses Point, New York, where the fate of the pint hangs in the balance. Mr. Carroll is standing in the left foreground.

IT being the privilege of every American citizen to hie himself far from the restraining influence of the other fellow's conscience to enjoy in peace the liberty of the United States Constitution, the early part of October found my wife and me seated at a wine laden table in the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, Canada. During the meal our conversation followed the trend of all conversations of American tourists on the eve of their departure for home.

"How could we take some of these excellent wines and liquors home with us?"

Almost without exception that question agitates the mind of every American visitor to Canada. Can he take just a few quarts, or pints, or one quart, or one pint, back home with him? There is no question of wrongdoing. It never enters a tourist's head that he is violating the laws of his country. It would make no difference to him if he did think of it. Solely it is a game of wits between himself—or herself—and the customs officials at the border.

Going through for rye! Two tourists who'll never sample that pint.

We discussed the possibilities of success and decided the chances were against getting through. Reports of some returning tourists were that the customs men bullied and manhandled the free citizenry whose guilty cargo of a pint or two left them without hope of fighting back. The station at Rouses Point, New York, forty odd miles from Montreal, was a regular cowpen, where tourists were herded as so many cattle, their automobiles turned inside out, their bags ransacked, and themselves subjected to the indignities of a personal search.

All this we had heard and, in part, believed. Therefore we set out for the border with no liquor in our possession, but with the feeling of something unpleasant before us.

My wife carried with her a small toy monkey she had purchased on the way. It looked innocent enough to pass any agent, but the head screwed off and revealed a bottle capable of holding half a pint of contraband. My wife held this as we parked in front of the customhouse.

Before entering Rouses Point we had been stopped and requested to fill out a card describing our car, its occupants, and its cargo. This we were to give the man at Rouses Point.

We did not have to wait long for our inspection. An agent poked his head into the windows of the car and asked for the card, which I gave him. Then came a surprise. I had expected a sharp order to get out and open up our bags.

"How much did you buy in Canada? Got it all with you?"

The voice was actually pleasant. Just as pleasantly I assured him I had purchased nothing.

"Got any liquor?"

"Not a drop."

The inspector looked at both of us and our car appraisingly. He nodded.

"All right. Mind the bumps."

That's all there was to it. We were dismissed.

Believing that something was the matter somewhere, I backed the car out of line and parked across the street, intending to watch what happened to other tourists.

For three hours we waited there and in that space of time only one incident occurred that could be called unpleasant. In this case the tourists and not the inspectors were at fault. A car bumped belligerently to the curb. The driver, a man of foreign appearance, stuck his head out of the window.

"Come on, fellow, look us over. We wanna be on our way."

The inspector proceeded to the other end of the line. The man in the car got out.

"What's the matter? Don't ya wanna inspect us?"

By this time I had left my own car and was introducing myself to another inspector. I asked him what he'd do to the fighting gazook in the big car. He laughed.

"He hasn't got anything to declare; that's why he's so cocky about it. Watch."

HE made the man get out of his car. He made his three companions get out. He made them place their bags and suitcases on the sidewalk, opened. He made them take out the cushions of their car. They threatened and squawked and took the things out. When everything was lined up for inspection, the customs man, without touching them, turned his back with the words:

"You can go."

It did seem a senseless proceeding to seek trouble where it could so easily be found. The impression one gathered was that this job was a routine affair. If the tourist wanted trouble he got it. If he was pleasant the inspectors made it as pleasant as such an affair can be.

There wasn't much doing at the time. Labor Day had come and gone with its 10,000 to 15,000 people to inspect. Now the cars came straggling in. The inspectors didn't mind talking.

"Tourists are a funny bunch," they all agreed. "Always think they're putting something over when they get through with a pint. Maybe they are and, again, maybe they're not."

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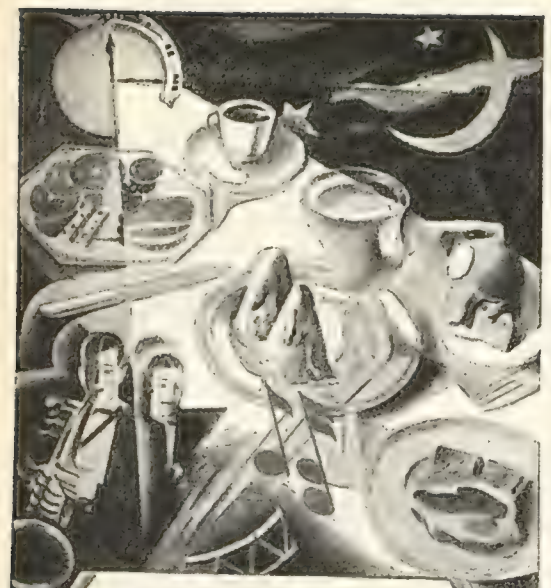


THIS AGE OF INDISCRETIONS

Soften its penalties with Sal Hepatica

SOME one has justly called this twentieth century the "Age of Indiscretions." And we certainly deserve the reproach for our many violations of the a-b-c's of health — for the things we do that nature never intended that we should.

We eat rich food and too much of it. We take only fitful exercise. We hurry and we worry. We skimp on sleep. Anxious not to miss anything, we drive our bodies all too often on our store of nervous energy.

And so we pay the piper—pay him in the way we look and the way we feel. We awake unrefreshed by slumber. Our digestion fails us. Headaches are common. Unpleasant taste in the mouth is all too often with us. We are irritable—nervous.

TO dispel these old familiar symptoms—headache and indigestion, acidity, constipation and bad complexion—there is nothing quite so simple or so good as a heaping teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Take it on arising.

A gentle, effervescent saline, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines promptly —*usually within a half hour*. It sweeps away accumulated food wastes and the poisons they set up. It helps you start the day fresh and physically fit. Sal Hepatica is a standby in millions of homes. Keep a bottle always on hand.

Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

© 1928 BRISTOL-MYERS CO., NEW YORK

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

It seems that long practice has given the customs men a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature. The intelligent inspector can tell when a car touches the curb if the occupants have liquor. There is something about the manner, the behavior, of the tourist smuggler that gives him or her away.

"If they'd only look upon it as we do there'd be no bad feeling. We take liquor when we find it and the law requires a fine of five dollars a bottle. If the tourist would take his medicine like a good gambler—and most of them do—there wouldn't be any stories about how tough we are.

"We don't want to make trouble for anybody. They're citizens like ourselves. We haven't anything against them. So far as we care, it isn't any crime to carry a pint of liquor across the border. It's just tough if they're caught. They lose the liquor and they lose five dollars. Well, it's a fair gamble. Besides all that, the average tourist doesn't have the slightest intention of breaking the law. They do it for the thrill of getting a pint or a quart through. There's no more harm in it than that.

You'd never think to look at him—

"What we're after are the real smugglers, the dope runners and the like. When we catch them there's no courtesy."

The inspector who was telling me all this didn't look like a yegg or a reformer. He seemed to be regular enough, an everyday citizen who might take a nip himself on a cold morning or a warm night. He seemed, in fact, a better fellow to talk to than a lot of the tourists who were slipping past him with bulges in their pockets and holy innocence in their eyes. He continued:

"Don't get the idea that we ever let anybody go through here with liquor. We take it all and fine them for it."

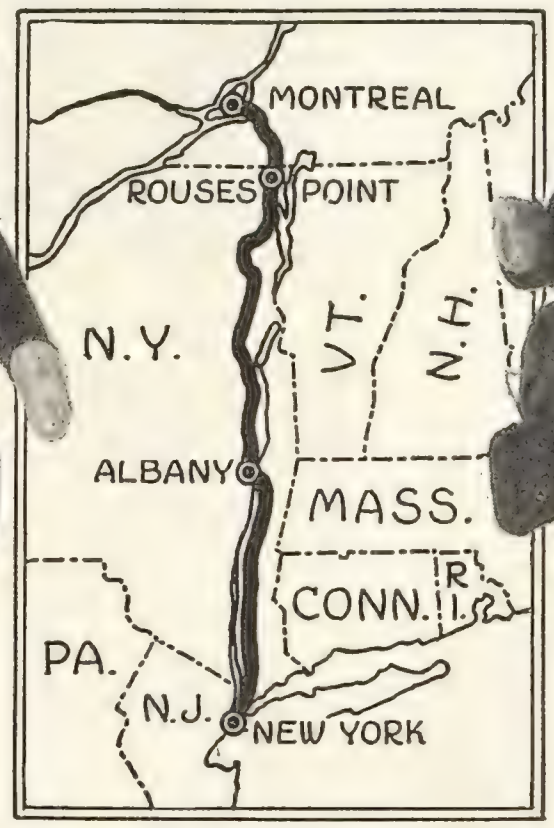
THAT sounded official. I did get the idea that they weren't half so strict as they might be. In fact, I would have bet money that several parties who had been dismissed with a perfunctory search had liquor on their persons. And I had an idea that the inspectors knew it and didn't want to be too squeamish about it.

Officially, they paid as much attention to the ordinary tourist who was bringing a bottle of non-poisoned rye home for the wife and kiddies, or for his mother-in-law, as they did to the gent trying to get through with several cases to sell to his customers. Unofficially, they wanted the big fellows.

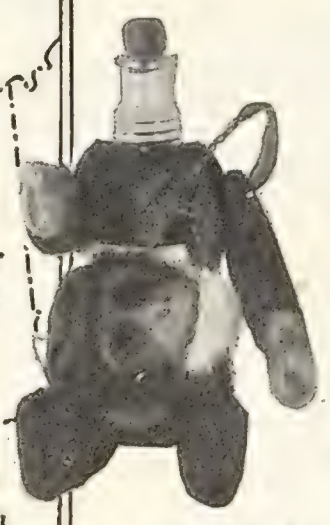
There is small hope for the specially fitted automobile. The cars designed to carry supplies of rum in quantity over the border are seized when found, impounded, and the owners held in stiff bail. The little fellow pays only his five dollars and departs sadder, wiser, and drier.

Women are the chief offenders. Something seems to tell the average tourist that his womenfolk will not be searched. They come to the border going into Canada slim of hip, flat of chest, and guilty of countenance. They arrive at the border on the way home large of hip, bulging of bosom, and with innocence written all over them. The deceit is pitiful and funny. I could tell for myself nearly every woman who was carrying liquor.

Fashion experts contend that women no longer wear bloomers. The customs will deny it. They



The long road between the oasis of the north and the metropolis to the south, and the very vital stopover near the border.



— that he's just full of good spirits!

provide a favorite place for the forbidden bottle. Once in a while a woman tourist steps too heavily from the car. There is a crash. The elastic band has given way.

There is scarcely a dodge worked by the tourist that is new to the customs man. On one occasion a very pretty child of four sat in the rear seat of a limousine nursing a doll. The inspector, leaning over to examine a rug possibly purchased in Canada and subject to tax, accidentally struck the doll with his elbow. For a doll it was remarkably hard. Pleasantly enough he asked the child if he could hold it. You've guessed, of course, that it was a bottle of liquor.

The toy monkey my wife had purchased seemed a safe bet. I asked the inspector if he had noticed it. He looked at me and winked. It held no wine.

My own guess now is that seven out of every ten cars coming through the border carry across from a pint to three or four quarts of liquor. The inspectors, of course, will deny it. But I think I am right.

All the secret places on an automobile are known to the customs men. The wise tourists talk of spare tires, of seat springs, of dashboards, and of good places under the hoods covering the engine. Forget it. They're all known. Every one of them. False tops, false bottoms, even fake lamps.

The Canadian officials don't care. Going into Canada the tourist is sent on his way with the smallest possible delay. The Canadian inspectors present a card, ask a few questions, glance at the automobile, and wish the tourist Godspeed. On the way out it isn't much different, at least if you show yourself something of a sport.

Far be it from me ever to advise any citizen to break the law. But, as a matter of pure record, it looks easy enough and the risk isn't great. If one must commit the unpardonable sin and try to shift a pint to American territory, take this tip: Treat the officials as your equals. They are. Don't bully. They've got the power over you.

Don't try bribing. That means you'll lose your liquor and maybe something more. Rouses Point is a small place. Every official there is known to his neighbor. People in small towns have a habit of knowing what the other fellow is doing. When an agent takes graft it invariably leaks out — petty graft, anyway. They don't take it. At least, I think not.

Above all, don't pull the "police badge" or "friend in Washington" stuff. That information is an invitation for a real search. If every tourist who claimed it had a friend in Washington the officials in that city would outnumber the descendants of the Mayflower.

I carry police cards, have the cards of one high official and a senator. But I never use them. They have never helped me out of trouble. The same applies to Rouses Point and other border towns. If you insist on taking a pint home, my advice is, cross the border with a smile.

YOU'LL be one of a couple of hundred thousand yearly. The number crossing the border daily runs all the way from 100 cars weekdays to 3,000 on holidays. In that number you might get through. The chances are actually in your favor. I believe that seven out of ten get through; more than that, even.

I was mean enough to ask the agent if he was ever going to get a bottle, as I wanted to take a picture. He stopped almost the next car that drove up and took a pint from the young man in it and two quarts from his wife. That might have been luck for my photographer. Or for the agent. Certainly it was tough for the tourist sacrificed in the line of duty. But the point I wish to make is that it was the only seizure in three hours when more than fifty cars were examined.

It is against the law to bring the liquor. Don't try it even though the chances are all with you. Still, if my advice is of no avail and you do try, and succeed, remember the fellow who told you it could be done.

THE END

Gasoline Gypsies

California at Last!

Concluding the Cross-Country Diary of Two Girls from Gotham

By

GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

Ester flopped in my arms and emitted some moans that would have done credit to a melodrammer heroine of the old barnstorming school.

MISS ROBINSON and her sister set out to see what would happen to two girls motoring alone from New York to the Pacific coast. They've seen it all now.

TRAIL'S END AND HOLLYWOOD

Tuesday, August 21.

THIS afternoon we stopped at a trading post at Navajo, New Mexico, and ate peaches and examined Indian rugs. I had been considering turning a small New York apartment into an Indian cliff dwelling furnished with Navajo rugs and water jars. But the rugs were too expensive for me.

A man was bringing two cages of canaries into the store.

"May I let them rest in the shade while we eat?" he asked the proprietor.

I went outside and talked to his wife.

"We came from Iowa. Going to California," she explained. "I couldn't leave my canaries behind. May seem funny to travel with canaries. But they've been all right. They like touring—they are enjoying the great Southwest."

Ester and I continued on our way. We were going forty-five, over a sandy washboard road, when suddenly the car shot to the right. Ester grabbed the wheel; but steering seemed to have no effect. The heavy car hurled itself madly to the left, its 4,285 pounds careening under the momentum of its speed.

I thought we were skidding, and that Ester wisely was not applying her brakes. Another wild instant—were we tipping over? We came to a stop in a four foot ditch, with the car half lying on its left side.

I was on the up side—I could crawl out. But Ester? . . . I perceived we were still alive, and was exceedingly cheered by the discovery.

"I really want to see the Pacific," I thought. "I should hate to have anything spoil that plan."

Ester flopped in my arms and emitted some moans that would have done credit to a melodrammer heroine of the old barnstorming school. I know now that she was unconscious. The first thing she can remember is sitting behind the wheel again, starting the engine, and ten husky men lifting our big bus out of the ditch.

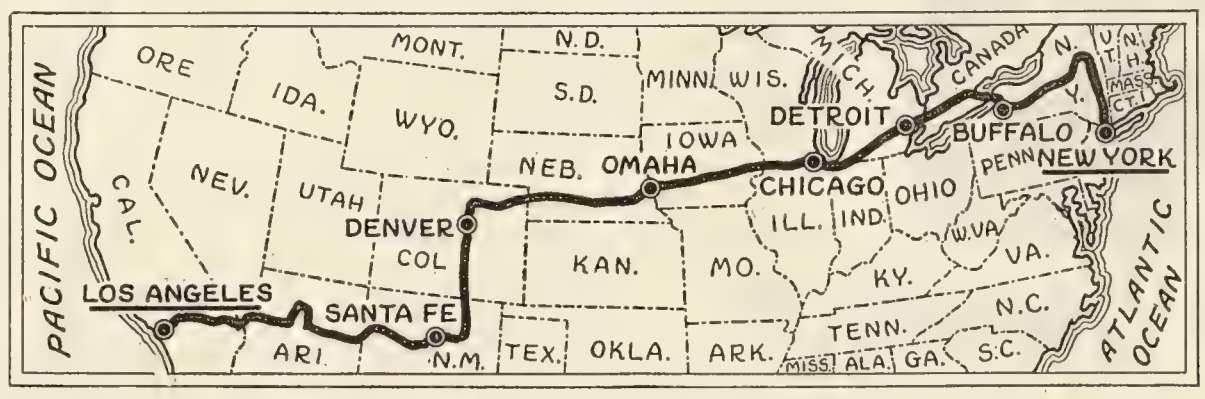
I had hailed several drivers of cars, among them the woman with the canaries.

We couldn't imagine what had happened. A man, examining our tires, found a flat. We had got a puncture—these stony roads are like cut glass. Our tire had gone flat before we knew it, throwing the steering out of kilter, making the wheel a useless mechanism at that speed.

"The same thing happened to a man near here two days ago," cheered our Good Samaritan. "That fellow's in his grave now."

Our nerves were slightly jarred. The man helped us change the tire. I gathered up various riding boots and other impedimenta that had been hurled out the car window, and we proceeded at a somewhat slower speed than before.

Ester has a big bump on her head. I have a cut lip with an egglike protuberance. The left front fender has more dents than before, and the left runningboard has a bent metal facing.



The Gasoline Gypsies' cross-country trail.

Otherwise car and crew are doing nicely.

Later we saw the Painted Desert and a petrified forest near by. Ester bought for two-fifty a ring set with a blood red oval of petrified wood.

At the store there a boy sneaked me some water to refill one of our water bags.

"Don't want the boss to see me," he explained. "All our water has to be hauled fifty miles."

I offered him a tip; he refused it.

We went on the Rim Drive for a better view of the Painted Desert, and stopped at the petrified wood curio store of Painted Desert Pete. He had come there from New York for love of the desert. We found him living in a rarefied atmosphere of costly Navajo rugs and Indian water jars, with all the latest magazines strewn over the table in his private living apartment.

AT Holbrook, Arizona, the Arizona Commission of Agriculture and Horticulture searched our car for fruits, seeds, and vegetables. The inspector was a handsome young man with a Southern accent.

This was a region of wide, dry rivers, labeled washes. There was Leroux Wash, with one small puddle in an expanse of red sand, and steers wandering about. Shortly afterward we passed Cottonwood Wash.

Joseph City is a little oasis, with corn making a brave effort at living and milch cows grazing on green pasturage. Irrigation is employed there.

Our eyes were grateful for the brief green, after miles of sand and dry, brown vegetation. We stopped at the Rock Picture Studio of Joseph and Helen Smith. These artists had evolved lovely pictures from different colored sands, working in crushed rock and in sand as the ordinary painter works in oils.

"I wish we could forget Flagstaff," I told Ester. "I've a feeling it will be another Gallup." We were agreeably surprised. There was a delightful hotel, the Monte Vista, community owned, and the town, situated high in blue and purple mountains, was cool and pleasant.

"A private bath!" squealed Ester when she reached our room, after putting the car in the garage.

"Fine box springs!" I exclaimed, pulling up the sheets.

"A telephone—this must be heaven."

We caressed the soft beds and the thick bath towels and the shaded lights. We had been so

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STROPS ANY BLADE in 3 seconds!

THREE light strokes—three seconds—through the balls of the Ace, and the blade is as keen as new. No fuss—no adjustments—no effort. For the Ace straightens out the curved teeth—cut and curled back during shaving—and irons them out into perfect alignment. It can't wear out or lose its efficiency. It can't harm the most delicate blade. And it pays for itself on the extra shaves from the first few blades.

At drug, cigar, hardware and department stores with the full Ace guarantee, or if they can't supply you, send 50c direct.

ACE HARDWARE MFG. CORP.
Philadelphia or Chicago
Manufacturers of the famous Ace Knife Sharpener

only **50c**

Unretouched photomicrographs showing a small section of a blade edge under 1000 diameters magnification. (1) A new blade. (2) The same blade after one shave. (3) The same blade again after stropping with the Ace.

ACE *RAZOR BLADE* STROPPER

Makes Life Sweeter

Do you ever over-indulge at the table? Of course! Smoke too much? Sometimes! But the system can soon be made serene and sweet again with Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Americans live well. We can't always avoid indiscretions. Who, indeed, would want to be so careful? But there is a simple precaution that will check all hyperacidity—Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Use the friendly aid of this perfect antiacid whenever you even suspect acidosis. See how soon it will tranquilize a sour stomach; or counteract the nicotine from excessive smoking; or end a bilious spell. Get the genuine *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians employ in prescriptions and endorse for general use.

It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

Demand **PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page sixty-one]

long without comforts of this sort that we experienced a downright physical pleasure in enjoying them again, and felt that not a Kiwanis club but a divine power had created this haven in the desert for our weary bodies.

Saturday, August 25.

THIS afternoon we left Flagstaff and Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona, and drove north over a stony road to the Grand Cañon. Senator Ashurst had astonished us in the hotel coffee shop by introducing himself with elaborate courtesy and explaining in loud tones that he had heard we were two brave females who had motored all the way from New York alone. He insisted we were too marvelous for words.

We replied modestly that our feat was nothing extraordinary; that many women motored long distances without male escort. He would have it that we were wonderful, and incidentally remarked that he was running for re-election this fall.

He was horrified when he learned we weren't going to the Hopi snake dance, only 100 miles away.

The Hopi snake dance is the great social event of the Southwest. Will Rogers, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Jimmie Swinnerton, who draws Little Jimmy, always go, we were told, besides a host of other celebrities. But we hadn't time for the snake dance and the Grand Cañon too, and decided on the latter.

I had been considering turning a small New York apartment into an Indian cliff dwelling.

We reached the far famed cañon at sunset. When I found a voice I remarked to Ester: "It doesn't seem real. . . . It's like something you dream about."

Stretched before us was a vast and astonishing ditch—about thirteen miles across at its widest point and more than 217 miles long. You could drop a stone, and if it fell directly down, not hitting projecting rocks and levels, it would drop more than a mile in its mad descent. One mile! Down, down, down.

We had seen several mesas in this great Southwest. But in this vast chasm we saw an endless collection of mesas, glinting red and rose and yellow in the sun, and touched by clouds that drifted by, changing the blue shadows with the speed and motion of a colossal spotlight. No sound came from those immeasurable depths. A great silence brooded there, broken at rare intervals by the screech of a bird.

All the buildings in New York that represented bigness to me—the Woolworth Building, Penn Station, the Metropolitan Museum—sank into pathetic puniness in my remembrance.

Ester and I ate a large dinner at El Tovar, the big tourist hotel, and went to sleep in the car. We hadn't enough money for a room. (I had forgotten to wire New York for funds.) Besides, "sunrise in the cañon," reminded Ester.

Sunday, August 26.

WE passed the night with the nose of our car parked against the very edge of the cañon, and were fully dressed for a quick survey of the big ditch the instant day broke. Nevertheless, I regret to record, we slept peacefully through both the dawn and the sunrise which scores of tourists had crossed a continent to see.

When I wakened Ester to see a 7 A. M. sun high above the horizon, she grunted sleepily, "I never intended to see the sunrise. I *preferred* to sleep."

"I am not like that," I retorted. "I herewith freely admit to all who are interested that I wanted to see that sunrise above all other sunrises that have been staged for several years. But I was unconscious in the disgusting torpor of sleep. And the sun wouldn't wait."

We drove back to the main highway, passing the carcasses of many cattle that had died from lack of water.

In western Arizona we saw another one of those incredibly beautiful desert sunsets. An Arizona sunset is different from a New Mexico sunset.

In Arizona nature wears enchanting horizontal stripes. A stripe of gold—the light from the sun. A stripe of purple—a mountain range. A stripe of white—that was our highway, built from a white mountain stone, as pure and dazzling as chalk.

I wanted to push on to Needles, California. In that way we would cross at least part of the long heralded desert in the cool of the night.

As far as I was concerned, it had been desert since way back east in Santa Fe. But as life is viewed here, the honest to goodness desert doesn't begin until you reach western Arizona.

The road was a caterpillar with a washboard epidermis and a

strange double motion. It not only humped up and down in an endless procession of dips, giving a roller coaster sensation, but it continually turned and doubled back on itself. Most of it was deep sand.

I had been induced to take this route by a large sign announcing to tourists that it was good. Twenty-five was the best I could do on this highway. It is known as the Valley Road.

So this is Hollywood!

In three hours of driving the only other car we met was a broken down Ford.

California really begins in Arizona. In this long cross-country jaunt I've observed that many states are not properly bounded. Part of Nebraska, for instance, belongs in Iowa, on the basis of vegetation and topographical appearance. Tonight California did not begin soon enough.

IN this desert we passed strange forms. I slowed up several times—I thought they were people saluting me. I was wrong. They were Joshua trees—a combination of cactus and palmetto. They stood there in the moonlight, with their arms up, or with one arm up and one arm down, or with both arms extended. Many stood in attitudes of supplication, like beggars asking alms.

Since they present the general appearance of palmettos, they belong in California, I argued. The only other vegetation in this forsaken territory was bunches of mesquite and greasewood.

Suddenly a sign loomed — Danger. I slowed down. There was a quick turn, and the Colorado River was before us. Not a dry, nonexistent river, like those we had been crossing for hundreds of miles back. A real, wet river, rushing along between big rocks — beautiful in the moonlight.

"California!" I sang out. California at last, the goal of our long trip, the objective of nearly two months of rambling journey!

Presently we descended into desert again, and tonight we are in Needles, which is reputed to be the breath of Hades itself. We found a small, comfortable hotel with large windows.

I complained to the management that there was no blanket on the bed. The clerk grinned.

"Don't think you'll need one, lady."

"Perhaps not. But I feel odd without a blanket."

I went to the car, and brought one of our woolen camp blankets upstairs. In a minute Ester kicked it over the foot of the bed. This is the first stop on our trip where we could not sleep under blankets at night.

Monday, August 27.

WE are fortunate in having struck Needles during a cold snap.

We were obliged to wait here several hours, until money from New York could be wired to us. After I had visited the leading soda fountain seven times for iced drinks, I talked to a few of the inhabitants about the weather.

"We're having nice, cool weather now," protested one man. "I've seen the thermometer go to one hundred and twenty-four degrees here."

"You mean in the sun?"

"No, in the shade. We never think about how hot it gets in the sun. You can't judge a city by its temperature in the sun."

I walked past the Liberty Theater. Sure enough, the big thermometer there registered only ninety-six —in the shade. Ester was as limp as a rag, and had left off her undergarments in the hope of obtaining slight relief.

"Why, in winter it gets so cold here we have to put on our coats," gurgled one Needles man, with a Kiwanis glint in his eye. He was alluding to his jacket, not his overcoat.

Another citizen boasted about having burned nearly a ton of coal last winter. I set him down in my mind as a plain and unvarnished liar. The temperature today in the sun, I was told, was about 125 degrees.

Ester and I went into the Fred Harvey lunchroom at the railway station and shivered and wished for our sweaters. The room was artificially cooled, and the thermometer there registered seventy-two degrees. Doors to hotels and other public places are kept closed to shut out the heat.

Our money arrived. We filled our water bags and resumed our westward course over the desert.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

News for you, too

this *better, quicker* way to shave

It's a way that banishes razor-pull . . . stops face smart. A scientific method of beard-softening that gets whiskers off clean and smooth. Today we offer a simple test. See coupon below; tell us where to send your seven-day tube

A MILLION steady customers! Buying only on the basis of results. Men just like yourself . . . with coarse, stubborn beards . . . and tender skins.

A million men . . . who have discarded old-fashioned shaving methods for a quicker, easier way.

Surely you'll agree that no product could reach this height of popularity unless sheer merit put it there. Such success is not a chance result.

We've simply perfected a new principle of beard-softening . . . and men are flocking to it by the thousands.

There's no razor-pull, sting or smart. No drag or scrape. You get a quicker, smoother, easier shave . . . and you get it with a smile!

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right down to the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For the small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

That's the scientific principle of it, men. Now here's what this small-bubble lather actually does when you start to shave:

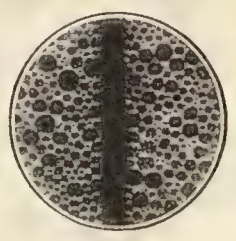
1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Your beard gets moist and pliable —scientifically softened at the base.

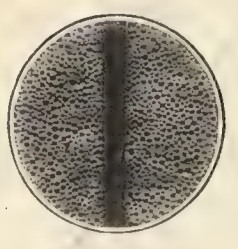
You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort. Seven shaves, just like the one described in this advertisement, are now offered in the coupon below.

We'll gladly send a sample of our After Shave — a new lotion; men are turning to it by the thousands.



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 503-K FREE OFFER MEN!
595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.

Name_____

Address_____

McADAMS RADIATOR SHUTTER

Your ears never tell you that your car is wearing a McAdams Shutter. Its sturdy mechanism is proof against rattling—*ever.* McAdams Shutters are seven and a half to twelve and a half. Nickel finished models to twenty-seven fifty. Visit the dealer with this display.

Made in Vertical and Horizontal Types
Both of Which Sell at the Same Price

J. C. McADAMS COMPANY, Inc.
910 Stanley Street New Britain, Conn.

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

It's the cheery smile that wins! And it's teeth that make or mar the smile. Keep your teeth attractive—a flash of snowy white behind your smile. Chew delicious Dentyne, the gum that keeps breath sweet, teeth clean and pearly white.

·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page sixty-three]

We passed many flat topped mountains—extinct volcanoes; and many black mountains—deposits of lava.

At the filling station at Bagdad there was a sign: "You buy gas—do you waste it? We buy water—why waste it?"

"Our water here is hauled fifty-five miles. It comes over the Santa Fe Railroad from Newberry Springs," explained the woman who sold us cold ginger ale.

"Can't they strike water here?" I asked.

"Yes, but it is salty."

Most of the wives who dispense soft drinks at the filling stations operated by their husbands came to the desert for their health.

"I weighed eighty-six pounds when I came here eight years ago. I couldn't walk across the floor. Now I weigh one hundred and ten and work sixteen to eighteen hours a day." That is the typical story.

"Their bodies may have been restored," Ester remarked. "But the desert hasn't sweetened their dispositions. What an injured air all these women wear. The chemical result of an alkali desert on a white woman appears to be an acid soul."

At Daggett the pavement began—a welcome relief after fighting with a sandy washboard road over the greater part of the Southwest. There was nothing to impede me now, except jack rabbits with exceptionally long ears that darted in front of the lights with exasperating frequency.

We drove miles through more desert, the white sand resplendent in the silver moonlight, when suddenly a sign with letters two feet high flashed on my vision—DANGER.

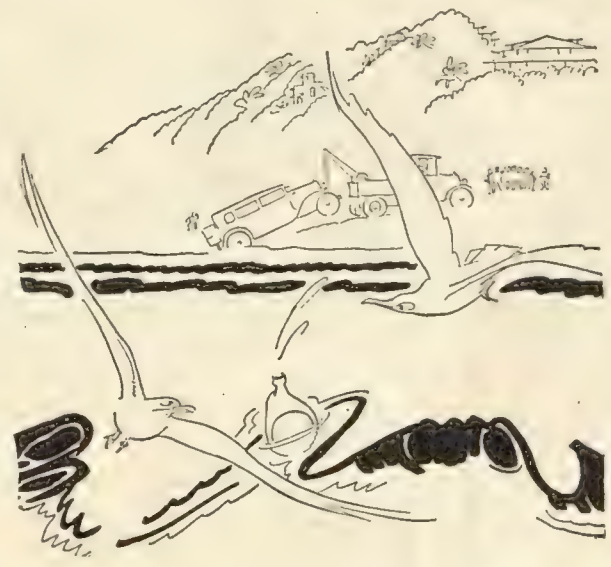
THERE was a turn, a steep climb, and in a moment we came out on a glorious scene: mountains—not one mountain, but a whole range of mountains, caught in a misty moonlight that transfigured every jagged head. These were the San Bernardinos. We were going through the celebrated Cajon Pass.

There was no going rapidly here. There was no doing anything but loaf among these splendid peaks. At length there was a smell of orange blossoms. We were in a Spanish city—not old, like Santa Fe, but new and fresh, resembling a stage setting for a romantic motion picture. This was San Bernardino.

We continued through the San Gabriel Valley, going on broad, palm lined boulevards through Ontario, Pomona, Alhambra, and other towns, and for miles the San Bernardino Mountains followed us on the right.

Fogs descended—delicious after the choking desert—and several times I lost my way. We kept on, trying to stay on El Camino Real (the King's Highway).

Finally, Los Angeles—the old Plaza—and, near by, the ancient mission, Our Lady of the Angels, which gave Los Angeles its name. I found Sunset Boulevard. It turned into Hollywood Boulevard, and at 2 A. M. we reached the Christie Hotel in the famous movie city. A newspaper friend, Florabel Muir, was there. It was too late to waken her, so we got a comfortable room, and went to bed.



Tuesday, August 28.

SO this is Hollywood! Compared with it, New York is an old grandma bending palsied hands over her knitting. Our friend Miss Muir piloted us to a so called Oriental palace called the Pig 'n' Whistle, and there we ate breakfast. There were red leather seats—that was not Oriental—and the waitresses wore blue and white uniforms—that was not Oriental, either.

Florabel explained that this restaurant, like most of Hollywood, was not definitely Oriental or definitely anything else. "Early Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," she called it.

I didn't know there were so many blondes in the world! Half the young serving women were peroxided. And what peroxiding! You forgive it instantly, it is so beautifully done. And the little girl who goes about with the big coffeepot—she is not blonde, but a snubnosed brunette.

There was a great rosette of blue and lavender ribbon perched on top of the silver coffeepot, and this smiling little miss lifts the ornate receptacle (I really cannot allude to it again as a pot) and pours your coffee with a flourish that would ennoble a Belasco third act.

It's the same everywhere. All Hollywood is a stage setting. The waitresses and cigar girls have large, round eyes, and they use them like kewpies come to life and grown very, very vampish.

At any moment you may run into a movie scene being "shot" in the street.

After one good look at Hollywood Boulevard, I rushed across the street and bought some socks—little silk beige colored things with a brown stripe at the top, stunning with my pinkish beigeish high heeled slippers. So now both Ester and I are barelegged.

Having gone completely and unashamedly Hollywood, I discarded my old newspaper woman's ostrich-skin handbag—relic of several murder trials—and bought a silly beige confection with a leather ruffle on the front. It won't hold anything—but what a knockout with beige socks!

We had lunch at the Mont-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

a soft black easy writer
VELVET PENCILS with the Blue Band
The best 5¢ pencil value
Used by Millions
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send $1.00 for 2 dozen
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Makers of the Famous VENUS Pencils

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N.Y.
EVERY metropolitan service is provided in this new and modern 600 room hotel. All outside rooms—with bath. Rates from 3.00 up. Sample rooms 4.00 up.
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Excellent Dining Rooms
POWERS HOTEL
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Thoroughly modern. New furniture throughout. New bathrooms and elevators. Completely redecorated. Specializing in exceptional food at moderate prices. 300 rooms from 2.25 up.
Two Good Hotels
Both under the direction of ROY P. BRAINARD

GRAY OR FADED HAIR
MARS BEAUTY
Keep your hair youthful. Restore dark color with Q-ban in privacy of your home, so gradually and naturally that your friends cannot tell. 75 cents, all druggists, on money-back guarantee.
Send us 10 cents for miniature bottles Q-ban Shampoo and Q-ban Hair Tonic.
HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.
Q-ban
Hair COLOR Restorer
Makes Gray Hair DARK

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young
Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Dept. Stores.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

martre, where smart Hollywood (and what part of Hollywood is not smart?) goes to lunch and is observed lunching. There was a crowd of eager fans in front of the door—they carried notebooks in which their favorites were to autograph their names.

IT was impossible to get into the restaurant by the usual entrance, due to the crush of fans upstairs. Being guests of the management, we were taken in by a side door to our table, which was reserved.

Some two or three hundred actors, actresses, scenarists, press agents, directors, title writers, and newspaper people ate, smirked, nodded, glared, and gossiped about one another under the ornate roof of this vast restaurant. My friends identified the celebrities for me and introduced those that strayed our way.

After the Montmartre luncheon Ester and I changed to knickers and finished our trip. We were still fifteen miles from the Pacific, and we had in our car a bottle of water brought from the Atlantic, which we wanted to pour into the western ocean as a rite to celebrate the end of our long jaunt.

I desired a picture of our faithful car near the water's edge, to show we really had brought it to the Pacific. This involved driving farther into the sand at Santa Monica than other cars had ventured. Result, we were stuck—stuck again in sand, in the last ten feet of a trip that, according to the speedometer, has taken us nearly 6,000 miles.

There was the usual whirring of the back wheels and the usual protesting roar of the engine. A crowd gathered and offered the usual helpful suggestions.

Finally the life guard telephoned for a towing car, which raised the car with a chain and derrick, pulled it ten feet, and got it out. This cost ten dollars.

During the wait I poured the Atlantic water, taken from New York harbor at the Battery, into the foaming waves of the Pacific. I have remarked elsewhere in this diary that I had unwisely chosen a three cornered whisky bottle from an antique shop for this memorable purpose.

Also, back in New York I had concealed the oddly shaped bottle under my coat as soon as it was filled with salt water. Here in Hollywood I discarded this anxiety about appearances. Not only did I pour the water into the Pacific with a grand gesture, but when I did so there were cheers from bystanders.

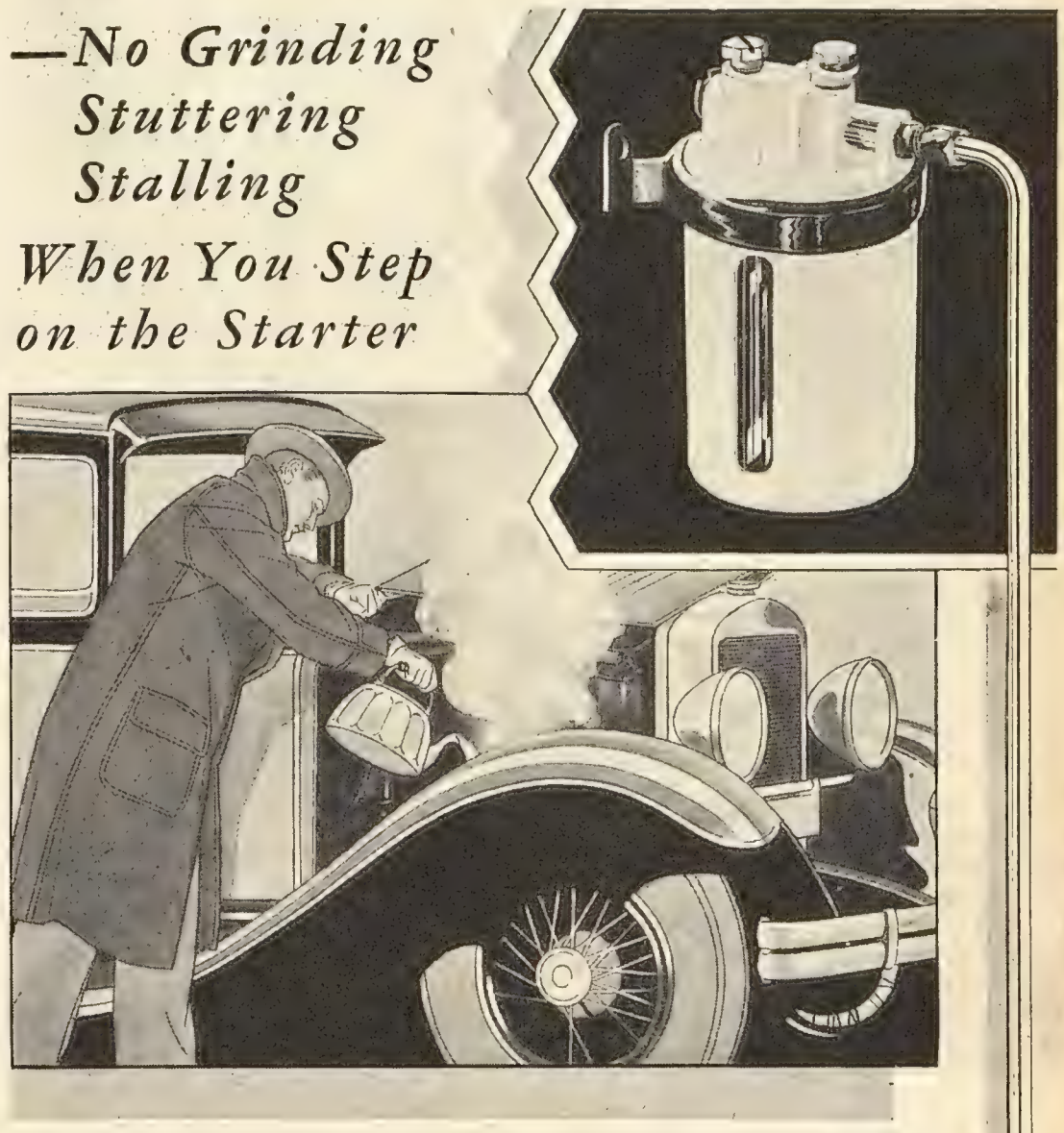
OUR long trip is over. It has been a glorious two months' adventure, including stops made at Niagara Falls, Chicago, and a week's camping expedition in the Rocky Mountains.

We have found the West. In western New York State I felt we were getting west because we saw little lumber towns with a definite Wild West flavor.

In Michigan we were certainly west, because we saw trees that we took to be cottonwoods. In

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Takes the Curse off Cold Motors
—No Grinding
Stuttering
Stalling
When You Step on the Starter



THE Decro-oiler puts special penetrating Decro-oil far up into the cylinders of motors, around the pistons, rings and valves—right where a perfect bond of lubrication is needed most to make starting easier and to counteract the ravages of excessive choking.

Immediately you install a Decro-oiler you notice a big difference in performance—easier starting, quicker pick-up, steadier power, rhythmic smoothness. And most important of all, it renders carbon inactive and eliminates stickiness in valves—thereby saving frequent repair bills, tie-ups and annoyances. An investment in motoring satisfaction which affects economies that far outweigh the cost.

Easily installed on all cars in a few moments. $8.50 with sufficient Decro-oil for approximately 500 miles. At your dealer's or service station, or write direct.

DECROW AUTOMOTIVE SPECIALTIES, INC.
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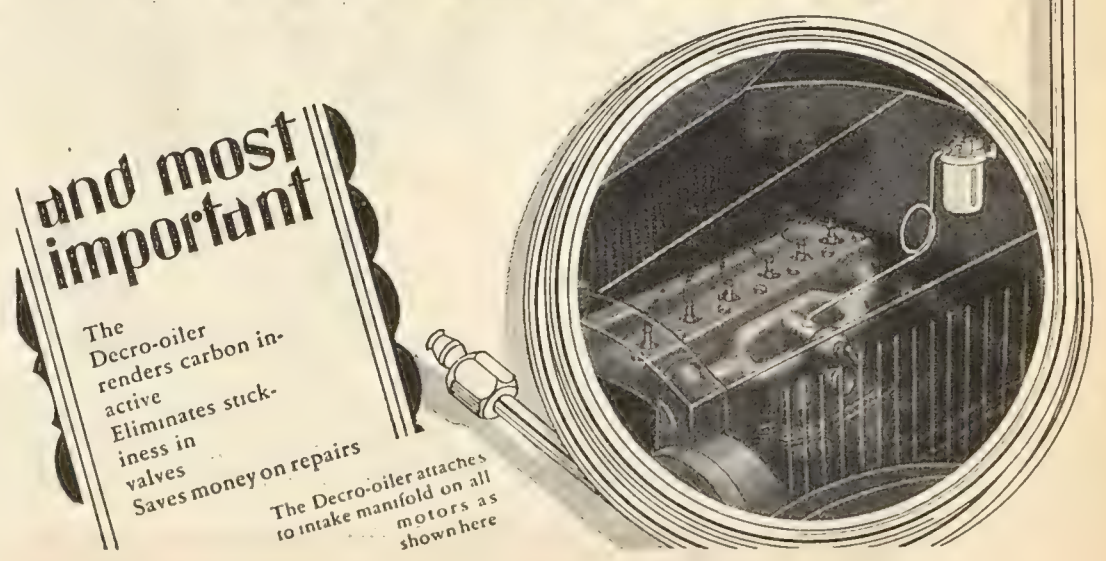


A FORTUNE in HEALTH

for every child

THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly. He has his own bottle in the nursery.

"Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. See if he doesn't thrive on this new schedule (children themselves much prefer living by regular routine).

"A bottle of Nujol costs you no more than pink ribbons on the baby's bonnet. And it's worth lots more to him. Try it. Certainly it could do no harm—for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it."

If you're like other modern young mothers, you'll want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. And keep it right on the nursery table, along with the soap and cotton and other bath paraphernalia.

Here's another thing. Nurses are advising mothers to give their babies an oil rub with Nujol after the daily bath, instead of using powder. Just saturate some cotton with Nujol and rub it gently all over your baby's body. It keeps him from getting chapped and chafed. And leaves his skin as soft and smooth as velvet.

Use it when you change his clothes. When you bring him in from outdoors. Whenever his skin has been exposed to irritation.

Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It is the best oil for external use because it never becomes rancid or makes clothes greasy. Sold in sealed packages only.

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page sixty-five]

Illinois there were meadow larks singing their pretty prairie song—no one could deny that we were west there. Colorado was still more west. Didn't we see the abandoned mines and quaint characters who talked glibly about the old shootin' days?

But it was in New Mexico and Arizona—where Indian horsemen rode the plains, herding their hungry looking beasts, where cowboys in bright bandannas and high heeled boots lounged at the lunch counters and cast dark eyes on girls in the streets, where the sun burned in a fury all day and went down at night in a sky pageant of unbelievable beauty—it was in those two states we found the old West hiding.

California is the East again—a modern, luxurious version of New York, with sunshine and fresh air added to give it buoyancy. It is urban, and is trying to be sophisticated, and the tracks of the real estate agents are everywhere.

The real West, with Indians and lariats and chaps and bucking bronchos, and all the great open spaces—these are in New Mexico and Arizona, so far as we are concerned.

Some day we are going to visit the West again!

Thus ends the journey and the diary. BUT—there's a postscript. Watch for it in next week's Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page eighty-three)

1—What is a cygnet?

2—Who commanded the American troops at the Battle of New Orleans?

3—What justice of the United States Supreme Court resigned to become a candidate for the Presidency?

4—Name the eight planets in our solar system.

5—What is the Jolly Roger?

6—What five Presidents of the United States were named James?

7—Who wrote Quo Vadis?

8—Which is called the Beaver State?

9—What is the tallest monument in the world?

10—What are the names of the pieces used in the game of chess?

11—Who is the King of Italy?

12—Were Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John included in the Twelve Apostles?

13—Where is open country called the *veldt?*

14—What is the capital of Switzerland?

15—Name the five oceans.

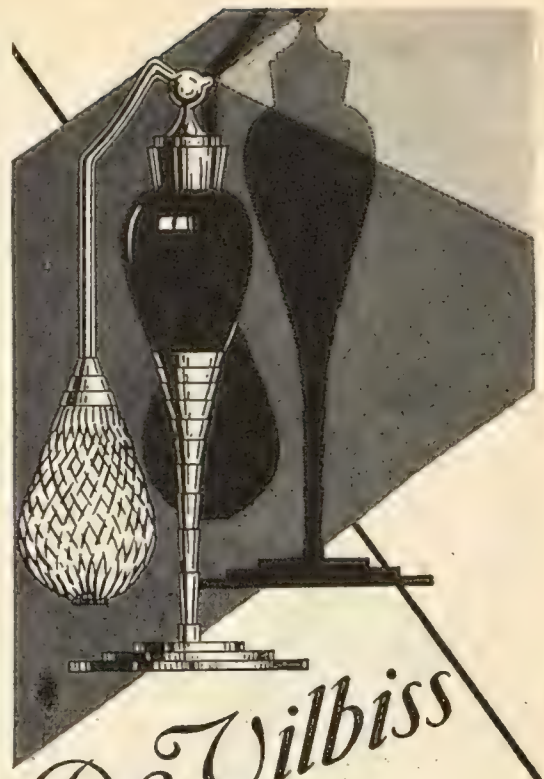
16—When and in what city was President McKinley shot?

17—Are the Horseshoe Falls of Niagara in the United States or Canada?

18—What is a chukker?

19—What is the Forbidden City of Tibet?

20—Who commanded the Prussian armies at the Battle of Waterloo?



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Paris Sees Red

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, October 29.

PARIS is in the grip of a red invasion. It has nothing to do with politics, heroes, or courage. This red conquest has subjugated the Rue de la Paix, the Champs Elysées, and every other stronghold of the capricious goddess of chic. The famous corridor of the Ritz sees red from morning to night. Longchamps waves the red flag of fashion. The Blue Room reopens to a jazz (or tango) rhythm of red frocks, coats, and accessories. Every other haunt of fashion in this newest of seasons is dominated by the most flaming and brilliant of colors admitted to the primary spectrum.

In short, red is the supreme favorite of Paris fashions this fall and winter. This is contrary to all expectations. The thin red line of Paris frocks that appeared in the midst of more discreet and less vivid colors, when Paris had her dress rehearsal of the mode early in August, has increased to overwhelming proportions—probably because women are a bit fatigued with discretion in dress.

Chanel favors bright red velveteen for the winter evening gown, and the large fan of velveteen is her preferred accessory for such frocks.

Black tulle over pink satin forms the color and fabric combination of this gown from Vionnet.

From Poiret comes a frock of vermilion crêpe with organdie collar and cuffs.

Lelong makes this bouffant evening dress of dark red tulle trimmed with lines of rhinestones ending in arrowheads.

You may say, "But I can't wear red!" This is, of course, pure nonsense. Any woman can wear red, and wear it more effectively than most colors, provided she is willing to give nature a bit of aid and abetment. For there are reds and *reds*.

Paris styles begin with the purest and lightest of lacquer and rose reds, and go right down through the gamut to the darkest and deepest of wine, mahogany, and black earth reds. If you are afraid of the lipstick and the rouge pot, or have congenital objections to red, then this advice is not for you. But if you love beauty, and love to be beautiful, then attend on this wisdom, for it can be of assistance to your winter wardrobe, and therefore to you and your own personal problems of effectiveness in your special atmosphere.

I advise a separation, segregation, and division of wardrobe red into either the day or evening class. Wear red in the daytime or red in the evening. Don't wear it for both. Then select your shade. If you can, wear a bright red. If not, choose dark red. You may wear a red frock and coat of some simple woolen during the daytime for almost any occasion, and the single frock of red will be very smart for afternoon and evening.

The very brilliance of this color demands some complementary brilliance in the wearer, and therefore it is wise to heighten the makeup a bit, unless eyes and hair are unusually striking in color and sheen. Some of the Paris couturiers are combining red with white, and this addition of white makes it suitable for the more neutral tinted complexion.

For instance, the frock shown in our first sketch, which is an afternoon dress of pure light vermilion crêpe from Paul Poiret, is softened by fine plaid designs in white and darker red. Poiret has added a large round collar and deep flaring cuffs of white organdie trimmed with narrow red braid, while double bands of braid in two tones of red edge the pointed panels of the skirt.

LUCIEN LELONG does not sponsor the vivid tones of red, but chooses dark plum red, and in filmy tulle, thus creating some of the most effective red evening frocks in Paris. One of these is shown in our second sketch, the long bodice being effectively trimmed with bias bands topped by lines of rhinestones ending in arrowheads, these arrowheads holding the very flaring godets that make the skirt bouffant.

Chanel believes in bright red without any distracting color, and she particularly favors bright red stiff velvet and velveteen for evening. The stunning evening gown shown in our third sketch is from this great creator, and is made of bright red velveteen with a fitted bodice and a very flaring skirt of narrow bias bands. An extravagant bow of red velveteen is placed on the left hip, and the narrow belt has a jeweled buckle.

Of red velveteen also is the oversize fan, a favorite Chanel accessory of the season. This dress is one of the smartest seen in Paris this winter.

Madeleine Vionnet, who created the frock shown in our fourth sketch, does not use bright red at all, but its pale sister, pink; and this in the model shown is veiled with black tulle, which is arranged in crossed bands on the bodice and ruffles on the skirt. This has the Vionnet distinction, and is a combination that many of the smartest Parisiennes are wearing this season.

Sitting Pretty

By
Eileen Bourne

INASMUCH as we spend a great portion of our life sitting down, we ought to develop the habit of sitting with ease and grace.

Just as in the case of the standing posture, the most important rules are to hold the stomach back and up, to relax the arms, legs, and neck to the point of utter naturalness, and to keep the feet close together. A little conscious and conscientious attention to these details soon becomes a matter of unconscious habit.

Actresses who sit before the gaze of thousands of onlookers nightly have to learn to sit pretty, and it is from them that we may learn how to increase the possibilities for grace in the seated posture.

Nowadays the short skirt makes crossing the legs a perilous procedure—though a plaited skirt greatly minimizes the peril. Remember, whatever skirt you wear, to adjust it with unobtrusive swiftness. Remember also the two taboos: never let your knees show, and never cross the legs so that the upper calf bulges.

Photographs by
Nickolas Muray
Posed by Edna Hibbard

Complete relaxation is quite compatible with correct posture and grace. Notice here the light pose of both head and feet. This is due to the fact that the thighs touch the back of the chair and assume all the weight of the body.

Pictured above is the attitude of absorbed attention so flattering to one's vis-à-vis. If you rest your weight firmly on the thighs and sit back in your chair you won't become physically tired, even if he is a bore. Be sure, however, to select a chair that permits the feet to rest easily on the floor when they are placed close together.

At the left is shown one of the innumerable poses which prove that in any case—even with crossed ankles—the feet should be close together. If, however, you wear number eight shoes, do not try this posture—place your feet side by side.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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CINTRA rose trembling, her hand on my arm, as we watched the flight of the horseman.

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

Jill's Hundred

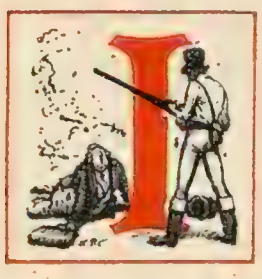
In Which a "Dead" Man, Come to Life, Finds Love Awaiting Him

The Tenth Episode of

THE HAPPY PARROT

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



I MARRIED beautiful Cintra Quinn when she was thrown at my head by her uncle, Captain Quinn. He offered me $50,000 to take the girl off his hands. This happened aboard The Happy Parrot, a ship belonging to the questionable firm of Quinn & Maltby, with headquarters on Amelia Island.

She was secretly a slaver and, therefore, an outlaw. I was her captain, and Cintra, back in New York, had smuggled herself aboard me in sailor's costume. Her uncle, in a fury, made his offer and performed the marriage ceremony.

Cintra coolly married me for adventure's sake, intending to be my wife only in name. Adventure she had, and that seasoned with horror.

Her uncle left us at Amelia Island. We sailed to Africa and back, arriving just in time to see the burly captain swinging from his own topmast and his sloop burned by pirates. Cintra saw me robbed by the filthy sea rogue Buke Gooly, and saw me turn sea robber in revenge.

But the last time I laid eyes on Gooly, Cintra was at her villa on the island. I had sailed "On The Black Account," or, in plain English, to rob some other slaver of its live cargo. Captain Cabasso, in The Black Joke, sailed in my company, a partner in crime, or so I thought.

Never was I more mistaken. He was a traitor, and the tool of the traitors Maltby and Segrada, our factor. When I sighted The Cygnet, a slave smuggler, instead of assisting me with my prize he fired into me. And Gooly, in The Lazy Lass, came up and joined him in attacking me.

I fired broadsides into both vessels, and left them roaring masses of flame. Gooly and Cabasso had taken refuge aboard The Cygnet, which was to avail them little, for, from the east, an English squadron bore down on them in vengeance, while I went sailing back to Amelia Island.

IT was raining very heavily when I carried The Happy Parrot into anchor at Amelia Island, taking good care not to advertise my arrival from the sea by saluting the factory and fort.

My arrival was not observed. No doubt the lazy black on duty in the lookout tower had deserted his post and taken shelter from the rain; at any rate, the arrival of the schooner had been unnoticed, and I anchored behind a pine woods in the lee of the seaward dunes where nobody ashore could see my topmasts.

Before I stepped ashore, however, rain ceased, clouds parted, and the sun came out hotly. Birds sang with all their might, live oaks dripped golden rain, the air sweetened with the scent of sparkleberry bloom, a warm breeze

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JILL'S HUNDRED
Continued from page seventy-one]

set the palmetto fronds aclattering, and everywhere the singing sands sucked up the sun as a purring cat sucks cream.

Our first duty was to bury our dead. I chose a dune set thick with sparkleberry and scented bay.

We were very quiet about it. Chips had fashioned wooden crosses—a bigger one for Mr. Rumpf—and I read the services. There followed a cautious tap on a muffled drum. That was all.

I thought there could be no cleaner, sweeter grave than on some seaward dune, and would like to be buried in some such place when paid off and mustered out.

Mr. Weems took the crew aboard my schooner. I continued across to the main, going ashore unnoticed by any living creature save the wild birds in the palmettos.

I would have preferred to go immediately to my wife—rap gayly upon her door—for Cintra would be still asleep.

But I had another business to attend to first.

The stockade gate was open. To be sure of Segrada I asked the Krooman on duty whether Señor Segrada had arrived at his office. Yes, he had gone in a half hour ago, accompanied by Mr. Maltby.

They never had expected to lay eyes on me again. Some surprises are pleasant, some terrible. And some die of surprise.

They had a bottle of French brandy between them when I walked in, a pile of ledgers—Quinn & Maltby's records—and a strong box open, half full of pearls and precious gems.

WHEN Mr. Maltby looked up and saw me he collapsed like a pricked bladder. As for José Segrada, his eyes came out of his head at me like the goggling eyes of a crab.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said I cheerily; "—a lovely morning after the rain!" And sat down upon a bamboo chair where, if necessary, I could reach the two pistols on the table beside Segrada before he could.

Mr. Maltby was too frightened to try to smile; Segrada's effort was ghastly.

"*Carramba!*" said he in a shaky voice. "I am surprise' to see you. I have not expec'. No, sare. Las' night I say to Mr. Maltby, one week, two week more—maybe. But so ver' dam' quick! No, sare."

I laughed. It was a real laugh. Every drop of blood in me was singing.

I said, "Sometimes I do business quickly; sometimes I take my time, gentlemen. I'm taking my time *now*. . . . But at sea I was in a hurry. You know how it is," said I, turning on Maltby. "When a man has given his ship boot tops he's anxious to see how she likes it." Then, to Segrada, "That's why I went to sea—and to try my new carronades."

I beamed genially upon them both. Segrada's eyes had settled back in his head; but Maltby's pallour remained, and he never stirred or spoke—as though it were death to do either.

Segrada said, "So you haf try these new carronade, sare?"

"Yes, the new battery of eighteens. I had twelves, you remember."

Speech began to dribble and leak from Maltby's flaccid lips. He was so frightened that he didn't know he was talking, I think—some drivel about the English mode of rating batteries, and our own—bla-bla-bla and buzz-buzz-buzz—

"Mr. Maltby," said I, "you don't seem well. So here's news to hearten you. I took a Liverpool slaver full of prime blacks and flying Spanish colours! What do you say to that, sir?"

Segrada sat up stiff with an uncontrollable jerk, and I thought his curly silver tipped hair rose higher on his handsome head.

But Maltby seemed near fainting.

"These ship," inquired Segrada in a brittle voice, "—haf you carry her here, sare? Jesu Maria! These goin' mek me some scandal!"

"What!" said I. "You smell the stench already? Well, you know the saying:

"Taste disposes
All human noses
To sniff at swill
Or sniff at roses—

"And yours, señor, has smelled out The Cygnet—that's her name. And another sniff or two and you'll scent your crony, Captain Cabasso. He's aboard her, too."

"What you say, sare? My fren' Cabasso — he is aboard these Spanish ship—"

"English, señor; 'sold' on the Middle Passage, you know."

"Yes, I unnerstan' ver' dam' well," he said excitedly. "But I don' unnerstan' where is these Black Joke schooner of Cabasso—"

"Why," said I, glancing at his pistols, "I thought your nose would smell that out, too."

A heavy flush swept Segrada's face.

"What you mean, my nose? All time my nose?" he demanded.

"Well, then," said I, smiling at him, "I'll have to tell you. Cabasso went crazy. I supposed you had smelled that out, too."

"Crrazee!"

"Stark mad. Poor fellow, he began to fire into me, so I sank him. . . . And The Lazy Lass—"

"You sank these Black Joke!" cried Segrada.

"—And Buke Gooly. I was sorry—they seemed such friends—Gooly and Cabasso—" With a swift snatch I forestalled Segrada, and his pistols were in my two fists, resting lightly on my knees, cocked.

"Jesu, Maria, and Josef!" he shouted. "It is you who are crrazee—"

"Sit down," said I. "You've had breakfast. So has Mr. Maltby. You don't want anything more in your bellies."

Segrada, seated again, scarcely touching his chair, was trembling. But it was the tremble of a leopard before pouncing.

I said to Maltby, who seemed too near swooning to understand:

"Write me my discharge relieving me from my agreement with Quinn & Maltby. You're too near dead to do it now. You'd better do it later—"

I had suddenly to turn my pistols on Segrada to keep him seated. Holding him there, I continued, addressing Maltby:

"The British West India squadron has The Cygnet. She's under Spanish colours and they can't hold her. But they'll hang Buke Gooly—and your friend the yellow Krooman with a cast in one eye. And when Cabasso reaches St. Augustine he might better be dancing air jigs with Gooly—"

I looked at Segrada a moment, and, still watching him, resumed:

"Speaking of jigs, gentlemen, your jig is up on Spanish soil. Amelia Island will be no place for you when The Cygnet anchors off the St. Augustine fortress and her master takes breakfast with the governor. No, gentlemen."

NOTICING a black servant passing in the corridor, I called him and bade him fetch me a cup of bombo.

With a weather eye on Segrada I cooled my throat at leisure; then, setting the cup on the table:

"Where is Captain Brindle?" I inquired pleasantly.

As nobody answered, I repeated the question and asked if he also were in this murder plot to destroy me and share the expected prize.

Waiting for a reply, something in Segrada's eyes arrested mine—something dimming the ferocity. . . . Fear.

"I'm wondering," said I, "whether you've killed him. . . . That would leave about everything to you and Maltby—"

With a swift snatch I forestalled Segrada, and his pistols w

y two fists. "Jesu, Maria, and Josef!" he shouted. "It is you who are crrazee—"

A cry like a shrill squeal burst from Maltby:

"He stabbed him! Oh, my God, I didn't want him to—"

"A dam' lie!" cried Segrada fiercely. "You haf stab him yo'se'f—beeg peeg Americano—"

"Don't move," said I to Segrada. "I don't care how you settle it after I leave—"

"Don't let that wild beast touch me!" shrieked Maltby, cowering and shrinking away from Segrada. "He's got a knife!—the same one—"

I had to shove Segrada down on his chair with the muzzle of my pistol, prodding his abdomen until he sat shivering once more and eying Maltby with, apparently, no further notice of me in his blazing eyes.

"What I ought to do," said I in a quiet voice, "is to land my crew from The Happy Parrot and take you into the garden and shoot you both. . . . That's what I ought to do."

I felt quite cheerful. I admired my pistols. I even hummed a little tune.

"Get up!" said I to Segrada.

He looked at me as though his mind were elsewhere. After a moment he got up.

"You go back to your black and tan wives," said I, "and let that flabby beast alone. He'll die of fear, anyway, I guess."

Segrada passed stealthily out. Maltby fixed his red rimmed, sagging eyes on me and seemed more dead than alive.

I said to him, curiously, "Was it out of your swine's head the idea hatched—for me to take a nigger smuggler and Cabasso and Gooly to take *me?*"

But he only moaned and lied and slobbered, and I guess it was he who hatched the treachery.

"If you go aboard The Happy Parrot they'll kill you," said I. "If you stay here, Segrada will do the like for you. And what in hell does it matter to me?"

His falsetto blubbering nearly turned my stomach.

"As for me," said I, disgusted, "I'm going to take my wife to Jill's Hundred. And if I see you skulking about behind us I'll not drive you away."

I went out, leaving him grovelling his gratitude.

II

COMING into my garden I saw Cintra with an armful of Cherokee roses and culling more. When she caught sight of me she turned as white as the blossoms and let them fall.

"God bless me!" said she, took a step toward me, stopped. But when I came near she gave me her hand, and turned pink enough when I kissed it.

"I heard no gun," said she. "Did you drop from the sky? And how is The Happy Parrot? Did she like her boot tops?"

"Marvellous. And my new carronades!—you should hear them talking together all in a row! Such gossips; such biting tongues!"

"Oh, misery me," said she, "have you been fighting again?"

I looked at her very solemnly, then drew her arm through mine, and we walked towards the pretty villa.

"I'm done with the sea," said I.

She seemed too astonished to speak.

"I mean," said I, "I'm done with it until I can sail in decent company again. This Black Ivory trade is a filthy business."

TEARS suddenly glimmered in her eyes. She went to the couch and sat down, her face averted. "Do you mean it?" said she, her handkerchief very busy with her eyes and nose.

"Yes; I'm done with the sea until I can go into the China trade once more. Not that I've turned Quaker. There always have been slaves and masters, and always will be. Slavery is necessary—unless the world is ready to do without cotton and rice and tobacco and sugar—"

"Yes," said she, "I've heard all that before. Now tell me what has happened to disgust you with the Black Ivory trade?"

"Foul company, for one thing. Swindling, roguery, treachery, murder—to give a fillip to the business. . . . Not that I've turned abolitionist or Quaker—"

"I understand. Do you break your contract with Quinn & Maltby, then?"

"Tell me," said I, "have your lawyers settled? I saw a letter from them when The Black Joke brought your mail."

"Yes."

"Have you withdrawn from all interest in the firm?"

"Yes."

"You are *out!*"

"Yes," she said, exasperated, "and I'm as poor as the devil!"

"*Poor!*"

"Quite."

"Why, your uncle—"

"Yes; and I've given the dirty money to the Negro missions! Every penny!"

"Good Lord!" said I, taken aback.

"Did *you* want it?" she said insolently.

"I would not have refused it," said I, "because of any dirt attached to it, but because I told you once that I'd never touch a penny of yours."

She shrugged. "Anyway, it's gone; bequeathed; every penny I had from Quinn & Maltby. All my interest in the company, too. Captain Brindle bought it. He came down here on The Black Joke to settle everything."

"Yes," said I, "everything is settled for Captain Brindle."

She looked up, not understanding me.

I began to laugh, and presently she inquired why.

"Because," said I, "you've handed your dirty money to the missionaries and I've planned to settle with Quinn & Maltby by kicking Maltby down his office stairs."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[JILL'S HUNDRED
Continued from page seventy-three]

"You haven't any money!" she demanded incredulously. "Why, I supposed—"

"Did *you* want it, Cintra?"

Her face flamed; but I began to laugh again; and her anger was dominated by fiercely mounting curiosity.

"*What* have you done?" she demanded. "What has happened? Captain Brindle called here yesterday and said The Happy Parrot would not be in for another two weeks—"

"Did old Brindle come to see you, Cintra?"

"Yes."

"He'll never come again."

"Why?"

"He's dead."

"Dead!" she breathed, wide eyed.

"Yes. Very. Segrada stabbed him."

"What are you saying!—"

"Segrada stabbed him. Probably last night. Or maybe it *was* Mr. Maltby—"

SHE leaned toward me and took hold of my arm with trembling fingers.

"He's stabbed and dead, anyway," said I. "And here's the rest of the news. . . . I had to sink The Black Joke."

"Good God!" she whispered.

"Yes, I sank her, and The Lazy Lass—Buke Gooly's pirate schooner. . . . You see, they fired into me, Cintra—"

"Are you mad!"

"I was. Very. You see, I had just spoken a Liverpool man—to call his attention to the colours he was flying. Spanish colours. Quite a mistake, you see. And he didn't seem to realize he was English—"

She came closer and held my arm with both hands very tightly.

"It's all right now," said I. "Don't be frightened, Cintra."

"N-no."

"Because," said I, "there'll be another Spanish sloop-o'-war here very soon, and this time she'll make trouble. . . . I'm no longer employed by Quinn & Maltby. I'm not captain of The Happy Parrot any more. . . . And we'd better leave this island after dinner."

"Yes. Where are we going?"

"North. You'll want to take your servants, I suppose."

"I can't leave them here to starve, can I?"

"Very well. Tell them to harness the mule wagons. Call your maids and have them pack up. Take what there is to eat and to wear. . . . Have you any money at all, Cintra?"

"I have five hundred dollars in three chamois bags."

"You'll have to lend it to me to get us to New York—"

"You know it's yours—"

"What! I take dirty money!—"

"It isn't. I have my mother's estate—the rentes. The Emperor Napoleon allows it."

"Bonaparte?"

"Certainly. I learned that when I inherited my uncle's estate. He never told me. But it seems that the revenue has been coming in regularly. I have that little fortune, and it's *clean!*"

We got up, but Cintra still held on to me.

"Don't go," she said.

"I'm stepping aboard The Happy Parrot to take leave of my crew; that's all—my dear."

"Please don't keep dinner waiting," she said; "dishes get cold and the cook doesn't like it—my dear," she added with a brilliant blush.

I WENT away, my feet seeming inclined to time themselves to my heart which was beating a kind of Gold Coast shuffle—so wondrous kind was my wife becoming—so swiftly and so warm was growing my inclination for her affections and respect.

I met nobody on the path to the river. Mr. Weems was on watch, and pulled ashore for me in my yawl, and I was very soon aboard The Happy Parrot. Poor Pol! How Cabasso had raked her! And Gooly, too. Gooly—now, no doubt, a-air-jigging from some stout yardarm. The yellow Krooman, too, I hoped. He'd have something to squint at in hell.

The men were reeving rigging and patching sails on deck; Chips was somewhere, hammering like a woodpecker, Bungs helping.

I told Mr. Weems to muster the men abaft the mainmast; and when they were all arrived:

"Men," said I, "I am no longer in the employment of Quinn & Maltby. You can guess why. No foremastman was born yesterday. You've talked it over. Forecastle talk is dab-a-dab, sometimes. Not this time, I guess.

"Men, I'm no longer captain of The Happy Parrot. Good old bird! Likes her boot tops, too.

"Men, I'm taking leave of you. You're good men. Under articles, too. Let me tell you what to do with those articles: wad your guns with 'em.

"No; I'm not suggesting mutiny. I'm talking about safety. *Your* safety.

"Mr. Weems!"

"Sir," said my acting first mate.

"Take the ship, Mr. Weems.

Men, obey your captain. Are you loyal?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" came their rolling reply.

"Very well. No man aboard this ship is going to lose a penny. Your pay is in New York at the office of Quinn & Maltby. Captain Weems, sir!"

"Sir?"

"Take your ship to New York. Burling Slip, sir. . . . And I think you'd better weigh and sail as soon as I go ashore. Because there'll be a Spanish cruiser on the way here. . . . Not that The Happy Parrot need fear a tub like that! However—there's the British West India fleet. You haven't the prize crews for three ships o' the line and two frigates. Let 'em alone."

A low roar of laughter rumbled aft.

Then I mounted the poop, took off my hat, clapped it on again, shook hands with Mr. Weems, and went over the side.

Those rogues broke out all their flags for me and let go nine guns!

III

WE moved out of our villa in three wagons harnessed to six mules—household servants first in gala dress and clutching their own bundles; heavy luggage and provisions next, driven by two faithful Kroomen; and, last, Cintra and I with our own baggage behind us—Cintra driving, I walking alongside or in the rear with a rifle over my shoulder.

In the distance I could see a vast flurry about the fort and around Segrada's house, where all gates and doors stood open and blacks swarmed everywhere, coming out laden with bales, sacks, strong boxes, furniture, and all proceeding eastward toward the wharf where lay Segrada's private sloop and a ketch and other lesser craft owned by him or by the company.

We moved out, Cintra driving, I walking alongside with a rifle.

Exodus from the Spanish wrath to come grimly amused me, and I wondered where he meant to carry his saddle coloured harem.

Of Mr. Maltby I perceived no sign, and did not care whether already Segrada had pounced upon his loathly person.

We took the Crooked River Road—which was but a track through hammock, slough, and flatwood. No birds sang, it being their siesta, and the sun hot but agreeable.

I carried my rifle, loaded, as I walked beside the wagon, although there was nobody to harm us that I knew of. Cintra inquired concerning robbers, and kept turning her head to scan the forest as she drove slowly along, and I had to reprove her for careless driving.

But she only smiled at me in her railing way, and hummed:

"Sois sage, ma fille!
B'en oui, maman,
A cause-q' j'ai peur de Nicol-du-Bois!"

One of her maids, ahead, who came from Barataria, heard her singing, and joined in.

ST. MARY'S CROSSING took us a long time, what with the baggage and wagons and mules; but our blacks enjoyed it and sang loudly as they were ferried over; and the woods rang with screams and laughter when a Krooman caught a tiny alligator and thrust it at the black girls in his boat.

There lay behind us, now, that stretch of wilderness where once I had fought for my own life as well as for Cintra's.

She remembered the palm forest. Her singing ceased and she looked around at me very solemnly and, it seemed to me, with a certain seriousness almost tender.

Ahead of us was the Cat-and-Kittens Tavern, on the boundary between Spanish Florida and the United States. No frontier guards were maintained there, but sometimes a Spanish patrol visited it.

Some little time after we had crossed the river one of the Kroomen ahead called back to me that he believed he had seen a panther traversing the swamp to our left towards the cypress.

So I told Cintra to drive on whilst I walked out across the swale to see if I might espy the creature among the cypress.

I saw nothing. After a few minutes I made my way back to the wagon track, and was standing shoulder deep in swale before I emerged, when I saw a man in the palmetto scrub, slinking in the rear of our wagons, which now were out of sight in the woods ahead.

Moving out across the wagon track to bar his way, I saw it was Mr. Maltby; and when he perceived me he instantly fell on his belly as though to avoid a bullet, though I had made no motion to present my rifle.

I walked up to him where he cowered on the ground, round backed, his mean face looking up like a skunk's at me, and his sweating person soiled with mud and marl.

"I told you," said I, "that I would not drive you away. Why do you sprawl there?"

He said he thought I meant to shoot him, and began to bemoan himself and curse Segrada, and said he had fled to the woods when Segrada left and had been hiding and watching for my wagons so that he might follow them to the frontier in something of security.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

[JILL'S HUNDRED
Continued from page seventy-five]

"Segrada," said I, "seems to be as scared as you are, and his harem is embarking at the wharf. I don't believe he's bloodthirsty enough to take time to hunt you now. However, that's your affair, and if you want to skulk after us I shan't drive you off."

He said he did, and rose to a sitting posture, looking like some gaunt toad all humped up in the silver grass. He had his pockets crammed with papers and carried a valise. No doubt there was money in it. He may even have robbed Segrada. Because, when I had left him alone in the factor's office after driving Segrada out, the strong box was still open, and I had noticed many gems and pearls in the top tray, part belonging to Segrada, he having 1 1/10 per cent of such by product "salvaged" by the company's ships.

I gazed at him with overpowering disgust, and I thought there was a kind of slyness in his sagging eyes as he looked up at me.

No doubt he felt secure from Segrada now, being across the United States boundary.

SO I shrugged my shoulders and went on, walking swiftly to overtake the wagons. But already they had entered that wide plain, or savanna, across which, stark against the sky, stood the sun blistered tavern called the Cat-and-Kittens, with its single barracoon on stilts, and the shabby outbuildings clustered along the frontier.

"Did you see a panther?" inquired Cintra anxiously.

"No, only a polecat."

I climbed up to the seat beside her, and she turned as though on impulse and wiped my brow with her scented handkerchief. Which so astonished me that I said nothing, but gazed at her with a silly grin.

Meanwhile the mules got into a branch and nearly overturned our wagon. I don't know why we laughed so.

Then I took the reins and Cintra removed her gloves to look at her hands.

"They are lovely," said I.

"You astonish me!" said she with a charming laugh, but presently stretched them out so that we both might contemplate them.

"If ever I can make any money and keep it," said I, "I would like to buy for you a ring such as once I saw in Liverpool, which was a sapphire between two diamonds."

"Oh," sighed Cintra, "I would adore it."

I swore she should have it, embargo or no embargo, and begged her patience.

"You are very kind to wish to adorn me," she said softly.

"If I had my way—" said I, but she laid her hand on my arm and whispered close to my ear, "There is a man behind the wagon!"

I picked up my rifle and looked around. But it was only Maltby in his slinking waddle, furtively keeping us in view above the silver grass through which he made his way.

She became angry when I told her who it was.

"He tried to send you to your death," she said, "and you let him crawl after you to safety!"

"Would you drive him away, Cintra?"

"A villain and a rogue," said she; "and I might have been widowed in this hour!"

I began to laugh at her rising indignation.

"There was a time," said I, "when you would have accepted widowhood very gratefully."

"There *never* was such a time! Oh, Lord," said she, "what a fool a man can be!"

"Do you mean your husband?" said I hopefully.

Her sudden laughter, clear and gay, rang out uncontrolled.

WE now were approaching the Cat-and-Kittens. I saw nobody there except an old yellow servant who shuffled out to scrape to us and pull a woolly and grizzled forelock.

No, there was nobody there. The landlord, Jake Means, had gone to Savannah on business. There were no slaves in Barracoon West, no kaffles expected, no dealers, no slave brokers. Everything had been very quiet since the outbreak in Barracoon West.

"Drefful doin's, sah," murmured the old man, shaking his grey head. "But dey wuz black cannibuls, sah. Us 'spectable folk ain't holdin' none along wif dem 'ornery wile niggers. No, sah, 'scusin' yoh lady's presence, dem ain't no niggers, sah; dem's wile

ammles, dey is! Dem's baby eaters. Scared me dreffful; yaas, sah."

Cintra went up to look at the bedrooms while I walked out to the quarters. The quarters were not clean and our servants were. Cintra did not like the place, either, and would not even sup there. That suited me, also, as we had provisions and could sup at sunset when we reached Jill's Hundred.

n done with sea," said I. seemed too onished to speak.

"Who was Jill?" asked Cintra.

"Jill Gosset, one of Blackbeard's wives. He lent her to a hundred of his crew."

"*Here!*"

"I believe so."

"My God!" said Cintra. "I thought it somebody named Jill who had a hundred acres."

"She had. Blackbeard said she deserved that much for a grave."

As our wagons rolled slowly along the frontier, a Spanish patrol, handsomely mounted, came jingling up along the road we had travelled from Amelia Island.

There were perhaps a dozen horsemen wearing great wide hats of straw, blue roundabouts faced with red and yellow. The officer's jacket was plastered over with tarnished silver, and everything about them and their horses jingled.

Whether they had meant to investigate us I could not tell. They drew up in a line across the river; sat watching us until we were out of sight.

On our left, sunset flamed till the forest seemed afire. To our right the woods were already bluish with sea mist setting inland. A faint coolness bathed us. Birds sang everywhere. Presently we came to a sandy road bearing due east. We had arrived at Jill's Hundred.

"Is there no settlement—no tavern?" asked Cintra.

"Oh, no. It's a plantation. The planter's house and an ordinary are on the coast yonder above the wharfs. That road leads to the sea."

WE were passing, at the moment, a clear stream running silently over whitest sands, and Cintra desired to sup here.

So I called to my Kroomen, and very soon two fires were going, fed by palmetto fans and dry logs.

Cintra's women cooked and waited upon us. It was pleasant. Lord, how the birds sang in the kindling glory of the sinking sun—mocking birds, redbirds, and a kind of wren which poured out song like an English skylark.

"After all," said I to Cintra, "—and though she uses us like a bad stepmother—old England has a strange and wistful interest for me.

"And—let me whisper it—she is a great country and a mighty people. God knows why she treats us with such brutality and contempt—buffeting us here and there with blows and growls. It's the lion in her, maybe—to deal so roughly by her cub. . . . But she should remember there is lion in us, too."

"Once or twice," said Cintra, "I have dreamed I was in England, and saw primroses."

I sat brooding for a while, a glass of Madeira in my hand, watching the first pale firefly soaring.

"In spite of the Congress, in spite of the administration, in spite of the embargo," said I, "the lion's blood is in our veins, and it must come to a fight one day. I am not afraid; but I am awed.

"And I am thinking now how, but a few days since, I saw the might of England in all its splendour roll like a cloud over the world's outer rim—towering, solid, magnificent. . . . I don't know why—being our enemies—yet deep in the depths of me I felt a dull stirring—as of pride—"

After a silence:

"God knows why she shows us such contempt and buffets us about."

FIREFLIES became thicker, drifting, rising, floating high among the trees, but their tiny lamps still burned pallidly in the red glow of sunset.

A servant fetched us a calabash of bombo cooled in the stream. As I was drinking mine I saw, over the cup's rim, a man squatted under a great oak tree across the brook, and knew it to be Maltby. He was eating, and drinking out of bottles; and there was something insolent in the way he continued to look at us.

As I say, I was looking at him over the edge of my drinking cup, when, all at once, I noticed another man with him—close behind him.

And in that very instant that I caught sight of him, something happened over there—I could not make out what—but a most horrid, falsetto screech, long drawn in agony, assailed our shrinking ears. Then I saw a man running, carrying a valise—saw that he had a horse and was mounting, spurring, galloping southward with the desperation of a damned man hurtling hellward.

Cintra rose trembling, her hand on my arm, as we watched the flight of the horseman.

Some of the Negroes ran over to the oak tree and then set up a screaming.

"What has happened?" whispered Cintra. "Who was that horseman?"

"I'm afraid," said I, "it was José Segrada. This plantation happens to belong to him."

"But—but what did he do under that tree?"

"I'll walk over and find out," said I.

But I knew very well what José Segrada had done in the red sunset light at Jill's Hundred.

An extraordinary adventure awaits Strake and Cintra in next week's smashing episode. Watch for Toad-Face.

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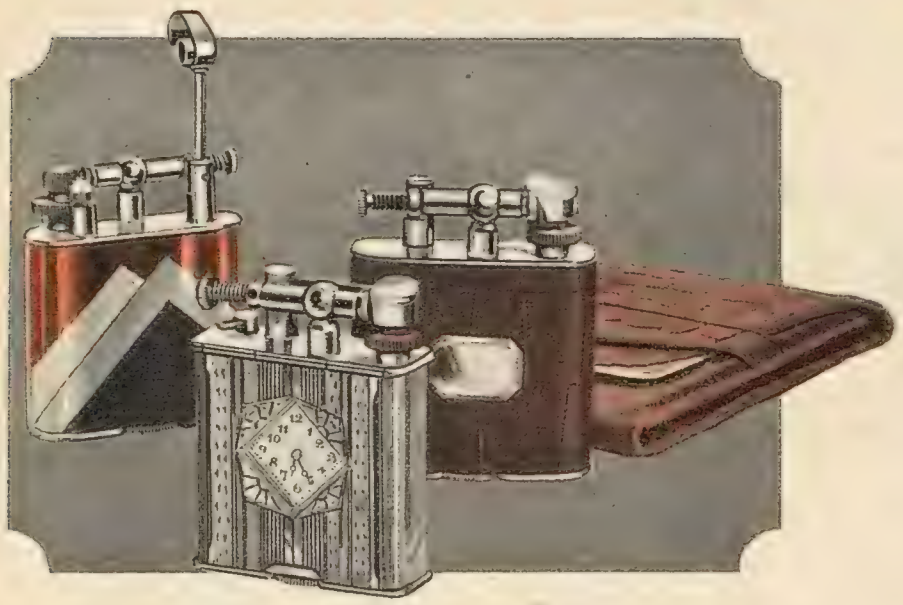

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Distemper

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

EARLY morning. Not dark. Not light. The clop clop clop of the milkman's horse. The crackling snap snap snap of ice cold radiators. The hawk hawk hawk of Sandy's snoring. Lil woke with a start.

"Just when I was dreaming I'd found two twenty dollar gold pieces in my new gray galoshes," she murmured, wondering especially what caused the lumber mill sawing sound. "Hey, dear," she whispered over to Sandy. "Wake up and keep still, so I can get some more beauty sleep."

Index finger, elbow, and thumb proddings failing, she used a flexible metal bookmark from her copy of Salt Water Ballads on the bedside table. She plucked at her husband's ribs à la mandolin strings.

"Ouch!" Sandy mumbled, although the point was slightly rounded. "I was dreaming we were riding in Palm Beach wheel chairs with sunburned noses."

"Ooo-ooo-ooo!" little Ulysses grunted. "Waa-aaa-aaa!" he yelled.

"They say some mothers just let their babies cry for hours and hours," Sandy said, not making any attempt to get up and turn the kid over. "It does seem cruel."

This week's cover picture.

"Why not take the gentle hint, then?" Lil sighed. It was all she could do to keep from springing up, picking up the baby, and soothing him. But she was trying to train Sandy. "That book I got at the drug store yesterday said a sick baby would moan."

That seemed a sudden cue for a distinct moan from the crib!

"OH!" This was Lil and Sandy's anguished duet. "He's sick!"

Snap! The light. Rattle rattle rattle! Down came the side of the little white enameled crib. Lil and Sandy bent over a pile of rumpled bedclothes, a hot miniature pillow, and a tearstained face.

"Get dressed and drive for the doctor!" Lil ordered. "He's turning his head from side to side. That's a terrible sign. And his knees are drawn way up to his chin. He's in pain, Sandy. He's shrieking! Oh, oh, oh! *Will* you hurry?"

"I won't drive for the doctor," he told her. "That'll take up time. I'll run—there's an M. D. on the corner. He was the one who helped at that accident two days ago. The time the truck and buggy—"

"You get dressed," Lil fairly yelled. "Never mind the truck or the buggy. It's the baby now. Nothing but our baby. Why, last Saturday night in the movies, remember how that Indian baby died because the doctor wouldn't come? Perhaps the M. D. on the corner won't come. You may have to get an ambulance."

"First see if an open safety pin—" he begged.

"An open safety pin?" Lil asked. "Did you say an open safety pin? He never moaned like this for any safety pin. He's sick. He's a very sick child. It's probably his first real sickness. If you knew how a mother dreads a terribly sick baby. Oh, Sandy, if anything happens to Ulysses—" Yes, tears were really dripping from her blue eyes. She was carefully removing the baby's perspiration soaked shirt.

"Now, now, now," Sandy said, not knowing what else to say. "He's probably only teething." He patted Lil's shoulder and wiped away tears with his red bathrobe's green tassel.

"Teething?" she sobbed. "He has some awful disease. He has two blotches on his ribs—see? Oh, this will be the first tragedy in our married life!"

Poor Lil—symbolic of mothers in homes everywhere, from ice covered igloos in the arctic to vine trailed bamboo huts in the tropics—was bending over an item of humanity tossing in pain!

And Sandy, typifying the protector of the family circle, from the first cave gent who brandished a club to protect his skinclad frail, yanked on his clothes to rush for a doctor. His child was sick. Mumps, whooping cough, measles, rickets, convulsions, scarlet fever, or a fatal cold on his tiny chest? Would he expire? Especially now that he was being put on cereal feedings, would be given liver next month, and soft shoes for creeping in January?

"Don't forget the Indian baby who died because his father couldn't get the doctor!" Lil called after Sandy when he rushed downstairs seven minutes later. "Tell him to bring his instruments, dear."

"So we're very worried about our baby?" Dr. Moore asked calmly when he arrived. He looked very neat, considering that Sandy had rung his doorbell at exactly 6 A. M. "Why, Mrs. Jenkins, what a husky son!" He was moving his stethoscope as though it were a king on a chessboard.

"What—what has he?" Lil whispered.

"He's simply teething," Dr. Moore said, sighing wearily.

(Next week's cover adventure: The Miracle)

Don't get fooled by old King Winter~
he hasn't run out of snowstorms.
Don't listen to the Devil Indifference
when he says "Oh, leave your WEEDS at home."

ACCO
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Always Carry WEED CHAINS

The period, December 1 to 8, has been designated for a nation-wide "Drive Safely" drive. Signs will be displayed in good garages and auto accessory stores as reminders to buy and use Weed Chains.

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J. T. Woodside

general manager, Western Company

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Dr. West's *new* Toothbrush

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While the boys were puttin on the opera at the piana the Colonel was gettin set to buy the joint.

Love Letters *of an* Interior Decorator

Concerning a Colonel and Some Nuts

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

En Route to New York.

DEAR MARG,

Gosh, it seems all I do is write to you. I no sooner get thru bangin out one letter than I have to sit right down and start another. The first thing I know I'll be writin a play like the Pleasure Man and be gettin myself a nice quiet vacation on Blackwells Island by the Sea. Thats SOME summer resort. Its easy to get to, and hard to get away from. The city gives you a free ride with a coupla cops. You get your board free and they give you a brand new ensamble with the latest stripes, no foolin. Another thing, you dont hafta worry about gettin up in time for meals. If youre late the guards bust an iron pipe over your tail-board or draw a bead on you with a nice shiny revolver.

Youll be surprized Marg to hear Im on my way home from Hollywood. Yep. I bought myself a nice new Packard if I ever get it paid for and Im comin fast. Im drivin back to New York.

Before I left Hollywood, the boys and girls in the movies gave me a swell farewell party. Farewell is right, some of em are still in the funeral parlor, I think. Oh was that a party! You couldnta bought a asperin or an ounce of buycarbonate of soda if you ankled all over Los Angeles the next day. Canned tomatoes, onion soup, sauerkraut juice and the rest of the hangover specials got an awful play, and I dont mean Maybe!

One guy lapped up a pint of brass polish what he mistook for a swallow of gin. They took him down to the sykopathic ward where he started to give an illustrated lecture like a traffic cop. They broke the handle off the stomach pump workin on him. He was a scotchman and he didnt want to loose it.

Talk about drink! He could drink any GIVEN quantity. He bought a brand new pair of shoes and ever since hes been takin big steps. I guess he fries his bacon in cylinder oil so it wont shrink.

One day a guy by the name of SKINNER tryed to sell him a STUCKo house. He didnt like the sound of both names so he passed it up. Oh hes a great egg. He wears kilts around the house so he dont have to get his pants pressed.

His name is August MacGregor—can you trump that for a butter scotch name? Hes got a coupla daughters, May and June. And *what* daughters! One of em is built like the Graf Zeppelin, if you ever took her on your knee you would be crippled for life. She must weigh 400 in the Onyx with her hair down. Every time she sits in the back of a Ford it looks like it was climbin a hill.

She got on a scale once. The hand went around fourteen times and they aint never found the works since. Oh what a lovely creature—and what hips! My dear, whenever she gets up they have to take the sofa away from her.

Oh wait till I tell you about his other daughter June. Shes the Park Avenue dubutante. Shes married to a regular guy but she hasnt enough sense to find it out. He idolizes her. He gives her everythin that money can buy. Country homes, sport cars, horses, dogs, hairy coats and whatnot.

While hes workin nights to pay off the rap shes neckin some other janes husband. Shes so full of $hecks appeal that the guys cant keep their balance. The front of her house looks like a traffic jam. The boys are crazy about her, shes so sweet.

OH, oh and can that baby punish the gin department!! Bottoms up and it never even touches the tonsils. Shes some snake, reptile shoes and everythin. Can you imagine an apsay bein such a chump to marry a panic like that? She wouldnt even give her mother a break.

Where does she get off to pull that high hat stuff? Her old man used to be a fireman in a creamatory while her old lady was neckin the janitor in the morgue. And not only that!—Her brother used to be a spotter on a milk route while her sister was a hostess in the automat.

Wait till I tell you what they did to her at the party, they built her up and took her plenty.

Three wise crackers were standing on Hollywood Boolevard. Along comes a bum what was sadly in need of a plunge. One of the boys asked the bum if he would care for a small shot of giggle soup. Right away the poor sap nearly did a handspring.

Well, they took him in a near bye hotel, filled him full of nose paint, got a few hamberger sandwitches under his belt and gave him the business. They told him that they were goin to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Relieve

Dandruff

and keep your hair in place

Don't try to make hair behave with water. Sergeant's will help to keep your hair neatly combed, and will also put your hair and scalp in splendid condition.

"Comb your hair with it"

When you comb your hair, wet it, or wet your comb, with Sergeant's, and then comb it. Comb it and brush it vigorously so that Sergeant's can work down to the scalp. Only a minute or two. No trouble—yet what satisfactory results!

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Being an oil treatment, containing no alcohol, Sergeant's releases natural oils in the scalp which "lubricate" the hair, and not only keep it in place but make it virile, strong and healthy. Use Sergeant's and dry, brittle hair that breaks and falls out will become normal. *Dandruff will be a thing of the past.* No longer will your scalp be dry and itchy. It will not over-grease the hair. No stains.

"Comb your hair with it"

In addition to the daily use of Sergeant's every head of hair needs a "Rub with Sergeants." Apply Sergeant's to the scalp freely and rub with the tips of your fingers. Do this until you feel your scalp tingle with renewed life and vigor.

Ask your druggist for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place where you can't forget to use it. Sample bottle containing a week's supply sent postpaid on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2207 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
SOLE CANADIAN AGT.,
Fred J. Whitlow & Co.,
Toronto

Sergeant's

For the Hair

[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR]
Continued from page eighty-one

take him out to a swell party in Beverly Hills. He was supposed to be wealthy. They told him to act very dignified and to keep his trap closed if anybody tried to give him the office. They told him his name was to be Colonel Throckmorton Boyle and that he served in the Boar War and that he was supposed to own the Ambassador Hotel, and the Santa Fa Railroad.

They kept him half baked with laughing soup. They brought in a barber and shaved him like a butler. Under his lower lip they left a bit of a scrubbing brush that resembled a soup strainer.

At heart he was a dignified looking old pelican. Some time in his life he had been a deacon. They told him if he would go thru with the gag they would introduce him to a swell heiress, meaning June, the chumps wife. They told him that if he acted careful and would give her a play she would probably fall for his line.

You get your board free and they give you a brand new ensamble with the latest stripes.

Well anyway, they hired a two buck dress suit, sent out and borrowed a dickie from one of the waiters. Didja ever see a dickie Marg? Its only the front of a shirt like the waitors use, there aint no back on it.

By the time they got him into the dress suit he was quite the knobs. Somebody dug up a pair of poil grey spats, and somebody else donated a cane. When they were finished you couldnt have told him from Lord Beaverboard himself.

In fact, while the old gentleman was a bit plastered he rather liked the doodin up they was givin him. He stood for the works. The collar fitted his neck like a scenic railway but that made no difference. In fact you could have pitched horse shoes into it from a distance of fifty feet.

At eight thirty that evening they parked the Colonel in the back of a ritzy lemouzine and headed for Beverly Hills. When they arrived at the door the troup poured out. Somebody had announced over the telephone beforehand that a very extingwished guest would arrive and bullieve me they was at the door to greet him.

THE Colonels rep went so big that everybody parked their glasses and got up to mit the old guy. By this time he began to like the rackit. Swell dames went to work on his ear. One guy, an insurence agent, was the most attentive poultice in the outfit. He waited on the Colonel good and proper. Every time the Old Gents glass got a bit low the insurence guy would hunt up the Jap butler whos name was Ker-Sock-Oh and see that it was filled.

And did he like the merriment? Word was passed around that the Colonel didnt really know how much he was worth. His railroad interests alone were so great that you couldnt list em in the Wall Street Journal. Oh, and what a shattoe he had on the Medittiranean. It would take Ralph De Palmer two hours in a $trait eight to drive around it. My dear you have no idea.

And did the insurance guy try and put a heavy canvass on him for a small chunk of his business? He dated the Colonel up to spend the week end at his house.

Oh Marg it was brutal the way those three guys prompted the old gent. If somebody asked him a question he couldnt answer, one of the wise guys would give him the foot and answer it for him. They said he was a bit hard of hearin at times. They said when he was over in India on a big game hunt at one time a big male lion had parked on his head which had injured his hearin to a certain extent.

You should have seen June the chumps wife tryin to put a lather on him just because she thought he had dough.

She gave all the other guys the wide open ozone and clung to the Colonel like the tights on a Follies girl. Did she throw him the optics and give him the curves? They came over the plate so fast that the Colonel dropped the monnickle or soup strainer outer his eye.

WHILE the boys were puttin on the opera at the piana the Colonel was gettin set to buy the joint. At one time the chumps wife moved in so close that the Colonel forgot himself and said he thought it was about time that he moved back to his flop in the bums boardin house. Right away the wise guy covered him up by saying that the Colonel is so modest that he calls his California mansion a Bums Boardin House.

While the Colonel was goin for a whirl with the chumps wife the heat got so bad that he broke out with the hick cups. Every time he layed on a hick the dickie, the little shirt front, snapped out of his vest. So, right away they rushed him up stairs, gave him a big stiff shot of gin and tied a big red ribbon across his shirt front to hold it in and down. Then somebody hung a funny lookin medal on the ribbon what they must a got from a shootin gallery on the Barbary Coast.

About two thirty in the morning the Colonel was gettin a bit boiled, so the host pleaded with him to stay for the night. The Colonel consented so they dragged him into the swell guests room and put him to bed.

About a half hour later the party broke up. The three wise guys grabbed the shiny lemouzine they had rented what was supposed to

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SAVE COAL—STOP DRAFTS—KEEP HEAT IN—

EASY TO APPLY

Easily Installed Without Removing Sash or Doors

No muss, no trouble, no tools needed. Strip, nails and directions come in handy sets.

Self Adjusting—Always Sealed Tite

Patented "S" fold gives double spring action. Stops cold air leaks. Makes snug weatherproof seal conforming to all warping, shrinkage and expansion of sash and doors. Spring bronze lasts forever.

Accept no substitutes. Get the genuine DENNIS strip with the "S" fold from your dealer. Or, if he can't supply you we will ship direct, postpaid, with full directions.

Sample Offer

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Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
My Dealer's Name.....

Ends continuous wiping. RUBBER takes off dirt, FELT puts on chemical that keeps vision area clear for hours, in rain, fog, mist or snow.

CHRISTEN'S SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

Fits any style windshield wiper—just take out old blade—insert Christen blade. Once "broken in"—after two or three hard rains—a few strokes clear glass—and it stays clear. Guaranteed for 1 year. Protects glass from ugly scratches—adds to driving safety and pleasure. Over 1½ million in use. Standard 7½-in. size. Special 9 in. size, 50c. Wherever auto accessories are sold.

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Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. They cleanse the system without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Known by their olive color. They'll give you glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

GRAY HAIR

Gray, faded, streaked hair restored to any color in 15 minutes with my famous French preparation KNOGRAY. One application. Easily applied, no fuss or muss. Will not fade, wash off or rub on pillow. Not affected by permanent wave, curling, etc. Results perfect and undetectable. **Gray Hair restored by KNOGRAY never gets gray again.** Price in plain wrapper $1.49; C.O.D. 17c extra. Order today, banish gray hair tomorrow. State shade.

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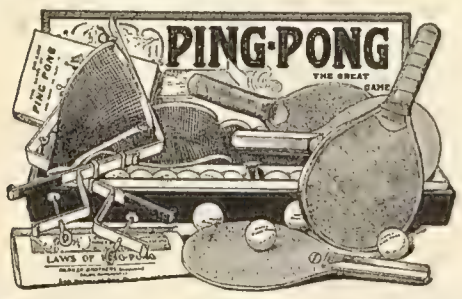
Famous PARKER GAMES

PING-PONG

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc., *Sole Makers*

There is no better game! Fast, exciting action. Played on regulation Ping-Pong or dining table. Sets from $2 to $20. *Sold by all leading DEALERS,* or by mail. Write for Illustrated Price List.



PING-PONG always bears the brand PING-PONG upon the box, rackets, net and balls, and contains the *official Laws* of PING-PONG, adopted by the American Association. It is made *only* by Parker Brothers, Inc.

WINGS *New!*

Great Aviation Game

WINGS is entirely original in play. The newest thing in Games. Intense competition! Every play packed with exciting interest! A great Partnership game. For Men and Women and bright Young People. 2, 3, or 4 can play. *Price, 75c at DEALERS'* or by mail.

A simple game of skill

PEGITY

Great fun for *old* and *young*. Exciting, entertaining to watch or play. Learned in 2 minutes. *Price, $1.25 at DEALERS'* or by mail.

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Fun and hilarity! *All* ages enjoy its quick action and excitement. *The* game for a roomful—2 to 8 players. *Price, $1 at DEALERS'* or by mail.

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Immensely popular! Fast play! Surprising, laughable, entertaining! For 2, 3, or 4 players. *Price, 75c at DEALERS'* or by mail.

PEGITY, POLLYANNA, Lame-Duck, Boy-Scouts'-Progress-Game, ROOK, Five-Wise-Birds, TOURING, Halma, Peg-Baseball, and PIT are other Famous PARKER GAMES.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.

SALEM, MASS.: Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]

be the Colonels car and drove home laughin like hell.

When the Colonel moved in, the house moved out. Heres what was printed in the afternoon papers.

GENTLEMAN BURGLAR ROBS EXCLUSIVE RESIDENT. MUST HAVE USED A MOVING VAN DURING THE NIGHT.

Was guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wadsworth Ginsberg.

The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wadsworth Ginsberg was looted by an alleged wealthy titled man, Colonel Throckmorton Boyle, early this morning. The thief stole two valuable bracelets belonging to Mrs. June Gallsworthy, daughter of August Mac Gregor of Beverly Crest. The burglar also took Mrs. Mac Gregor's new sable coat valued at $3,000 and departed with several thousand dollars' worth of valuable jewels. So daring was the burglar that he removed the host's silk pajamas while he slept and departed with most of the gentleman's clothes. The beautiful grand piano and valuable rugs are also missing. Three men are under suspicion.

LISTEN Love Lips, I forgot to mail this letter, I am now up at the Grand Canyon after a wonderful drive from Hollywood. Oh Boy what a place this Canyon is Marg. Its 6,000 feet deep at the North Rim, down at the bottom runs the Colorado River. Its 300 feet wide and it looks like a corset string from up here on the top.

Listen Kid I got to go now, theres a coupla inspectors lookin over my car and I got plenty of nose paint sewed in the upholstery. I'll tell you all about it next letter.

Your boy friend

MIKE SHEA.

Well, another letter's due from Mike in two weeks. He'll probably get a laugh out of the canyon.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 66

1—A young swan.
2—Andrew Jackson.
3—Charles Evans Hughes.
4—Earth, Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus.
5—A black flag with white skull and crossbones, formerly used by pirates.
6—Madison, Monroe, Polk, Buchanan, Garfield.
7—Henryk Sienkiewicz.
8—Oregon.
9—The Washington Monument at Washington, D. C.
10—King, queen, rook, bishop, knight, pawn.
11—Victor Emmanuel III.
12—Matthew and John were; Mark and Luke were not.
13—In South Africa.
14—Bern.
15—Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic, and Indian oceans.
16—On September 6, 1901, at Buffalo, New York.
17—Canada.
18—A period of play in the game of polo.
19—Lhasa.
20—Field Marshal Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher.

SEND the coupon at once for full details. We will show you how to make money the very first day, working in spare time, right in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. Thousands of boys, all over the country, now have a steady income every week, selling LIBERTY MAGAZINE. So can you! Every boy can now be independent and have his own money to buy the things he wants.

Get Free Prizes Too!

BESIDES earning a regular weekly income, every boy can also get wonderful free prizes such as bicycles, radios, all kinds of sporting equipment, musical instruments, etc. We will send our big catalog of Free Prizes to you along with full instructions. Send the coupon today. Don't wait any longer!

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11-24-28

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, *Boy Sales Division,*
247 Park Ave., New York City.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

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The Fight on Fat

now world-wide and effective

The scientific world has long been conducting an effective war on fat. A major cause of excess fat has been found in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. When that gland is under-active, too much food goes to fat. The modern method of treatment aims to correct that deficiency.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus the use has grown and grown. In the past year alone it has doubled.

The results are seen in every circle. Slender figures are the rule now. Excess fat is nowhere near so common as it was.

Marmola is not secret. Every box contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. The prescription was perfected by a learned physician in a famous medical laboratory.

No hard work, no starvation is required, though moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which has brought such results to so many. You owe that to yourself if you are over-fat. Beauty and youth, health and vigor all demand it. Don't wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA **Prescription Tablets**

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

...and now greater benefit from —

GLOVER'S
for
dandruff and falling hair

Yours by following Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture, explained in the free book pictured below.

DEFINITE and proved therapeutic properties distinguish Glover's from mere hair lotions. Its formula cannot be improved for stimulating new hair growth and health. Now, if used with our new system, it will help you get thick, lustrous hair even more quickly.

GLOVER'S
Imperial
HAIR
APPLICATION
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MANGE
MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
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Explains the real secrets of hair health. How to prevent baldness, remove dandruff, correct a dry and itching scalp, restore life and lustre. The system endorsed by foremost authorities. Free if you write to:

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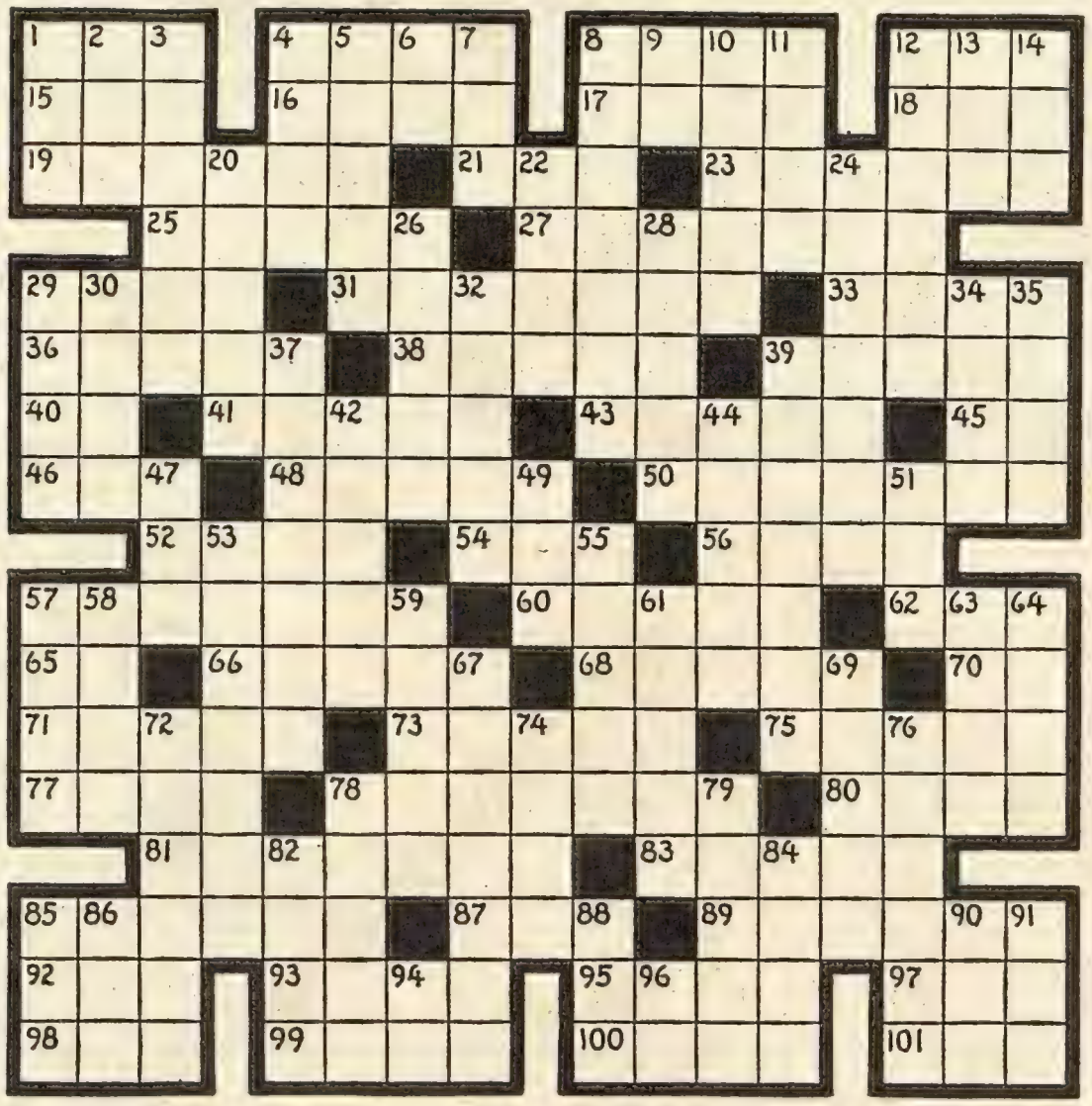
Dept. B, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
40 East 34th Street, New York

On this page— # An Easy Puzzle

If you demand simple words and clear definitions in your cross word puzzles this should meet your requirements. The one on the opposite page is for those who like them harder.

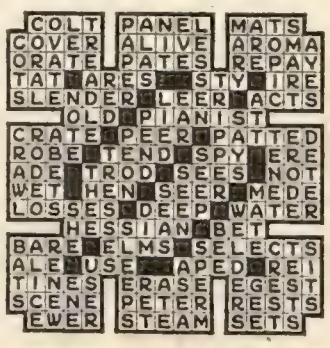


HORIZONTAL

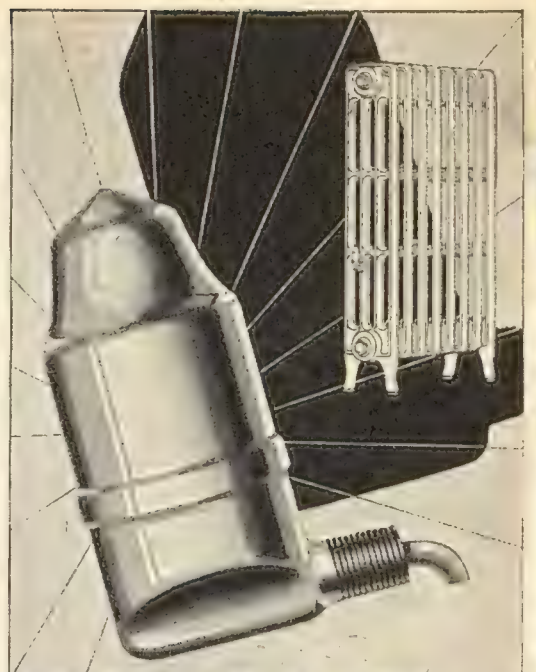
1 Cereal grain
4 Stupefy
8 Margins
12 Shade of brown
15 Exist
16 Narrow woven fabric
17 Amend and revise
18 Hasten
19 Move unsteadily
21 Male turkey
23 Cardinal number
25 Citrous fruit (plural)
27 Woman's name
29 Performer
31 Russian tea urn
33 Belonging to me
36 More unusual
38 Stabbed
39 Gum
40 Else
41 City in Delaware
43 Becomes withered
45 Negative
46 Greek letter
48 Ethical
50 Descendants of Shem
52 A garment
54 Tibetan ox
56 Bind with a rope
57 Severer
60 Heavenly body
62 Stray
65 Lava whose surface is rough
66 Land measures
68 Ceremonies
70 The beloved of Zeus
71 Part of a stove
73 Type of automobile
75 Chief of a Moro tribe (variant)
77 Holy Roman emperor (962-973)
78 City in Georgia
80 Nursed and fostered
81 Curls or ringlets
83 Not new
85 Joint of the arm (plural)
87 Greek letter
89 Presaged
92 Fabulous bird
93 Hop kiln
95 Mentally normal
97 Expel moisture
98 Affirmative
99 Broods of pheasants
100 Demeanor
101 Observe

VERTICAL

1 Simpleton
2 Constellation; the Altar
3 Bank official
4 Plant stalk
5 Weeds
6 Above
7 Mesh fabric
8 Causes to change place
9 Fish of the carp kind
10 Inferior in importance
11 Agitate
12 Essay on a definite theme
13 Islet
14 A marshal of France
20 Fatigued
22 Smell
24 Goddess of retribution (Greek religion)
26 Wiser
28 Loads
29 Fall
30 Rows
32 Species of eel
34 Baseball team
35 Son of Seth
37 Indulge in extravagant stories
39 Rematched
42 Elector
44 Re-lease
47 To frost
49 One hundred thousand rupees
51 Definite article
53 Speakers
55 Holy book of Mohammedans
57 Kind of starch
58 Sour
59 Reposes
61 Makes, as coins
63 Ceremony
64 Crucifix
67 Chooses
69 Fur bearing animal
72 Garrets
74 Rush
76 Tends
78 Analysis, as of ore
79 Make amends
82 English boys' school
84 Word of ratification
85 Crooked
86 Eggs of fishes
88 Doctrine or theory
90 Before
91 To color
94 Compass point
96 A sloth



Answer to last week's puzzle



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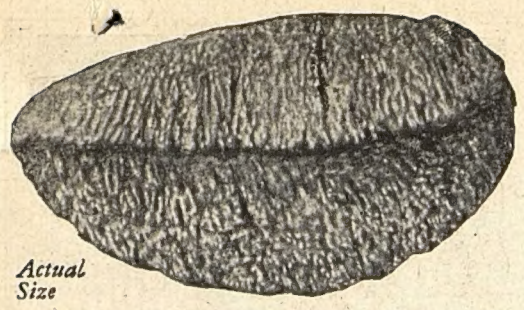
has brought relief and happiness for fifty years to millions all over the world
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c.



Actual Size

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Our new improved sorting machines automatically reject the small sizes and nuts with imperfect centers, leaving only *Jumbo* nuts with perfect, solid, sweet meat (*see illustration*). KING COLE Brites are ideal for fudges, cake fillings and other delicious recipes.

Packed only in 3 lb. cartons. *Price $1.50,* postpaid. KING COLE Brites make ideal Xmas gifts. Put them on your list and send us the coupon now.

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40 Worth St., New York City
"Packers of Quality Nuts for 46 Years"

King Cole BRITES
(BRAZILS)
MAIL THIS COUPON-TODAY

BENNETT DAY IMPORTING CO., Inc.
40 Worth St., New York
Gentlemen: Send 3 lb. box KING COLE Brazils postpaid. Enclosed is $1.50 (Cash, Money Order or Check Accepted).

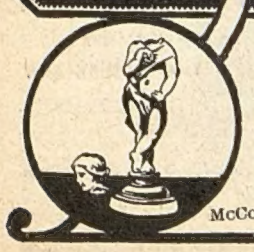
Name.....
Address.....
(Please Print Plainly) Dept. C

Here's Greatest Weight-Building Secret of All

Skinny men, scrawny women—if you want to put some stay-there flesh on your bones and look and feel 100% better simply try taking 2 McCoy's Tablets with each meal and watch results.

McCoy takes all the risk. If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes, any weak, thin, rundown man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel a marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded. Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.; also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

IRON GLUE



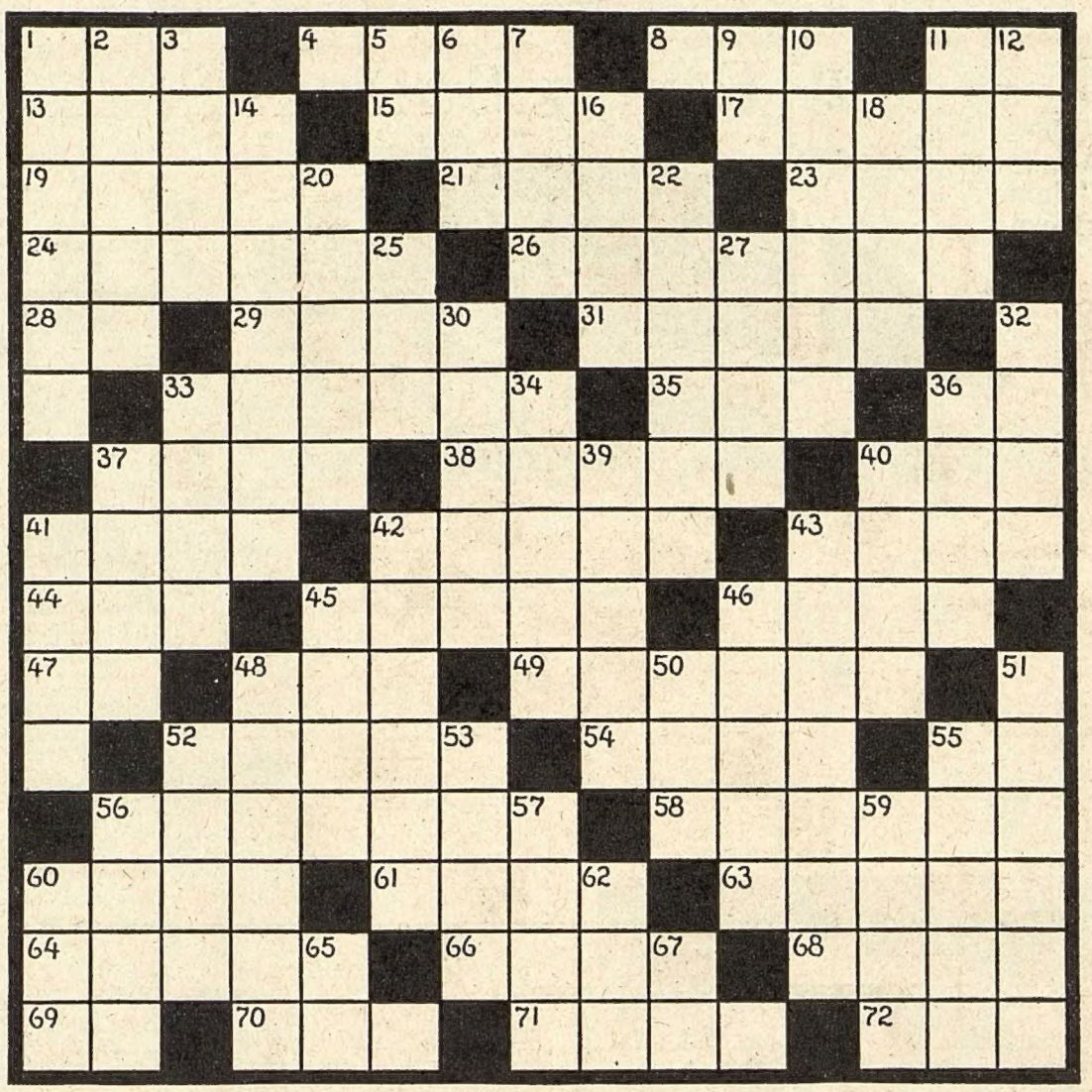
To Mend Bric-a-Brac

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes. Bottles.

McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

over here # A Difficult One

The combination of unusual words and difficult, but correct, definitions for the familiar ones sets up a hard job of solving here. There's an easier puzzle on the opposite page.



HORIZONTAL

1 Collar used in joining spars
4 Yucatan Indian
8 Elongated fish
11 Syllable sounded in solmization
13 A biblical name
15 Magnesium silicate
17 A former Sultan of Turkey
19 Narrow elongated cavity
21 Parrots of New Zealand
23 Measure of capacity
24 Tottering gait
26 General fiber of wool, cotton, and the like (plural)
28 In continuance or succession
29 Evincing foul traits; atrocious
31 A city in New York
33 Anthropoid ape
35 A water cistern (mining)
36 Pronoun
37 Weight of Bulgaria (plural)
38 Flora and fauna of a region
40 A stomach
41 Marker used in underground surveying
42 Profit; riches
43 A verge
44 Strike sharply, as with a whip
45 A biblical name (Joshua xiv)
46 Surgeon fish
47 Pronoun
48 Descendant
49 Full of fissures or chinks
52 Hairy
54 Civil wrong
55 Symbol for iron
56 Custodian
58 Genus of gastropods
60 Piece of lead in stained glass windows
61 Biblical name (Genesis xxxvi)
63 Nipplelike projection or part
64 An anthropoid ape
66 District in India
68 Halting
69 Partake of reality
70 Anything given to pacify
71 Premium for exchange of currency
72 Induced

VERTICAL

1 Star in the constellation Gemini
2 A genus of slugs
3 Body of water
5 By
6 Asiatic ox
7 Beverage (plural)
9 Similar to
10 Redevise
11 Tree (plural)
12 Territorial division in Denmark
14 Made turbid
16 Roman philosopher and patriot
18 Charge against property
20 Bangs
22 Formal greeting of fencers
25 Silk obtained from the Assam silkworm
27 The foreigners' quarter of Constantinople
30 A river in India
32 Lascivious
33 Star in the constellation Aquarius
34 More discriminating
36 Inclined over or downward
37 In music: a set of compositions
39 Skin around a bird's eye
40 Ridge of stubble left by mowers
41 Loose, vapory, wind driven clouds
42 Covered with hair-like filaments
43 Spendthrift
45 Genus of African trees
46 Shaped like a segment
48 Enticing, dangerous women
50 Tangled mass of hair
51 Combed or carded, as wool
52 Cougar
53 Part or function assumed by anyone
55 Blaze
56 Responsibility
57 Timber tree of New Zealand
59 A river in Russia
60 Type of horse
62 Witch
65 Depart
67 Interjection

P	O	L	Y	O	P	I	A		I	B	I	D	E	M	
A	R	I	O	N		C	R	A	N	E		A	V	O	W
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		B	O	R	I	C		C	A	S	T	S		M	A
C	R	I	T	I	C		W	O	R	T	S		H	E	M
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		E	R	O	T	I	C		S	E	M	I	N	A	R	Y

Answer to last week's puzzle

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Completing the Thanksgiving Dinner

By Ethel Somers

MUCH of the beauty of the Thanksgiving dinner depends on its service. If the harvest homecoming idea is to be carried out, the setting should be "homy." Refectory tables, because of their narrowness, render any informal service rather difficult of accomplishment. The character of these tables encourages only a rather formal service. This formality hardly seems appropriate for Thanksgiving dinner, at least not for the pompous turkey course. To achieve the homelike English type of serving on these tables the ends may be used for working areas, setting one end for carving the meat course and the other for serving the salad, dessert, and coffee.

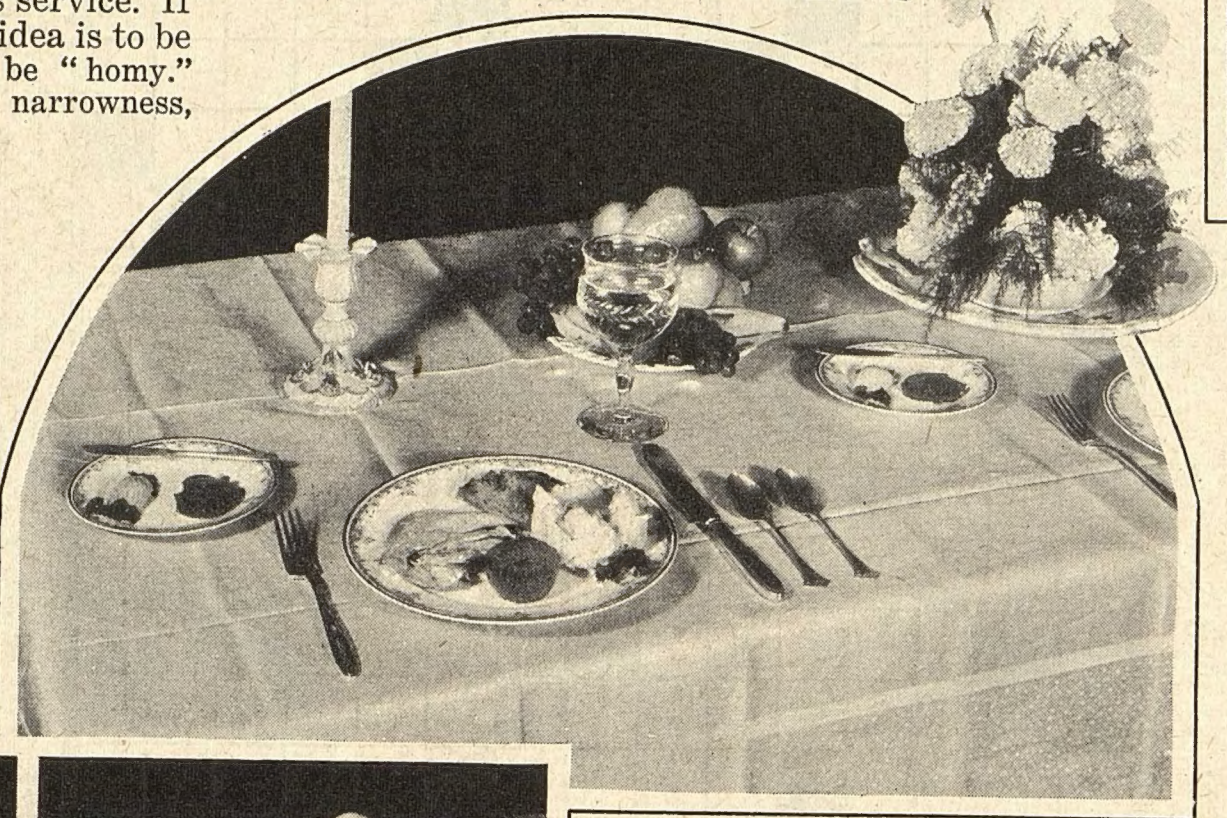
This device greatly enhances the cheerful home atmosphere of the Thanksgiving dinner. Then no one need miss the delightful array of edibles or the beauty of the carving and service.

Make your scheme of decorations conform to the shape of the table. Twin arrangements afford the pleasantest geometric balance. Make sure that the table decorations are either high enough or low enough not to obstruct the view.

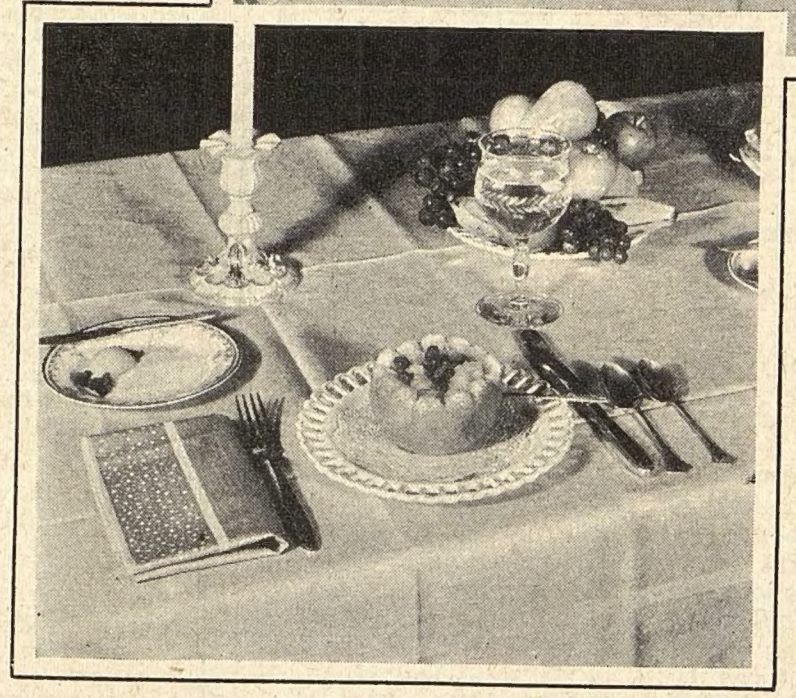
Make very sure that the candle gleam is well above the eye level of the guests. Either two or four candles or candelabras may appropriately be placed on the refectory table.

If the width of the table permits, mirror reflectors double the beautiful colorings. Modern table arrangements demand consideration of height, color, accent, and balance if the perfect table effect is to be produced.

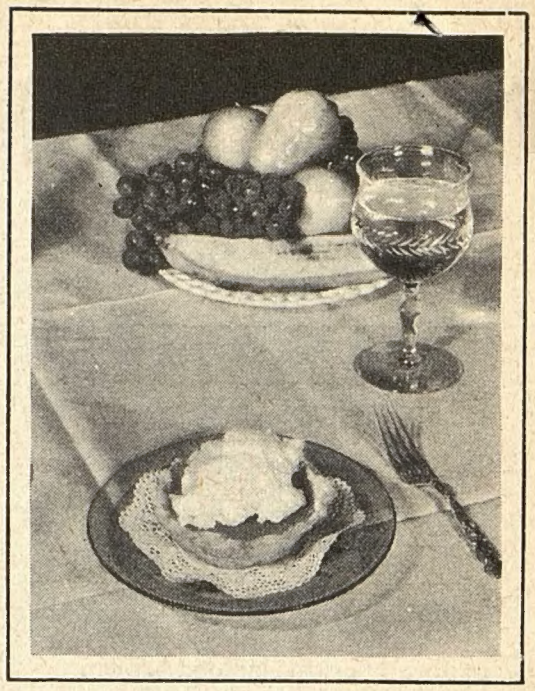
We have attempted to remove some of the snags confronting the hostess and complete herewith the set of Thanksgiving recipes which was begun in last week's Liberty.



English service is "homy," as it permits carving at the table and the passing of individual plates.



A cold appetizer will greatly simplify the service of the first course. Served in fruit shells it saves dishes.



Individual pies or tarts, besides being attractive, are more easily served than sliced pie.

ADDITIONAL suggestions for inexpensive yet delightful dishes for your Thanksgiving menu can be found in Liberty's cookbook, 100 Standard Recipes. They not only help you decide on delicious dishes for the holiday feast, but explain how to prepare them. Ethel Somers has compiled this cookbook, as well as two others, listed below, for Liberty readers. You will find them helpful in preparing meals for any occasion. Each cookbook costs only 10 cents; or you may have all three of them for only 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
11-24-28

Grapefruit

(For six)

3 grapefruit
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup orange juice
⅔ cup sugar
Parsley sprays

HALVE the grapefruit, remove the pulp with a curved grapefruit knife or use a pair of shears and an ordinary paring knife. If a grapefruit knife is available insert it at one edge of the halved fruit, cutting until it reaches the center of the base. Using this as a pivot, cut the whole pulp loose from the shell. If such a knife is not at hand, use a paring knife and loosen each individual section from its membrane. Then with shears loosen each of the sectional membranes from the outside skin. Take hold of the center core and pull out the membrane tissues, leaving only the grapefruit pulp in the outside shell. Leave the grapefruit sections whole or cut into quarters. Add a syrup made by cooking the sugar with the fruit juices. When thoroughly chilled put into the cold grapefruit shells, the edges of which have been fancifully cut. Garnish and serve with a parsley spray on a plate decorated with a paper doily.

Cider Ice

¾ cup sugar
1 cup water
1 pint cider
1 cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice

BOIL the sugar and water to a syrup (217° F.) or for 5 minutes. Cool slightly and add the cider and strained orange and lemon juice. Freeze, packed in 6 parts of ice to 1 of salt, or in a mechanical ice box. It should be frozen mushy. Garnish with a tart fruit jelly and serve as an accompaniment to the meat course.

Cranberry Ice

1 pound cranberries
2½ cups sugar
4 cups water
1 lemon, juice of
1/16 teaspoon salt

COVER and cook the cranberries until soft in the measured water. While hot rub through a sieve and add the other ingredients. Freeze, surrounded by 6 measures of ice to 1 of salt, or in a mechanical ice box. Garnish with whole cranberries cooked in sugar syrup until clear and brilliant or with individual berries selected from cranberry sauce.

Savory Salad

1 romaine lettuce
½ head lettuce, shredded
1 green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped chives
French dressing

PLACE the washed crisp romaine on the chilled salad plates. Mix the green pepper cut Julienne with the shredded lettuce. Place on a bed of romaine. Sprinkle the chopped chives over the salad as a garnish and serve with French dressing.

Health Salad

¼ honeydew melon
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 oranges
1 or 2 ounces of cream cheese
Lettuce

ARRANGE an oval bed of washed crisp lettuce. With a curved grapefruit knife remove the rind from the quarter section of melon. Cut the melon in slices similar in shape to the peeled orange sections. Sprinkle the lemon juice over the cut melon and let stand for several hours to acidulate and chill.

Arrange alternate sections of the melon and oranges on the oval bed of curly lettuce and garnish with the cream cheese.

Sweet Potato Croquettes

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
½ cup chopped peanuts
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
½ cup bread crumbs
Deep hot fat or oil
Parsley

FOLD the nuts and salt into the mashed sweet potatoes. Shape into croquettes, preferably cone shape. Roll in crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg, and again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat 375° F. for 3 to 5 minutes, or until well browned. Serve hot with parsley. The proper frying temperature may be roughly ascertained by the fact that the fat will brown a ½ inch cube of bread in 40 seconds.

An Electric Juice Extractor ...FOR HOME USE!

YOU'VE seen the soda fountain man whisk juice from oranges and lemons. You'd like to transfer this magic efficiency to your own home. He does it with electricity. Now *you* can use this modern method—get the last drop of goodness from oranges and lemons in jigtime.

Now you can have this marvelous convenience right in your own kitchen. Snap on the switch of your Sunkist Junior and in a jiffy the job is done. You can extract the juice of half a dozen oranges in the time you used to take over one or two. Then you lift the top off (without a single thumb screw or dingbat to fuss with) give the top a bath under the faucet and it's clean and ready for next time.

This is one way Polar Cub motors make life easier. All the Polar Cub electric conveniences save work. The A. C. Gilbert Co. are devoting their electrical engineering facilities to the development of these motor driven household appliances. When you see what the Polar Cub motor in the juice extractor will do you will want all the Polar Cub electric conveniences—all bears at cub prices.

If your dealer can't supply you with any Polar Cub which is shown on this page, send us the money and we will ship it to you postpaid. Use the coupon below.

Polar Cubs

$2.95

POLAR CUB HEATER
Guaranteed to give as much heat as any other heater—600 watts; the maximum heat production possible.

$6.95

POLAR CUB ELECTRIC WHISK BROOM
Cleans clothing, carpets, furniture, hangings, mattresses, automobile upholstery—a hand vacuum cleaner useful in a hundred ways.

$4.95 and $7.50

POLAR CUB MIXER
For mixing drinks, malted milks, mayonnaise, icings, whipping cream, etc.

$4.95

POLAR CUB MOTOR VIBRATOR
Develops rotary motion—the only true form of massage—complete—with three applicators, brush, button and cup.

$4.95

POLAR CUB HAIR DRYER
Dries the hair in a few minutes; also dries wet shoes, clothing—anything that requires a warm dry current of air.

$14.95

THE California Fruit Growers Exchange are now making home service of healthful orange juice easy for the housewife. They have discovered a popular priced electric juice extractor and have selected the famous Polar Cub motor for the new Sunkist Junior.

THE A. C. GILBERT CO.,
18 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

☐ Please send me your free booklet, "The Famous Polar Cubs," a story of Happiness and Economy at Home.

☐ My dealer cannot supply me. I enclose....., please send me

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Address.....

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

Never neglect it -- start with IPANA *today!*

A LITTLE tinge of "pink" upon a tooth brush may be a trivial and unimportant thing. But more likely it is a pretty broad hint that somewhere in your gum wall is a tender, spongy spot . . . one which you can quickly restore to normal with Ipana and massage . . . or one which, if neglected, could easily result in more serious and stubborn troubles.

* * *

One great element present in the lives of all of us is having a bad effect upon our gums. It is this soft, modern food we eat, fibreless, robbed of roughage, creamy, and all too easy on the gums.

It does not give to the gums the stimulation they need to remain in health. It causes them to grow flabby and soft . . . to bleed easily.

How Ipana and massage help restore the gums to health

But a light massage with the finger or the brush will restore to your gums this stimulation they require. Thousands of good dentists recommend it, for they know the good it does.

Thousands of them, too, recommend that the massage be effected with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana, because of its content of ziratol (a recognized antiseptic and hemostatic) has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gums fully as important as the massage itself.

Make a month's trial of Ipana

The coupon offers a 10-day sample, gladly sent. But the better way is to get a full-size tube of Ipana at the drug store today. Brush your teeth and gums with it, faithfully, twice a day, for one month. With its regular use will come a new sense of oral cleanliness . . . and a firm and healthy gum structure that will defy the ravages and threats of gum diseases.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB118
73 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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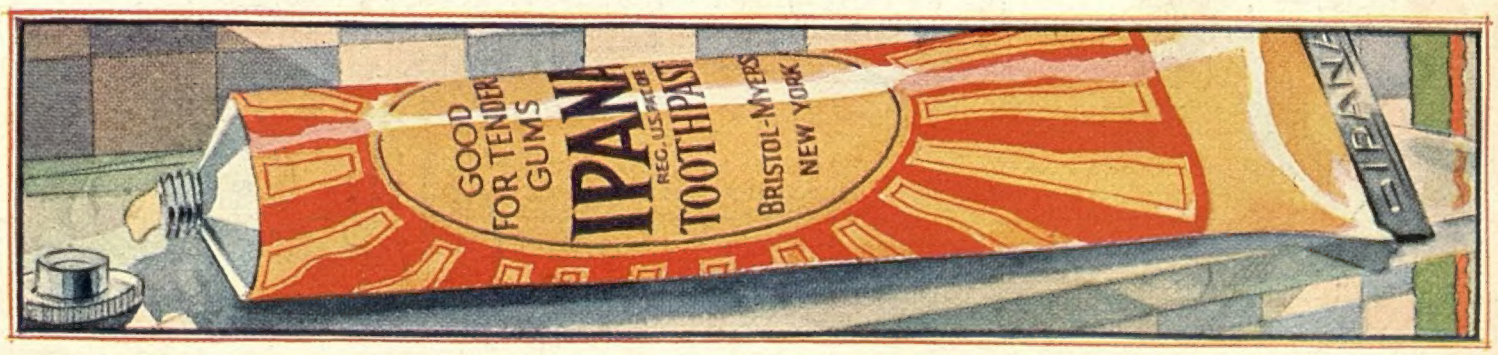
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